

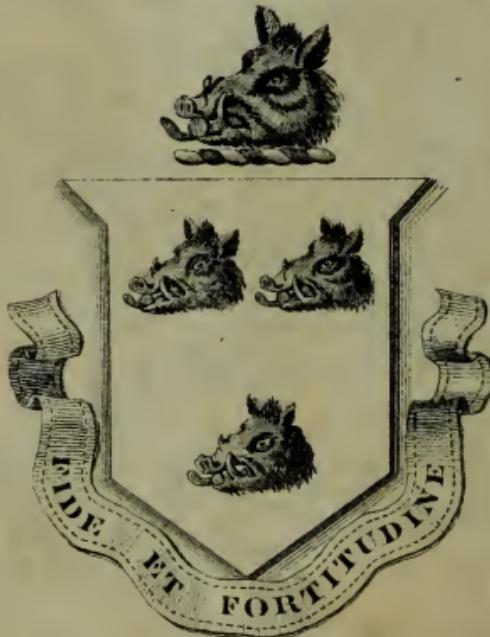
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S.T. 17472

TRAGEDIES
AND
COMEDIES
COLLECTED INTO
ONE VOLUME.

Viz.

1. *Antonio and Mellida.*
2. *Antonio's Revenge.*
3. *The Tragedie of Sophonisba.*
4. *What you Will.*
5. *The Fawne.*
6. *The Dutch Courtezan.*



LONDON,

Printed by A. M. for William Sheares,
at the Harrow in Britaines Burse.

1633.

To the Reader.

As for the factious malice, and studied detractions of some few that tread in the same path with mee, let all know, I most easily neglect them, and (carelesly slumbering to their vicious endeavours) smile heartily at their selfe-hurting basenesse. My boosome friend good *Epistetus* makes mee easily to contemne all such mens malice; since other mens tongues are not within my teeth, why should I hope to governe them? For mine owne interest for once let this be printed, that of men of my owne adiiction, I love most, pitty some, hate none: For let mee truely say it, I once onely loved my selfe, for loving them, and surely I shall ever rest so constant to my first affection, that let their ungentle combinings, discourteous whisperings, never so treacherously labour to undermine my unsensed reputation, I shall (as long as I have being) love the least of their graces, and onely pittie the greatest of their vices.

And now to kill envy, know you that affect to bee the only minions of *Phœbus*, I am not so blushlesly ambitious as to hope to gaine any the least supreame eminencie among you, I affect not onely the *Euge tuum, et Belle!* tis not my fashion to thinke no writer vertuously confident, that is not swellingly impudent. Nor doe I labour to bee held the onely spirit, whose Poems may be thought worthy to be kept in Cedar chests.

*Heliconidasque Pallidamq; Pyrenen,
Illi relinquo, quorum imagines lambunt
Hederæ sequaces.* Pers.

He that pursues fame, shall for mee without any riall have breath enough, I esteeme felicity to bee more solid contentment, onely let it be lawfull for mee with unaffeted modesty, and full thought, to end boldly with that of *Persius*.

*Ipse semipaganus
Ad sacra vatuum carmen affero nostrum.*

PRO-

THE HISTORY OF
ANTONIO and MELLIDA.

The first Part.

INDVCTION.

Enter Galeazzo, Piero, Alberto, Antonio, Forobosco, Balurdo, Matzagente, and Feliche, with parts in their hands: having cloakes cast over their apparell.

Galeazzo.

Omie sirs, come: the Musique will sound
straight for entrance. Are ye ready, are
ye perfect?

Pier. Faith, we can say our parts: but
wee are ignorant in what mould wee
must cast our Actors.

Albert. Whom doe you personate?

Pier. Piero, Duke of Venice.

Alb. O, ho: then thus frame your exterior shape,
To hautie forme of elate majesty?
As if you held the palsie shaking head
Of reeling chance, under your fortunes belt,
In strictest vassalage: grow big in thought,
As swolne with glory of successfull armes.

Pie. If that be all, feate not, I leure it right:
Who can not be proud, stroak up the haire, and strut?

Al. Truth: such ranke custome is growne popular;

The first part of

And now the vulgar fashion strides as wide,
And stalkes as proud, upon the weakest stilts
Of the slight'ſt fortunes, as if *Hercules*,
Or burly *Atlas* shouldred up their stace.

Pie. Good: but whom act you?

Alb. The necessity of the play forceth mee to act two parts; *Andrugio*, the distressed Duke of *Genga*, and *Alberto*, a *Venetian* gentleman, enamoured on the Lady *Rosaline*: whose fortunes being too weake to sustaine the port of her, he prov'd alwayes disastrous in loue: his worth being much underpoised by the vneuen scale, that currants all things by the outward stamp of opinion.

Gal. Well, and what dost thou play?

Ba. The part of all the world.

Alb. The part of all the world? What's that?

Ba. The foole. I in good deed law now, I play *Balurdo*, a wealthy mountbanking *Burgomastro's* heire of *Venice*.

Alb. Ha, ha: one, whose foppish nature might seeme great, onely for wise mens recreation; and like a Iuice-lesse barke, to preserue the sap of more strenuous spirits. A servile hound, that loues the sent of forerunning fashion, like an empty halлов vault; still giving an echo to wit: greedily champing what any other well valued judgement had beforehand shew'd.

Foro. Ha, ha, ha: tolerably good, good faith sweet wag.

Alb. Vmh, why tolerably good, good faith sweete wag? Goe, goe; you flatter me.

Foro. Right; I but dispose my speech to the habit of my part.

Alb. Why, what playes he? *To Feliche*.

Fe. The wolfe that eats into the breast of Princes, that breeds the Lethargie and falling sicknesse in honour: makes Justice looke asquint, and blinds the eye of merited reward from viewing desertfull vertue.

Alb.

Antonio and Mellida.

Alb. What's all this Periphrasis? ha?

Fe. The substance of a supple-chapt flatterer.

Alb. O, doth hee play *Forobosco*, the Parasite? Good Ifaith. Sirrah, you must seeme now as glib and straight in outward resemblance, as a Ladies buske; though inwardly, as crosse as a paire of Taylors legs: having a tongue as nimble as his needle, with servile patches of glavering flattery, to stich up the bracks of unworthy honoured.

Fo. I warrant you, I warrant you, you shall see mee proue the very Perewig to cover the bald pate of brainelesse gentility.

Ho. I will so tickle the sense of *bella gratioſa madonna*, with the titillation of Hyperbolicall praise, that Ile strike it in the nick, in the very nick, chuck.

Fel. Thou promiseſt more, than I hope any Spectator giues faith of performance: but why looke you so duskie? ha?

To Antonio.

Ant. I was never worse fitted since the nativity of my Actorship: I ſhall bee hiſt at, on my life now.

Fel. Why, what muſt you play?

Ant. Faith, I know not what: an Hermaphrodite; two parts in one: my true person being *Antonio*, ſonne to the Duke of *Genoa*; though for the loue of *Mellida*, *Pieros* daughter, I take this fained presence of an *Amazon*, calling my ſelfe *Florizeu*, and I know not what. I a voice to play a Lady! I ſhall neere doe it.

Al. O, an *Amazon* ſhould haue ſuch a voice, *utrage*-like. Not play two parts in one? away, away: 'tis commone fashyon. Nay if you cannot beare two ſubtle fronts under one hood, Ideot goe by, goe by; off this worlds ſtage. O times impurity!

An. I, but when ſe hath taught mee action, to hit the right poynſt of a Ladies part, I ſhall grow ignorant when I muſt turne young Prince againe, howe but to traſfe my houſe.

The first part of

Fe. Tush never put them off: for women weare the breeches still.

Mat. By the bright honour of a *Millaneise*, and the resplendent fulgor of this steele, I will defend the feminine to death; and ding his spirit to the verge of hell, that dares divulge a Ladies prejudice. *Exit Ant. & Al.*

Fel. Rampum scrampum, mount tuftie *Tamburlaine*. What ratling thunder-clap breakes from his lips?

Alb. O, 'tis natuie to his part. For, acting a moderne *Bragadoch*, under the person of *Marzagente*, the Duke of *Millaine's* sonne, it may seeme to suite with good fashion of coherence.

Pie. But me thinkes hee speakes with a spruce Attick accent of adulterate Spanish.

Al. So 'tis resolv'd. For *Millane* being halfe Spanish, halfe high Dutch, and halfe Italians, the blood of chieft houses, is corrupt and mongrel'd: so that you shall see a fellow vaine-glorious for a Spaniard; gluttonous for a Dutchman; proud for an Italian, and a fantastick Ideot for all. Such a one conceit this *Marzagenti*.

Fe. But I haue a part allotted me, which I haue neither able apprehension to conceit, nor what I conceit gratiouse ability to utter.

Gal. Whoop, in the old cut? good shew us a draught of thy spirie.

Fel. Tis stiddy, and must seeme so impregnably forrest with his owne content, that no envious thought could ever invade his spirit: never surveying any man so unmeasredly happy, whom I thought not justly hatefull for some true impoverishment: never beholding any favour of Madam *Felicity* gracing another, which his well bounded content perswaded not to hang in the front of his owne fortune: and therefore as farre from envying any man, as hee valued all men infinitely distant from accomplishit beatitude. These native adjuncts appropriate to mee the name of *Felice*. But last, good thy

Antonio and Mellida.

thy humour. *Exit Alberto.*

An. Tis to be describ'd by signes and tokens. For unlesse I were possesst with a legion of spirits, 'tis impossible to be made perspicuous by any utterance: For sometimes hee must take austere state, as for the person of *Geleazzo*; the sonne of the Duke of *Florence*, and possesse his exterior presence with a formaall majestie: keepe popularitie in distance, and on the sudden fling his honour so prodigally into a common Arme, that he may seeme to giue up his indiscretion to the mercy of vulgar censure: Now as solemne as a Travailor, and as graue as a Puritanes russe: with the same breath as slight and scattered in his fashion as as a a any thing. Now, as sweet and neat as a Barbours casting-bottle; straight as slovenly as the yeasty breast of an Ale-knight: now, lamenting: then chafing: straight laughing: then

Feli. What then?

An. Faith I know not what: 'tad beene a right part for *Proteus* or *Gew*: ho, blind *Gew* would ha don't rarely, rarely.

Feli. I feare it is not possible to limme so many persons in so small a tablet as the compasse of our playes afford.

Anto. Right: therefore I haue heard that those persons, as hee and you *Feliche*, that are but slightly drawnen in this Comedie, should receive more exact accomplishment in a second Part: which, if this obtaine gratiouse acceptance, meanes to try his fortune.

Feli. Peace, here comes the Prologue, cleare the Stage. *Exeunt.*

The first part of

The Prologue.

The wreath of pleasure, and delicious sweets,
Begirt the gentle front of this faire troope :
Select, and most respected Auditours,
For wits sake doe not dreame of miracles.
Alas, wee shall but falter, if you lay
The least sad waight of an unrised hope,
Upon our weakenesse : onely we give up
The worthlesse present of slight idlenesse,
To your anthonick censure ; O that our Muse
Had those abstruse and synewy faculties,
That with a straine of fresh invention,
She might presse out the raricie of Art ;
The pur'st eliced joyce of rich conceit,
In your attentive eares ; that with the lip
Of gratiouse elocution, we might drinke
A sound carouse unto your health of wit.
But O, the heany drineffe of her braine,
Foile to your fertile spirits, is ashame'd
To breath her blushing numbers to such eares :
Yet (most ingenious) deigne to vaile our wants
With steeke acceptance, polish these rude Seecanes :
And if our slightnesse your large hope beguiles,
Cheek not with bended brow, but dimpled smiles.

Exit Prologue.

ACT.

Antonio and Mellida.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

The Cornets sound a battle within.

Enter Antonio, disguised like an Amazon

An. **H**ear, wilt not breake ! and thou abhorred life
Wilt thou still breath in my enraged blood ?
Vaines, sinewes, arteries, why crack yee not ?
Burst and divul'st, with anguish of my griefe.
Can man by no meanes cleepe out of himselfe,
And leaue the slough of viperous griefe behinde ?
Antonio, hast thou seene a fight at Sea,
As horrid as the hideous day of doome ;
Betwixt thy father, Duke of *Genoa*,
And proud *Piero*, the *Venetian* Prince ?
In which the Sea hath swolne with *Genoas* blood,
And made spring tydes with the warme reeking gore,
That gusht from out our Gallies scupper holes ;
In which thy father, poore *Andrugio*,
Lies sunck, or leapt into the armes of chance,
Choakt with the laboring Oceans brackish fome ;
Who even, despite *Pieros* canred hate,
Would with an armed hand haue seiz'd thy loue,
And linkt thee to the beautious *Mellida*.
Haue I outliv'd the death of all these hopes ?
Haue I felt anguish poured into my heart,
Burning like *Balsamum* in tender wounds ;
And yet dost liue ! could not the fretting Sea
Haue rowl'd mee up in wrinkles of his brow ?
Is death growen coy ? or grim confusion nice ?
That it will not accompany a wretch,
But I must needs be cast on *Venice* shoare ?
And try new fortunes wth this strange disguise ?
To purchase my adored *Mellida*.

The first part of

The Cornets sound a flourish : cease.

Harke how Piero's triumphs beat the ayre,
Or rugged mischiefe how thou grat'st my heart !
Take spirit, blood, disguise, be confident :
Make a firme stand, here rests the hope of all,
Lower then hell there is no depth to fall.

*The Cornets sound a Synnet : Enter Feliche and Alb^{erto},
Castilio and Ferobosco, a Page carrying a shield : Piero in Armour : Catzo and Dildo and Baturdo : All these (saving Piero) armed with Petronels : Being entred, they make a stand in divided foyles.*

Piero. Victorious fortune, with triumphant hand,
Hurleth my glory 'bout this ball of earth,
Whil'st the *Venetian* Duke is heaved up
On wings of faire successse, to over-looke
The low cast ruines of his enemies,
To see my selfe ador'd, and *Genoa* quake.
My fate is firmer then mischance can shake.

Feli. Stand, the ground trembleth,

Piero. Hah ? an earth-quake ?

Batt. Oh, I smell a sound.

Feli. Piero stay, for I descry a fume,
Creeping from out the bosome of the deepe,
The breath of darkenesse, fatall when 'tis whist
In greatnessse stomacke : this same smoake call'd pride,
Take heed shee'le lift thee to improvidence,
And breake thy necke from steepe security,
Shee'le make thee grudge to let *Iehoua* share
In thy successfull battailes : O, she's ominous,
Inticeth Princes to devoure heaven,
Swallow omnipotence, out-stare dread fate,
Subdue *Eternitie* in Giant thought,
Heavens up their hurt with swelling, pufte conceit,
Till their soules burst with venom'd *Arrogance*,

Be-

Antonio and Mellida.

Beware *piero*, Rome it selfe hath tryed,
Confusions traine blowes up this *Babell* pride.

Pier. Pish, *Dimitto superos, summa vota um attigi.*

Alberto. Hast thou yeelded up our fixt decree
Vnto the *Genoan* Embassadour ?
Are they content if that their Duke returne,
To send his, and his sonne *Antonios* head,
As pledges steept in blood, to gaine their peace ?

Alb. With most obsequious, sleek-brow'd intartiae,
They all embrace it as most gratious.

Pier. Are Proclamations sent through *Italy*,
That whosoever brings *Andrugios* head,
Or young *Antonios*, shall be guerdoned
With twenty thousand double Pistolets,
And be indeered to *Pieros* loue ?

Ferob. They are sent every way : sound policy.
Sweete Lord.

Fel. Confusion to these limber Sycophants.
No sooner mischief's borue in regency,
But flattery christens it with policy.

Pier. Why then : *O me Celitum excellissimum !*
The intestine malice, and inveterate hate
I alwayes bore to that *Andrugio*,
Glories in triumph o're his misery :
Nor shall that carpet-boy *Antonio*
Match with my daughter, sweet cheeckt *Mellida*.
No, the publick power makes my faction strong.

Fel. When publick power stregthneth priuate wrong.

Pie. Tis horse-like, not for man, to know his force.

Fel. Tis god-like, for a man to feele remorse.

Pie. Pish, I prosecute my families revenge,
Which Ile pursue with such a burning chace
Till I haue dry'd up all *Andrugios* blood ;
Weake rage, that with slight pitie is withstood.

The Cornets sound a flourish.

What meanes that fresh triumphall florish sound ?

Alb.

The first part of

Alb. The Prince of Millane, and young Florence heir
Approach to gratulate your victory.

pie. Weele girt them with an ample waste of loue ;
Conduet them to our presence royally.
Let vollies of the great Artillery
From of our gallies banks play prodigall, (mouths.
And sound lowd welcome from their bellowing

Exit Piero tantum.

The Cornets sound a Cynet. Enter aboue. Mellida, Rossaline and Flavia : Enter below, Galeazzo with atten-
dants : Piero meeteth him, embraceth ; at which the
Cornets sound a florish : Piero and Galeazzo exeunt :
the rest stand still.

Mell. What Prince was that passed through my fa-
thers guard ?

Fla. Twas Galeazzo, the young Florentine.

Ros. Troth, one that will besiege thy maidenhead,
Enter the wals Ifaith (sweet Mellida)
If that thy flankers be not Canon proofer.

Mell. Oh Mary Ambree, good, thy judgement wench ;
Thy bright elections cleere, what will hee proue ?

Ross. Hath a short finger and a naked chinne ;
A skipping eye, dare lay my judgement (faith)
His loue is glibbery ; there's no hold on't, wench :
Give me a husband whose aspect is firme,
A full cheekt gallant, with a bouncing thigh :
Oh, he is the *paradizo dell madonne contento*.

Mell. Even such a one was my Antonio.

The Cornets sound a Cynet.

Ross. By my nine and thirtieth servant (sweete)
Thou art in loue, but stand on tiptoed faire,
Here comes Saint Tristram Tirley whisse Ifaith.

Enter

Antonio and Mellida.

Enter Marzagente, piero meets him, embraceth ; at which the Cornets sound a florish : they two stand, vsing seeming complements, whilst the Sceane paſſeth aboue.

Mell. S. Marke, S. Marke, what kind of thing appeares ?

Roff. For fancies passion, spit upon him ; hgh :

His face is varniſht, in the name of loue,

What countrey bred that creature ?

Mell. What is hee Flavia ?

Fla. The heire of Millane, Segnior Marzagent.

Roff. Marzagent ? now by my pleasures hope,

He is made like a tilting staffe ; and lookeſ

For all the world like an ore-roſted pig :

A great Tobacco taker too, that's flat.

For his eyes looke as if they had beene hung

In the smoake of his nose.

Mell. What husband, will hee proue sweete Roffaline ?

Roff. Avoyd him : for hee hath a dwindled legge,

A low forehead, and a thinne cole-black beard,

And will be jealous too, beleue it sweete :

For his chin ſweats, and hath a gander neck,

A thinne lip, and a little monkifh eye :

Pretious, what a slender waste hee hath !

Hee lookeſ like a May-pole, or a notched ſtick :

Heele ſnap in two at every little ſtraine.

Giue me a husband that will fill mine armes,

Of ſteddie judgement, quicke and nimble ſenſe :

Fooles reliſh not a Ladies excellence.

Exeunt all on the lower Stage : at which the Cornets sound a florish, and a peale of ſhot is given.

Mell. The triumph's ended, but looke Roffaline,
What gloomy ſoule in ſtrange accuſtremens

The first part of

Walkes on the pavement.

Roff. Good sweete lets to her, pree thee *Mellida*.

Mell. How covetous thou art of novelties !

Roff. Pish, tis our nature to desire things
That are thought strangers to the common cut.

Mell. I am exceeding willing, but —

Roff. But what ? pree the goe downe, lets see her face :
God send that neither wit nor beauty wants
Those tempting sweets, affections Adamants. *Exeunt.*

Anto. Come downe, she comes like : O, no Simile
Is pretious, choyce, or elegant enough
To illustrate her descent : leape heart, shee comes,
She comes : smile heaven, and softest Southern wind
Kisse her cheeke gently with perfumed breath.
She comes : Creations puritie, admir'd,
Ador'd, amazing raritie, shee comes.
O now *Antonio* presse thy spirit forth
In following passion, knit thy senses close,
Heape up thy powers, double all thy man.

Enter *Mellida, Rosaline, and Flavia*.

She comes. O how her eyes dart wonder on my heart !
Mount blood, soule to my lips tast *Hebes* cup :
Stand firme on decke, when beauties close fight's up.

Mell. Lady, your strange habit doth beget
Our pregnant thoughts, even great of much desire,
To be acquaint with your condition.

Roff. Good sweete Lady, without more ceremonies,
What countrey claimes your birth, and sweet your name ?

Anto. In hope your bounty will extend it selfe,
In selfe same nature of faire curtesie ,
Ile shunne all nicenesse ; my nam's *Florizell*,
My countrey *Scythia*, I am *Amazon*,
Cast on this shore by furie of the Sea.

Roff. Nay faith, sweete creature , weeble not vaile our
names.

Antonio and Mellida.

It pleased the Font to dip mee *Rosaline* :
That Lady beares the name of *Mellida*,
The Duke of *Venice* daughter.

Anto. Madam, I am oblig'd to kisse your hand,
By imposition of a now dead man.

To Mellida kissing her hand.

Roff. Now by my troth, I long beyond all thought,
To know the man ; sweet beauty deigne his name.

Anto. Lady, the circumstance is tedious.

Roff. Troth not a whit ; good faire, lets haue it all :
I loue not, I, to haue a jot left out,
If the tale come from a lov'd Orator.

Anto. Vouchsafe mee then your hush: & observances.
Vehement in pursuite of strange novelties,
After long travaile through the *Asian* Main,
I shipt my hopefull thoughts for *Britany* ;
Longing to view great natures miracle,
The glory of our sex, whose fame doth strike
Remotest eares with adoration.

Sayling some two moneths with inconstant winds,
Wee view'd the glistering *Venetian* forts ;
To which wee made : when loe, some three leagues off,
VVee might descry a horrid spectacle ;
The issue of blacke fury strow'd the Sea,
VVith tattered carcasses of splitted ships,
Halse sinking, burning, floating, topsie turvey.
Not farre from these sad ruines of fell rage,
VVee might behold a creature press the waues,
Senselesse hee sprauld, all notcht with gaping wounds
To him wee made, and (short) wee tooke him up ;
The first word that hee spake, was *Mellida* ;
And then hee swounded.

Mell. Aye mee !

Anto. VVhy sigh you faire ?

Roff.

The first part of

Roff. Nothing but little humours : good sweet, on.

Anto. His wounds being drest, and life recovered,
We can discourse ; when loe, the Sea grew mad,
His bowels rumbling with wind passion,
Straight swarthy darknesse popt out *Phæbus* eye.
And blurd the jocund face of bright cheeckt day ;
Whilst crudl'd fogges masked even darkenesse brow :
Heaven bad's good night, and the rocks groan'd
At the intestine uprore of the Maine.

Now gusty flawes strooke up the very heeles
Of our maine mast, whilst the keene lightning shot
Through the blacke bowels of the quaking ayre :
Straight chops a waue, and in his slifred panch
Downe falleth our ship, and there hee breaks his neck :
Which in an instant up was belkt againe.
When thus this martyred soule began to sigh ;
" Giue me your hand (quoth he) now doe you grapse
" Th'vnequall mirrour of ragg'd misery :
" Is't not a horrid storme ? O, wel shap't sweet, (wounds,
" Could your quicke eye strike through these gashed
" You should behold a heart, a heart, faire creature,
" Raging more wilde then is this franticke Sea.
" Wolt doe me a favour, if thou chance surviue ?

" But visit *Venice*, kisse the pretious white
" Of my most ; nay all all Epithites are base
" To attribute to gratiouse *Mellida* :
" Tell her the spirit of *Antonio*
" Wisheth his last gaspe breath'd upon her breast.

Roff. Why weepes soft hearted *Florisell* ?

Ant. Alas, the flintie rocks groand at his plaints.
Tell her (quoth he) that her obdurate fire
Hath crackt his bosome ; therewithall hee wept,
And thus sight on. The Sea is mercifull ;
Looke how it gapes to bury all my grieve :
Well, thou shalt haue it, thou shalt bee his tombe :
My faith in my loue liue ; in thee, dye woe,

Antonio and Mellida

Dye unmatcht anguish, dye *Antonio* :
With that hee tottered from the reeling decke,
And downe hee sunke.

Ross. Pleasures body, what makes my Lady weepe ?

Mell. Nothing sweete *Rosaline*, but the ayer's sharpe.
My fathers Palace, Madam will be proud
To entertaine your presence, if youle daine
To make repose within. Aye me!

Ant. Lady our fashion is not curios.

Ross. Faith all the nobler, tis more generous.

Mell. Shall I then know how fortune fell at last,
VVhat succour came, or what strange fate insew'd.

Ant. Most willingly : but this same court is vast,
And publike to the staring multitude.

Ross. Sweet Lady, nay good sweet, now by my troth
VVeele bee bedfellowes : durt on complement froth.

Exeunt ; *Rosaline* giving *Antonio* the way.

ACTVS SECUNDVS.

Enter *Catzo* (with a Capon) eating, *Dildo* following him.

Dil. H A H *Catzo*, your master wants a cleane trencher : doe you heare ?

Bulurdo calls for your diminutiuue attendance.

Catz. The belly hath no eares *Dildo*.

Dil. Good pugge giue me some capon.

Catz. No capon, no not a bit yee smooth bully ; capon's no meat for *Dildo* : milke, milke, yee glibbery Virgin is food for infants.

Dil. Upon mine honour.

Catz. Your honor with a paugh?slid, now every Jack an Apes loads his backe with the golden coat of honour ; every Asse puts on the Lyons skare and roars his honour

The first part of

honour, upon your honour. By my Ladies pantable,
I feare I shall liue to heare a Vintners boy cry; tis rich
neat Canary upon my honour.

Dil. My stomack's up.

Cat. I thinke thou art hungry.

Dil. The match of fury is lighted, fastned to the lin-
stock of rage, and will presently set fire to the touch-
hole of intemperance, discharging the double Coule-
ring of my incensemement in the face of thy opprobrious
speech.

Cat. Ile stop the barriell thus; good *Dildo*, set not fire
to the touch-hole.

Dil. My rage is stopt, and I will eate to the health of
the foole thy master *Castilio*.

Cat. And I will suck the juyce of the Capon, to the
health of the Idiot thy master *Balurdo*.

Dil. Faith, our masters are like a case of Rapiers
sheathed in one scabberd of folly.

Cat. Right dutch blades. But was't not rare sport at
the Sea-battle, whilst rounce robble hobble board from
the ship sides, to view our masters pluck their plumes and
drop their feathers, for feare of being men of marke.

Dil. Slud (cry'd *Signior Balurdo*) O for *Don Bessicles*
armour, in the Mirror of Knighthood; what coil's here?
O for an armour, Canon proofer; O, more cable, more
featherbeds, more featherbeds, more cable, till hee had as
much as my cable hatband, to fence him.

Enter *Flavia* in haste with a rebato.

Cat. Buxome *Flavia*: can you sing? song, song.

Fla. My sweete *Dildo*, I am not for you at this time;
Madam *Rosaline* stayes for a fresh ruffe to appeare in the
presence; sweete away,

Dil. Twill not be so put off, delicate, delicious, spark-
eyed, sleek skind, slender wasted, clean legd, rarely shap't.

Fla.

Antonio and Mellida.

Fla. Who, Ile be at all your service another season :
nay faith thor's reason in all things.

Dil. Would I were reason then, that I might be in all
things.

Car. The breefe and the semiquaver is, we must haue
the descant you made upon our names, ere you depart.

Fla. Faith, the song will seeme to come off hardly.

Carz. Broth not a whit, if you seeme to come off
quickly.

Fla. Peart *Carzo*, knock it lustily then.

CANTANT.

Enter *Forobosco*, with two torches : *Castilio* singing
fantastically : *Rossaline* running a *Caranto* pase, and
Balurdo : *Feliche* following, wondring at them all.

Foro. Make place gentlemen, pages, hold torches,
the Prince approacheth the presence.

Dil. What squeaking cart-wheele haue we here ? ha ?
Make place gentlemen, pages hold torches, the Prince ap-
proacheth the presence.

Roff. Faugh, what a strong sente here, some body
vseth to weare socks.

Bal. By this faire candle-light, tis not my feet, I never
wore socks since I suckt pappe.

Roff. Savourly put off.

Cast. Hah, her wit stings, blisters, gals off the skinne
with the tart acrimony of her sharpe quicknesse : by
sweetnesse, shee is the very *Pallau* that flew out of *Jupiter*'s
brainepan. Delicious creature, vouchsafe mee your
service : by the purity of bounty, I shall be proud of such
bondage.

Roff. I vouchsafe it, bee my flauue. *Signior Balurdo*,
wilt thou bee my servant too ?

The first part of

Bal. O God: forsooth in very good earnest law, you wold make me as a man should say, as a man should say.

Fel. Slud sweet beauty, will you daigne him your service?

Ros. O, your foole is your only servant. But good *Feliche*, why art thou so sad? A pennie for thy thought, man.

Fel. I sell not my thought so cheape: I valew my meditation at a higher rate.

Bal. In good sober sadness, sweet mistris, you should haue had my thought for a penny: by this crimson Satten that cost eleven shillings, thirteene pence, three pence, halfe pennie a yard, that you shold, law.

Ros. What was thy thought, good servant?

Bal. Marry forsooth, how many strike of pease would feed a hog fat against Christide.

Ros. Paugh; servant rub out my rheume, it soyles the presence.

Cast. By my wealthiest thought, you grace my shooe with an unmeasured honour: I will preserue the soale of it as a most sacred Relique for this service.

Ros. Ile spit in thy mouth, and thou wilt, to grace thee.

Felich. O that the stomacke of this queasie age Digests, or brookes such raw unseasoned gobs, And vomits not them foorth! O slavish sots. Servant quoth you? faugh: if a dog should craue And beg her service, he should haue it straight: Shee'd giue him favours too, to licke her feet, Or fetch her fanne, or some such drudgery: A good dogs office, which these Amorists Triumph of: 'tis rare, well giue her more Asse, More sot, as long as dropping of her nose Is sworne rich pearle by such low slaues as those.

Ros. Flavia, ayend me to attire mee.

Exit Rosaline and Flevia.

Balur.

Antonio and Mellida.

Batur. In sad good earnest, Sir, you haue touch'd the very bare of naked truth ; my silke stocking hath a good glossie; and I thanke my Planets, my legge is not altogether unpropitiously shap'd. There's a wrod : unpropitiously ? I thinke I shall speake unpropitiously as well as any Courtier in Italy.

Foro. So helpe mee your sweet bountie, you haue the most gracefull presence, applausive elecute, amazing voluntie, polisht adornation, delicious affabilitie.

Feli. Whoop : sut how hee tickles yon trwyt under the gills ! you shall see him take him by and by with groping flattery.

Forob. That ever ravisht the eare of wonder. By your sweet selfe ; then whom I know not a more exquisite, illustate, accomplished, pure, respected, adot'd, observed, precious, reall, magnanimous, bounteous : If you haue an idle rich cast Ierkin ; or so, it shall not bee cast away, if ; hah ? heeres a forehead, an eye, a head, a haire, that would make a — : or if you haue any spare paire of silver spurres, He doe you as much right in all kinde offices.

Feli. Of a kinde Parasite.

Forob. As any of my meane Fortunes shall bee able to —

Batur. As I am true Christian now, thou hast wonne the spurres.

Feli. For flattery.

O how I hate that same Egyptian louse ;
A rotten maggot, that liues by stinking filth
Of tainted spirits : vengeance to such dogs,
That sprout by gnawing senselesse cartion.

Enter Alberto.

Alber. Gallants, saw you my Mistresse, the Lady Ros-
saline ?

Foro. My Mistresse, the Ladie Rosaline left the pre-
sence even now.

The first part of

Cast. My mistresse, the Lady *Rossaline*, vvithdrevv
her gratiouſe aspect even now.

Balur. My mistresse, the Lady *Rossaline* vvithdrevv
her gratiouſe aspect even now.

Felich. Well said eccho.

Alb. My mistresse, and his mistresse, & your mistresse,
and the dogs mistresse: pretious deare heaven, that *Alberro* liues, to haue such rivals.

Slid I haue beene searching every private roome,
Corner, and secret angle of the court:
And yet, and yet, and yet ſhee liues conceald.
Good ſyveete *Feliche*, tell mee hovv to find
My bright fac̄t mistresse out.

Fel. VVhy man, cry out for lanthorne and candle-light. For tis your onely vway, to find your bright flaming vvench, vvith your light burning torch: for moft commonly, theſe light creatures liue in darkenesſe.

Alb. Away you heretike, youle be burnt for —

Fel. Goe, you amorous hound, follow the ſent of
your mistresse ſhooe, away.

Foro. Make a faire presence, boyes, advance your
lights:

The Princesſe makes approach.

Bal. And please the gods, now in very good deed
law, you ſhall ſee me tricke the meaſures for the heavens.
Doe my hangers ſhew?

Enter *Piero*, *Antonio*, *Mellida*, *Rossaline*, *Galeazzo*, *Matzagente*, *Alberto*, and *Flavia*. As they enter, *Feliche* & *Castilio* make a ranke for the Duke to paſſe through. *Forobosco* uſhers the Duke to his ſtate: then whiſt *Piero* ſpeaketh his firſt ſpeech, *Mellida* is taken by *Galeazzo* and *Matzagente*, to daunce; they ſupporting her: *Rossaline*, in like manner by *Alberto* and *Balurdo*: *Flavia*, by *Feliche* and *Castilio*.

Antonio and Mellida.

Pie. Beauteous Amazon, sit, and seat your thoughts
In the reposure of most soft content.
Sound musicke there. Nay daughter, cleare your eyes,
From these dull fogs of misty discontent :
Looke sprightly girle. What ? though *Antonio*'s dround,
That peevish dotard on thy excellency,
That hated issue of *Andrugio* :
Yet maist thou tryumph in my victories ;
Since, loe, the high borne bloods of Italy
Sue for thy seate of loue. *Let mufique sound.*
Beauty and youth run descant on loues ground.

Matz. Lady, erect your gratiouse symmetry :
Shine in the spheare of sweete affection :
Your eye as heavie, as the heart of night.

Mell. My thoughts are as blacke as your beard, my
fortunes as ill proportioned as your legs ; and all the
powers of my mind, as leaden as your wit, and as dustie
as your face is swarthy.

Gal. Faith sweete, Ile lay thee on the lips for that jest.

Mell. I pree thee intrude not on a dead mans right.

Gal. No, but the livings just possession.
Thy lips, and loue are mine.

Mell. You nere tooke seizin on them yet : forbear :
There's not a vacant corner of my heart,
But all is fild with dead *Antonios* losse.
Then urge no more ; O leauue to loue at all ;
Tis lesse disgracefull, not to mount, then fall.

Mat. Bright and refulgent Lady, daine your eare :
You see this blade, had it a courtly lip,
It woulde divulge my valour, plead my loue,
Iustle that skipping feeble amorist
Out of your loues seate ; I am *Matzagent*.

Gal. Harke thee, I pray thee taint not thy sweete
eare
With that sots gabble : By thy beautious cheeke,
Hce is the flaggingst bulrush that ere droopt

The first part of

With each slight mist of raine. But with pleas'd eye
Smile on my courtship.

Mell. What said you sir? alas my thought was fixt
Vpon another object. Good forbear: I shall but weepe. Aye me, what bootes a teare!
Come, come, lets daunce. O musicke thou distill'st
More sweetnesse in us then this jarring world:
Both time and measure from thy straines doe breath,
Whilst from the channell of this durt doth flow
Nothing but timelesse grieve, unmeasured woe.

Anto. O how impatience cramps my cracked veins,
And cruddles thicke my blood, with boylng rage:
O eyes, why leape you not like thunder bolts,
Or canon bullets in my rivals face;
Oy me infeliche misero, o lamenteuol fato!

Alber. What meanes the Lady fal upon the ground?

Ross. Belike the falling sicknes. (wilde:

Anto. I cannot brooke this sight, my thoughts grow
Here lies a wretch, on whom heaven never smilde.

Ross. What servant, neere a word, and I here man?
I would shoot some speech forth, to strike the time
With pleasing touch of amorous complement.
Say sweete, what keepes thy mind, what think'st thou on?

Alb. Nothing.

Ross. Whats that nothing?

Alb. A womans constancie.

Ross. Good, why, would'st thou haue us sluts, and never
shift the vesture of our thoughts? Away for shame!

Alb. O no, that too constant to afflict my heart,
Too too firme fixed in unmoved scorne.

Ross. Fish, fish; I fixed in unmoved scorne?
Why, Ile loue thee to night.

Alb. But whom to morrow?

Ross. Faith, as the toy pats me in the head.

Alb. And pleased the marble heavens, now would I
might be the toy, to put you in the head, kindly to con-
cept

Antonio and Mellida.

cept my my my : pray you giue in an Epithite for loue.

Fel. Roaring,roaring.

O loue thou hast murdred me,made me a shadow,
and you heare not *Balurdo* but *Balurdos* ghost.

Roff. Can a ghost speake ?

Bal. Scurvily,as I doe.

Roff. And walke ?

Bal. After their fashion.

Roff. And eate apples ?

Bal. In a sort,in their garbe.

Fel. Pree thee *Flauia* by my mistresse.

Fla. Your reason,good *Feliche* ?

Fel. Faith, I haue nineteene mistresses already, and I
not much disdeigne that thou shouldest make up the full
score.

Fla. Oh, I heare you make common places of your
mistresses , to performe the office of memory by. Pray
you,in ancient times were not those satten hose ? In
good faith , now they are new dyed, pinkt and scoured,
they shew as well as if they were new.

What,mute *Balurdo* ?

Fel. I in faith, and twere not for printing , and pain-
ting , my breech, and your face would bee out of re-
paration.

Bal. I, an faith , and twere not for printing and pain-
ting , my breech , and your face would bee out of re-
paration.

Fel. Good againe,Echo.

Fla. Thou art by nature, too foule to be affected.

Fel. And thou,by Art,too faire to bee beloved.

By wits life,most sparke spirits, but hard chance.

La ty dine.

Pie. Gallants, the night growes old ; & downy sleepe
Courts us, to entertaine his company :
Our tyred limbes, bruise'd in the morning fight,
Intreat soft rest, and gentle hush't repose.

The first part of

Fill out Greeke wines ; prepare fresh cressit-light :
Weele haue a banquet : Princes, then good night.

The Cornets sound a synnet, and the Duke goes out in state. As they are going out, Antonio stayes Mellida: the rest Excunt.

(you ?

Ant. What meane these scattered looks? why tremble
Why quake your thoughts in your distracted eyes ?
Collect your spirits, Madam ; what doe you see ?
Dost not behold a ghost ?
Look, looke where he stalks, wrapt up in clouds of griefe,
Darting his soule vpon thy wondring eyes.
Looke, he comes towards thee ; see, he stretcheth out
His wretched armes to girt thy loved waste,
With a most wistfull embrace : see'st him not yet ?
Nor yet ? Ha *Mellida*, thou well mayst erre :
For looke, hee walkes not like *Antonio* :
Like that *Antonio*, that this morning shone
In glistening habilliments of Armes,
To seize his loue, spight of her fathers spight :
But like himselfe, wretched, and miserable,
Banisht, forlorne, despairing, strook quite through
With sinking griefe, rowld up in seven-fold doubles
Of plagues, vanquishable : hatke he speakes to thee.

Mell. Alas, I cannot heare, nor see him.

Ant. Why ? all this night about the roome he stalkt,
And groan'd, and howl'd, with raging passion,
To view his loue (life blood of all his hopes,
Cowne of his fortunes) clipt by strangers armes.
Looke but behinde thee.

Mell. O *Antonio* ; my Lord, my Loue, my —

Ant. Leaue passion, sweet; for time, place, ayre & earth
Are all our foes : feare, and be jealous ; faire,
Let's flie.

Mell. Deare heart ; ha, whither ?

Anto. O

Antonio and Mellida.

Anto. O, tis no matter whether, but let's fly.
Ha ! now I thinke on't, I haue nere a home :
No father, friend, no countrey to imbrace
These wretched limbs : the world, the All that is,
Is all my foe : a Prince not worth a doite :
Onely my head is hoyseed to high rate,
Worth twenty thousand double Pistolets,
To him that can but strike it from these shoulders.
But come sweet Creature, thou shalt be my home,
My father, countrey, riches, and my friend :
My all, my soule, and thou and I will liue :
(Let's thinke like what) and thou and I will live
Like unmatcht mirrors of calamity.
The jealous eare of night eave-drops our talke.
Hold thee, theres a jewell ; and look thee, theres a note,
That will direct thee when, where, how to fly :
Bid me adieu.

Mell. Farewell bleak misery.

Anto. Stay sweet, lets kisse before you goe.

Mell. Farewell deare soule.

Anto. Farewell my life, my heart.

A C T V S T E R T I V S.

Enter *Andrugio* in armour, *Lucio* with a shepheards gowne
in his hand, and a *Page*.

An. Is not yon gleam, the shuddering morne that flakes,
With silver tincture, the East vierge of heaven ?

Lu. I thinke it is, so please your excellency.

And. Away, I haue no excellency to please.

Prithee observe the custome of the world,
That onely flatters greatnessse, States exalts,
And please my excellency. O *Lucio* !
Thou hast bin ever held respected deare,

Even

The first part of

Even precious to *Andrugios* i am most loue.
Good, flatter not. Nay, if thou giy' st not faith
That I am wretched, O read that, read that.

PIERO SFORZA to the Italian Princes, fortune.

Excellent, the just overthome, Andrugio tooke in
the Venetian Gulfe, hath so assured the Genowayes
of the justice of his cause, and the hatefulnesse of his
person, that they haue banisht him and all his Family: and,
for confirmation of their peace with vs, haue vowed, that
if hee, or his sonne can bee attatched, to send vs both their
heads. Wee therefore, by force of our united League, for-
bid you to harbour him, or his blood: but if you apprehend
his person, wee intreat you to send him, or his head to vs.
For wee vowed by the honour of our blood, to recompence any
man that bringeth his head, with twentie thousand double
Pistolets, and the indeering to our choyest loue.

From Venice, PIERO SFORZA.

And. My thoughts are fixt in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animall,
That eats her children, should not haue eyes and eares.
Philosophy maintaines that Nature's wise,
And formes no uselesse or unperfect thing.
Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature?
For earthly durt makes all things, makes the man,
Moulds me up honour; and like a cunning Dutchman,
Paints me a puppit even with seeming breath,
And giues a sot appearance of a soule.
Goe to, goe to; thou liest Philosophie,
Nature formes things unperfect, uselesse, vaine.
Why made she not the earth with eyes and eares?
That she might see desert, and heare mens plaints:

That

Antonio and Mellida.

That when a soule is splitted, sunke with griefe,
Hee might fall thus upon the breast of earth,
And in her eare, hallow his misery,
Exclaiming thus : O thou all-bearing Earth,
Which men doe gape for, till thou cramst their mouthes,
And choakst their throats with dust: O chaune thy brest,
And let me sinke into thee. Looke who knocks ;
Andruzio calls. But O, shée's deafe and blinde.
A wretch, but leane relieve on earth can finde.

Lu. Sweet Lord, abandon passion, and disarme.
Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea,
We are rowll'd up upon the *Venice* Marsh,
Let's clip all fortune, left more lowring fate —

And. More lowring fate ? O *Lucio*, choak that breath.
Now I defie chance. Fortunes brow hath frown'd,
Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend :
Her venom's spit. Alas, what countrey rests,
What sonne, what comfort that she can deprive ?
Triumphes not *Venice* in my overthrow ?
Gapes not my native countrey for my bloud ?
Lies not my sonne tomb'd in the swelling maine ?
And in more lowring fate ? There's nothing left
Vnto *Andrugio*, but *Andrugio* :
And that nor mischiefe, force, distresse, nor hell can take.
Fortune my fortunes, not my mind shall shake.

Lu. Speak like your selfe: but giue me leaue my Lord,
To wish your safety. If you are but seene,
Your Armes display you; therefore put them off,
And take —

And. Would'st haue me go unarm'd among my foes ?
Being besieg'd by passion, entring lists,
To combate with despaire and naightie griefe :
My soule beleaguerd with the crushing strength
Of sharpe impatience. Ha *Lucio*, goe vnarm'd ?
Come soule, resume the valour of thy birth;
My selfe, my selfe will dare all opposites :

The first part of

Ile muster forces, an unvanquisht power :
Cornets of horse shall presse th'ungratefull earth,
This hollow vvombed masse shall inly grone,
And murmure to sustaine the waight of armes :
Gastly amazement, with vpstarted haire,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whil'st trumpets clamour with a sound of death.

Lu. Peace good my Lord, your speech is all too light.
Alas, survey your fortunes, looke what's left
Of all your forces, and your utmost hopes,
A weake old man, a Page, and your poore selfe.

And. *Andrugio* liues, and a faire cause of armes,
Why that's an army all invincible.

He, who hath that, hath a battalion
Royall, armour of proofe, huge troupes of barbed Steeds,
Maine squares of pikes, millions of harguebush.
O, a faire cause stands firme, and will abide :
Legions of Angels fight upon her side.

Lu. Then, noble spirit, slide in strange disguise
Vnto some gracious Prince, and sojourne there,
Till time and fortune give revenge firme meanes.

And. No, Ile not trust the honour of a man :
Gold is growne great, and makes *perfidiousnesse*
A common waiter in most Princes Courts :
He's in the Chekle-roule : Ile not trust my blood :
I know none breathing but will cog a dye
For twenty thousand double Pistolets.
How goes the time ?

Lu. I saw no Sunne to day.

And. No Sun wil shine where poore *Andrugio* breaths,
My soule growes heavy, boy let's hane a song :
Weele sing yet, faith, even in despight of fate.

C A N T A N T.

And. Tis a good boy, and by my troth well sung.
O, and

Antonio and Mellida.

O, and thou felt'st my griefe, I warrant thee,
Thou would'st have strooke division to the height,
And made the life of musick breath : hold boy : why so?
For Gods sake call me not *Andrugio*,
That I may soone forget what I haue been.
For heavens name, name not *Antonio*,
That I may not remember he was mine.
Well, ere yon Sunne set, Ile shew my selfe my selfe,
Worthy my blood. I was a Duke, that's all.
No matter whether, but from whence we fall. *exeunt.*

Enter Feliche walking, unbrac'd.

Fe. Castilio, Alberto, Balerdo, none up?
Forobosco? Flattery, nor thou up yet?
Then there's no Courtier stirring, that's firme truth :
I cannot sleepe, *Feliche* seldome rests
In these court lodgings. I have walk'd all night,
To see if the nocturnall court delights
Could force me envy their felicity :
And by plaine troth, I will confess plaine troth,
I envy nothing but the Traverse light.
O, had it eyes, and eares, and tongues, it might
See sport, heare speech of most strange surquedries.
O, if that candle-light were made a Poet,
He would prove a rare firking Satyrist,
And draw the core forth of impostum'd sinne.
Well, I thanke heaven yet, that my content
Can envy nothing, but poore candle-light.
As for the other glistering copper spangs,
That glister in the tyre of the court,
Praise God, I either hate, or pitty them.
Well, here Ile sleepe, till that the sceane of up
Is past at Court. O calme husht rich content,
Is there a being blessednesse without thee?
How soft thou down'st the couch where thou dost rest,
Nectar to life, thou sweet Ambrosian feast.

Enter

The first part of

Enter Castilio and his Page, Castilio with a casting bottle
of sweete water in his hand, sprinkling himselfe.

Cast. Am not I a most sweet youth now?

Cat. Yes, when your throt's perfum'd, your very words
Doe smell of Amber-grecce. Oa stay sir, stay,
Sprinkle some sweet watter to your shooes heeles,
That your Mistris may sweare you have a sweet foot.

Cast. Good, very good, very passing good.

Fel. Fut, what trebble minikin squeakes there, ha?
good, very good, very very good?

Cast. I will warble to the delicious concave of my Mi-
stresse eare, and strike her thoughts with the pleasing
touch of my voyce.

C A N T A N T.

Cast. Feliche, health, fortune, mirth, and wine,

Fel. To thee my love diuine.

Cast. I drinke to thee, sweeting.

Fel. Plague on thee for an Aſſe.

Cast. Now thou hast ſene the Court, by the perfection
of it, doſt not envy it?

Fel. I wonder it doth not envy me.

Why man, I have been borne upon the ſpirits wings;

The ſoules ſwift Pegasus, the phantasie:

And from the height of contemplation,

Have view'd the feeble joynts men totter on.

I envy none; but hate, or pitty all.

For when I view, with an intentive thought,

That creature faire, but proud; him rich, but ſot:

The other witty, but unmeasured arrogant;

Him great, yet boundleſſe in ambition:

Him high-borne, but of base life: t'other fear'd,

Yet feared feares, and feares moſt, to be moſt loved:

Him wiſe, but made a foole for publike uſe:

The

Antonio and Mellida.

The other learn'd, but selfe-opinionate.
When I discourse all these, and see my selfe
Nor faire, nor rich, nor witty, great, nor fear'd :
Yet amply suted with all full content :
Lord, how I clap my hands, and smooth my brow,
Rubbing my quiet bosome, tossing up
A gratefull spirit to omnipotence !

Cast. Ha, ha : but if thou knew'st my happiness,
Thou woldst even grate away thy soule to dust,
In envy of my sweet beatitude :
I cannot sleep for kisses : I cannot rest
For Ladies letters, that importune me
With such unuse'd vehemence of love,
Straight to sollicite them, that—

Fel. Confusion seize me, but I thinke thou lyest.
Why should I not be sought to then as well ?
Fut, me thinkes, I am as like a man.
Troth, I have a good head of haire, a checke,
Not as yet wan'd ; a leg, faith, in the full :
I ha not a red beard, take not Tobacco much :
And S^rlid, for other parts of manliness—

Cast. Pew waw, you nere courted them in pompe :
Put your good parts in presence, graciously.
Ha, and you had, why they would ha come off, sprung
To your armes, and su'd, and pray'd, and vow'd ;
And open'd all their sweetnesse to your love.

Fel. There are a number of such things, as then
Have often urg'd me to such loose beliefe :
But s'lid you all doe lie, you all doe lie.
I have put on good clothes, and smugg'd my face,
Tooke a faire wench with a smart speaking eye :
Courted in all sorts, blunt, and passionate ;
Had opportunity, put them to the ah :
And by this light I find them wondrous chast,
Impregnable, perchance a kisse, or so ;
But for the rest, Q most inexorable.

The first part of

Cast. Nay then ifaith, prithee looke here.

Shewes him the superscription of a seeming Letter.

Fel. To her most esteemed, loued, and generous servant,
Sig. Castilio Balthazar.

Prithee from whom comes this? faith I must see.

From her that is devoted to thee in most priuate sweetes of
love, Rossaline.

Nay, god's my comfort, I must see the rest,
I must, sans ceremonie, faith I must.

Feliche takes away the Letter by force.

Cast. O, you spoile my Ruffe, unset my hayre: good
away.

Fel. Item for straight canvas, thirteene pence halfe-
penny. Item for an ell and a halfe of taffata to couer your
old canvas doublet, fourteene shillings and three pence.
S'light, this is a Taylors bill.

Cast. In sooth it is the outside of her letter, on which
I tooke the copy of a Taylors bill.

Dil. But tis not crost, I am sure of that. Lord have
mercy on him, his credite hath given up the last gaspe.
Faith Ile leau'e him, for hee lookes as melancholly as a
wench the first night she— exit.

Fel. Honest musk-eod, twill not bee so stitched toge-
ther, take that, and that, and bely no Ladies loue: sweare
no more by Iesu, this Madam, that Lady: hence, goe,
forsweare the presence, travaile three yeares to bury this
bastinado: avoyde, pufse-past, avoyde.

Cast. And tell not my Lady mother. VVell, as I am
a true gentleman, if she had not wild me on her blessing,
not to spoyle, my face, if I could not finde in my heart
to fight, would I might nere eate a Potatoe Pye
more.

Enter

Antonio and Mellida.

Enter Balurdo backward; Dildo following him with a looking glasse in one hand, and a candle in the other hand: Flauia following him backward, with a looking glasse in one hand, and a candle in the other; Rossaline following her; Balurdo and Rossaline stand setting of faces: and so the Sceane begins.

Fel. More foole, more rare fooles! O, for time and place, long enough, and large enough, to act these fooles! Here might bee made a rare Scene of folly, if the plat could beare it.

Bal. By the suger-candy sky, hold up the glasse higher, that I may see to sweare in fashion. O, one loofe more would ha made them shinen; gods neakes, they would haue showne like my mistresse brow. Even so the Duke frownes for all this cursond world: oh that gerne kills, it kills. By my golden What's the richest thing about me?

Dil. Your teeth.

Bal. By my golden teeth, hold up; that I may put in: hold up I say, that I may see to put on my gloues.

Dil. O, delicious sweete cheeke master, if you discharge but one glance from the levell of that set face: O, you will strike a wench; youle make any wench loue you.

Bal. By Iesu, I thinke I am as elegant a Courtier, as How lik'st thou my suite?

Cat. All, beyond all, no peregall: you are wondred at for an Asse.

Bal. Well, Dildo, no christen creature shall know hereafter, what I will doe for thee heretofore.

Ross. Here wants a little white, Flauia.

Dil. I but master; you haue one little fault; you sleepe open mouth'd.

Bal. Pew, thou jest'st. In good sadnessse, Ile haue a looking glasse nail'd to the testarn of the bed, that

The first part of

I may see when I sleepe , whether tis so , or not ; take heed you lye not : goe to, take heed you lye not.

Fla. By my troth, you looke as like the Princesse, now I, but her lip is lip. is a little redder, a very little redder : but by the helpe of Art, or Nature, ere I change my perewigge, mine shall be as red

Bal. O, I, that face, that eye, that smile, that writhing of your body , that wanton dandling of your fan, becomes prethely, so sweetly , tis even the goodest Lady that breaths , the most amiable Faith the fringe of your sattin peticote is ript. Good faith Madam, they say you are the most bounteous Lady to your women, that ever O most delicious beautie ! Good Madame let me kith it.

Enter Piero.

Fel. Rare sport, rare sport : A female foole, and a female flatterer.

Ross. Body a me, the Duke : away the glasse.

Pie. Take up your paper, *Rossaline*.

Ross. Not mine, my Lord.

Pie. Not yours, my Lady ? Ile see what tis.

Bal. And how does my sweete mistresse ? O Lady deare , even as tis an old say , Tis an old horse that can neither wighy , nor wagge his taile : even so doe I hold my set face still : euen so, tis a bad courtier that can neither discourse, nor blow his nose.

Pie. Meet me at *Abrahams* , the Iewes , where I bought my Amazon disguise. A shippe lies in the por , ready bound for England ; make haste, come private.

Enter Castilio, Forobosco.

Antonio, Forobosco, Alberto, Feliche, Castilio, Balturdo ?
run, keepe the Palace, post to the ports, goe to my daughters

Antonio and Mellida.

ters chamber: whither now? scud to the Iewes, stay,
run to the gates, stop the gundolers, let none passe the
marsh, doe all at once. *Antonio*? his head, his head.
Keepe you the Court, the rest stand still, or runne, or goe,
or shout, or search, or scud, or call, or hang, or doe doe
doe, su su su, something: I know not who who who,
what I doe doe doe, nor who who who, where I am.

O trista traditrische, rea, ribalda fortuna,

Negando mi vindetta mi causa fera morte.

Fel. Ha ha ha, I could breake my spleene at his im-
patience.

Anto. Alma d^o gratiofa fortuna fiate fauorevole,

*Et fortunati siano vuoti del mia dulce Mellida, Mel-
lida.*

Mel. Alas *Antonio*, I haue lost thy note.
A number mount my staires; Ile straight returne.

Fel. *Antonio*,
Bee not affright, sweete Prince; appease thy feate,
Buckle thy spirits up, put all thy wits
In wimble action, or thou art surpris'd.

Anto. I care not.

Fel. Art mad, or desperate? or

Anto. Both, both, all, all: I pree thee let me lye;
Spight of you all, I can, and I will dye.

Fel. You are distraught; O, this is madnesse breath.

Ant. Each man take hence life, but no man death:
Hee's a good fellow, and keepes open house:
A thousand thousand wavyes lead to his gate,
To his wide mouth'd porch: when niggard life
Hath but one little, little wicket through.

Wee wring our selues into this wretched world,
To pule, and weepe, exclaine, to curse and raile,
To fret, and ban the fates, to strike the earth
As I doe now. *Antonio* curse thy birth,
And dye.

The first part of

Fel. Nay, heaven's my comfort, now you are perverse ;
You know I alwayes lov'd you ; pree thee liue.
Wilt thou strike dead thy friends, draw mourning
teares.

An. Alas *Feliche*, I ha nere a friend ;
No countrey, father, brother, kinsman left
To weepe my fate, or sigh my funerall :
I roule but up and downe, and fill a seat
In the darke caue of dusky misery.

Fel. Fore heaven, the Duke comes : hold you, take my
key.

Slinke to my chamber, looke you ; that is it :
There shall you find a suite I wore at Sea :
Take it, and slip away. Nay, pretious,
If youle be peevious, by this light, Ile sweare,
Thou rayl'dst upon thy loue before thou dyedst,
And call'd her strumpet.

Ant. Sheele not credit thee.

Fel. Tut, that's all one : Ile defame thy loue ;
And make thy dead trunke held in vile regard.

Ant. Wilt needs haue it so ? why then *Antonio*,
Vive esperanza, in despetto dell' fato.

Enter Piero, Galeazzo, Matzagente, Forobosco, Balur-
do, and Castilio, with weapons.

Pie. O, my sweet Princes, was't not brauely found ?
Even there I found the note, even there it lay.
I kisse the place for joy, that there it lay.
This way hee went, here let us make a stand :
Ile keepe this gate my selfe : O gallant youth !
Ile drinke carouse unto your countries health,

Enter *Antonio*.

Even in *Antonio*'s scull.

Ball. Lord blesse us : his breath is more fearefull then
a Ser-

Antonio and Mellida.

a Sergeants voice, when hee cryes ; I arrest.

Ant. Stop *Antonio*, keepe, keepe *Antonio*.

Pie. Where, where man, where ?

Ant. Heere, heere : let mee pursue him downe the marsh.

Pie. Hold, there's my signet, take a gundelet :
Bring me his head, his head, and by mine honour,
Ile make thee the wealthiest Mariner that breathes.

Anto. Ile sweate my blood out, till I haue him safe.

pie. Speake heartily Ifaith, good Mariner.

O, wee will mount in triumph : soone at night,
Ile set his head up. Lets thinke where.

Bal. Vpon his shoulders, that's the fittest place for it. If it bee not as fit as if it were made for them ; say *Balurdo*, thou art a sot, an Asse.

Enter Mellida in Pages attire, dauncing.

Pie. Sprightly Ifaith. In troth he's somewhat like
My daughter *Mellida* : but alas poore soule,
Her honours heeles, God knowes, are halfe so light.

Mel. Escap't I am, spite of my fathers spight.

Pie. Ho, this will warme my bosome ere I sleepe.

Enter Flavia running.

Fla. O my Lord, your daughter.

Pie. I, I, my daughter's safe enough, I warrant thee.
This vengeance on the boy will lengthen out
My dayes unmeasuredly.
It shall bee chronicled, time to come ;
Piero Sforza slew *Andrugio*'s sonne.

Fla. I, but my Lord your daughter.

Pie. I, I, my good wench, shee is safe enough.

Fla. O, then ny Lord, you know she's run away.

Pie. Run away, away, how run away ?

The first part of

Mla. She's vanish'd in an instant, none knows whither
pie. Pursue, pursue, fly, run, post, scud away.

Feliche singing. And was not good King Salomon.

Fly, call, runne, row, ride, cry, shout, hurry, hast
Hast, hurry, shout, cry, ride, row, runne, call, fly
Backward and forward, every way about.

Maledicta fortuna chy condura sorta

Che faro, che duro, pur fugir tanto mal!

Cast. Twas you that strook me even now, was it not?

Fel. It was I that strooke you even now.

Cast. You bastinadoed me, I take it.

Fel. I bastinadoed you, and you tooke it.

Cast. Faith sir, I have the richest Tobacco in the court
for you, I would bee glad to make you satisfaction, if I
have wronged you. I would not the Sun should set upon
your anger, give me your hand.

Fel. Content faith, so thou'l breed no more such lies.
I hate not man, but mans lewd qualities.

ACT VS QVARTVS.

Enter Antonio, in his Seagowne, running.

Ant. Stop, stop Antonio, stay Antonio.

*S*Vaine breath, vaine breath, Antonio's lost,
He cannot finde himselfe, not seize himselfe.
Alas, this that you see, is not Antonio,
His spirit hovers in Piero's court,
Harling about his agill faculties,
To apprehend the sight of Melinda.

But poore, poore soule, wanting apt instruments
To speake or see, stands dumbe and blinde, sad spirit,
Roul'd up in gloomy clouds as blacke as ayre,
Through which the rusty Coach of Night is drawne;

Antonio and Mellida.

Tis so, Ile give you instance that tis so.
Conceipt you me. As having claspt a rose
Within my palme, the rose being tane away,
My hand retaines a little breath of sweet:
So may mans trunke, his spirit slipt away,
Hold still a faint perfume of his sweet ghest.
Tis so; for when discursive powers fly out,
And rome in progresse through the bounds of heaven,
The soule it sel fe gallops along with them,
As chieffetaine of this winged troupe of thought,
Whil'st the dull lodge of spirit standeth wast,
Vntill the soule returne from — VVhat was't I said?
O, this is nought but speckling melancholly.
I have beene —
That *Morpheus* tender skimp — Cosen-germane
Beare with me good —
Mellida: clod upon clod thus fall.
Hell is beneath, yet *heaven* is over all.

Enter Andrugio, Lucio, Cole, and Norwood.

And Come *Lucio*, let's goe eate, what hast thou got?
Rootes, rootes? alas, they are seeded, new cut up.
O, thou hast wronged Nature, *Lucio*:
But bootes not much, thou but pursu'st the world,
That cuts off vertue 'fore it comes to growth,
Lest it should seed, and so ore-run her sonne,
Dull pur-blind erroar. Give me water, boy.
There is no poyson in't I hope, they say
That lukes in massie plate: and yet the earth
Is so infected with a generall plague,
That he's most wise, that thinkes there's no man foole:
Right prudent that esteemes no creature just:
Great policy the least things to mistrust.
Give me Assay — How we mocke greatnesse now?
Lu. A strong concept is rich, so most men deeme:
If not to be, tis comfort yet to seeme.

The first part of

And. VVhy man, I never was a Prince till now.
Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Guilt Tipstaues, Tyrian purple, chaires of State,
Troopes of pide butterflies, that flutter still
In Greatnesse Summer, that confirme a Prince :
Tis not the unsavory breath of multitudes,
Shouting and clapping, with confused dinne,
That makes a Prince. No *Lucio*, hee's a King,
A true right King, that dares doe ought, saue wrong,
Feares nothing mortall, but to be unjust;
VVho is not blowne up with the flattering pusses
Of spungie Sycophants : Who stands unmou'd,
Despight the justling of opinion :
VVho can enjoy himselfe, maugre the throng
That strive to presse his quiet out of him :
VVho sits upon *Joues* footstoole, as I doe,
Adoring, not affecting Majestie :
VVhose brow is wreathed with the silver crowne
Of cleare content : This, *Lucio*, is a King.
And of this Empire, every man's possest,
That's worth his soule.

Lu. My Lord, the *Genowayes* had wont to say—
And. Name not the *Genowayes* : that very word
Vnkings me quite, makes me vile passions slauie,
O, you that made open the glibbery Ice
Of vulgar favour, view *Andrugio*.
Was never Prince with more applause confirm'd,
With lowder shouts of triumph launched out
Into the surgie maine of Government :
Was never Prince with more despight cast out,
Left shipwrakt, banisht, on more guiltlesse ground.
O rotten props of the craz'd multitude.
How you still double, faulter, vnder the lightest chance
That straines your vaines. Alas, one battell lost,
Your whoorish loue, your drunken healths, your houts
and shouts,

Your

Antonio and Mellida.

Your smooth God sau'e's, and all your devils last,
That tempts our quiet, to your hell of throngs.
Spit on me *Lucio*, for I am turn'd slave;
Observe how passion dominieres over me.

Lu. No wonder, noble Lord, having lost a sonne,
A Countrey, Crowne, and —

And. I *Lucio*, having lost a sonne, a sonne,
A countrey, house, crowne, sonne. *O lares, misereri lares.*
Which shall I first deplore? My sonne, my sonne,
My deare sweet boy, my deare *Antonio*.

Ant. *Antonio*?

And. I, echo, I; I meane *Antonio*.

Ant. *Antonio*, who meanes *Antonio*?

And. Where art? what art? know'st thou *Antonio*?

Ant. Yes.

And. Liues hee?

Ant. No.

And. Where lies he dead?

Ant. Heere.

And. VVhere?

Ant. Heere.

And. Art thou *Antonio*?

Ant. I thinke I am.

And. Dost thou but think? what, dost not know thy self?

Ant. He is a foole that thinks he knowes himselfe.

Andr. Vpon thy faith to heaven, giue me thy name.

Ant. I were not worthy of *Andrugio*'s blood,
If I denied my name's *Antonio*.

Andr. I were not worthy to bee call'd thy father,
If I denied my name *Andrugio*.

And dost thou lie? O let me kisse thy cheeke,
And deaw thy brow with trickling drops of joy.
Now heavens will be done: for I haue liu'd
To see my joy, my sonne *Antonio*.

Giue me thy hand; now Fortune doe thy worst,
His blood, that lapt thy spirit in the wombe,

Thus

The first part of

Thus (in his loue) will make his armes thy tombe.

Ant. Blesse not the body with your twining armes,
Which is accurst of heaven. O, what black sinne
Hath been committed by our ancient House,
Whose scalding vengeance lights upon oure heads,
That thus the world, and fortune casts us out,
As loathed objects, ruines branded slaues.

And. Doe not expostulate the heavens will :
But O, remember to forget thy selfe :
Forget remembrance what thou once hast been.
Come, creepe with me from out this open ayre.
Even trees haue tongues, and will betray our life.
I am a raysing of our house, my boy :
Which fortune will not envie; tis so meane,
And like the world (all durt) there shalt thou rip
The inwards of thy fortunes, in mine eares,
Whilst I sit weeping, blind with passions teares :
Then Ile begin, and weeble such order keepe,
That one shall still tell grieves, the other weepe.

Exit Andrugio, leaving Antonio and his Page.

Ant. Ile follow you. Boy, prethee stay a little.
Thou hast had a good voice, if this cold Marsh,
Wherin we lurke, haue not corrupted it.

Enter Mellida, standing out of sight in her Pages suite.
I prethee sing ; but firra (marke you me)
Let each note breathe the heart of passion,
The sad extracture of extreamest griefe.
Make me a straine speake groaning like a Bell,
That towles departing soules.
Breathe me a poynt that may inforce me weepe,
To wring my hands, to break my cursed breast,
Raue and exclaime, lie groueling on the earth,
Straight start up feantick, crying, *Mellida*.
Sing but, *Antonio hath lost Mellida*,
And thou shalt see me (like a man possest)
Howle out such passion, that even this brinish Marsh

Will

Antonio and Mellida.

Will squeeze out teares from out his spungie cheekeſ,
The rockes even groane, and —
Pree thee, pree thee ſing :
Or I ſhall neſe ha done when I am in.
Tis harder for me end, then to begin.

The boy runnes a note, Antonio breakes it.

For looke thee boy, my griefe that hath no end,
I may begin to plaine, but — pree thee ſing.

C A N T A N T.

Mell. Heaven keepe you ſir.

Ant. Heaven keepe you from me, ſir.

Mell. I muſt be acquainted with you, ſir.

Ant. Wherefore? Art thou infected with miſery,
Sear'd with the anguſh of calamitie?
Art thou true ſorrow, hearty griefe; canſt weepe?
I am not for thee if thou canſt not rauie,

Antonio falls on the ground.

Fall flat on the ground, and thus exclaime on heauen;
O trifling Nature, why enſpir'dſt thou breath?

Mell. Stay ſir, I thinke you named *Mellida*.

Anto. Know'ſt thou *Mellida*?

Mell. Yes.

Anto. Haſt thou ſene *Mellida*?

Mell. Yes.

Anto. Then thou haſt ſene the glory of her ſex,
The muſicke of Nature, the unequall'd luſtre,
Of unmatched Excellence, the united ſweet
Of heavens graces, the moſt adored beautie,
That ever ſtrucke amazement in the world.

Mell. You ſeeme to loue her.

Ant. With my very ſoule.

Mell. Sheele not requite it: all her loue is fixt
Upon a Gallant, one *Antonio*,
The Duke of *Genoa* ſonne. I was her Page;

And

The first part of

And often as I wayted she would sigh,
O, deare *Antonio* ; and to strengthen thought,
Would clip my necke, and kisse, and kisse me thus.
Therefore leave loving her : fa, faith me thinkes,
Her beauty is not halfe so ravishing
As you discourse of, she hath a freckled face,
A low forehead, and a lumpish eye.

Ant. O heaven, that I should heare such blasphemy.

Boy, rogue, thou lyest, and

Spauento dell mio core dolce Mellida,
Di graua morte restoro vero dolce Mellida,
Celesta saluatrice sourana Mellida
Del mio sperar ; trofeo vero Mellida.

Mel. *Dilecta & soaue anima mia Antonio,*
Godeuole belezza cortese Antonio.
Signior mio & virginal amore bell' Antonio
Gusto dell' mei sensi car' Antonio.

Ant. O suamisce il cor in un soaue baccio,

Mel. *Muronò i sensi nel desato desio :*

Ant. *Nel Cielo puo lesser belta pia chiara.*

Mel. *Nel mondo pol esser belta pia chiara ?*

Ant. *Dammi un baccio da quella bocca beata,*

Bassiammi, coglier l' aura odorata

Che in sua neggia in quello dolce labra.

Mel. *Dammi pimpero del tuo gradit' amore*

Che bea me, cosempiterno honore,

Così, cosi mi conuerra morir.

Good swer, scout ore the marsh : for my heart trembles
At every little breath that strikes my eare,

When thou returnest : and I will discourse

how I deceiv'd the Court : then thou shalt tell

How thou escap'dst the watch : weeble poynt our speech

With amorous kissing, kissing commaes, and even sucke

The liquid breath from out each others lips.

Ant. Dull clod, no man but such sweet favour clips.

I goe, and yet my panting blood perswades me stay.

Turne

Antonio and Mellida.

Turne coward in her sight ? away, away.

I thinke confusion of *Babell* is fallen upon these lovers that they change their language ; but I feare mee, my master having but feigned the person of a woman, hath got their unfeigned imperfection, and is growne double tongu'd : as for *Mellida*, shee were no woman, if shee could not yield strange language. But howsoever, if I should sit in judgement, tis an errore easier to bee pardoned by the auditors, then excused by the authors ; and yet some private respect may rebate the edge of the keener censure.

Ester Piero, Castilio, Matzagente, Forobosco, Feliche, Galeazzo, Balurdo, and his Page, at another doore.

Pie. This way she tooke, search my sweet gentlemen, How now *Balurdo*, canst thou meet with any body ?

Bal. As I am true gentleman, I made my horie sweat that he hath nere a dry thread on him, and I can meete with no living creature, but men and beasts. In good sadnesse, I would have sworne I had seene *Mellida* even now, for I saw a thing stirre under a hedge, and I peep't, and I spyea a thing, and I peer'd, and I tweer'd underneath : and truely a right wise man might have been deceived, for it was — — —

Pie. What in the name of heaven ?

Bal. A dun cowe.

Fel. Sh'ad nere a kettle on her head ?

Pie. Boy, didst thou see a yong Lady passe this way ?

Gal. Why speake you not ?

Bal. Gods neakes, proud else, give the Duke reverence, stand bare with a — — —

Whogh ! heavens blesse me, *Mellida*, *Mellida*.

Pie. Where man, where ?

Bal. Turn'd man, turn'd man : women weare the breeches, loe here.

The first part of

Pie. Light and undutious ! kneele not, peevish Elfe,
Speake not, entreat not, shame unto my house,
Curse to my honour. *VVhere's Antonio?*
Thou traytresse to my hate, what is he shipt
For England now ? well, whimpring harlot, hence.

Mell. Good father——

Pi. Good me no goods. Seest thou that sprightly youth?
Ere thou canst terme to morrow morning old,
Thou shalt call him thy husband, Lord, and Love.

Mell. Ay mee !

Pie. Blirt on your ay mees, guard her safely hence,
Drag her away, Ile be your guard to night.
Young Prince, mount up your spirits, and prepare
To solemnize your Nuptialls Eve with pompe.

Gal. The time is scant, now nimble wits appeare,
Pharus beginnes to gleame, the welkin's cleare.

Exeunt all, but Balurdo and his Page.

Bal. Now nimble wits appeare : Ile my selfe appeare,
Balurdo's selfe, that in quicke wit doth surpassé,
*VV*ill shew the substance of a compleat——

Dil. Assc, Assc.

Bal. Ile mount my courser, and most gallantly prick——

Dil. Gallantly prick is too long, and stands hardly in
the verse, sir.

Bal. Ile speake pure rime, and will so bravely prank it,
That Ile tosse love like a pranke, pranke it, a rime for
pranke it.

Dil. Blankit.

Bal. That Ile tosse love like a dog in a blanket :
Ha, ha, indeedelaw, I thinke ha, ha, I thinke ha, ha,
I thinke I shall tickle the Muses. And I strike it
not deade, say, *Balurdo*, thou art an arrant
Sot.

Dil. *Balurdo*, thou art an arrant Sot.

Enter

Antonio and Mellida.

Enter Andrugio and Antonio wreathed together,
Lucio.

And. Now, come united force of chap-fall'n death :
Come, power of fretting anguish, leave distresse.
O, thus infolded, we have brests of prooфе,
Gainst all the venom'd stings of misery.

Ant. Father, now I have an Antidote,
Gainst all the poyson that the world can breath.
My *Mellida*, my *Mellida* doth blesse
This bleake waſt with her presence. How now boy,
Why doſt thou weepe ? alas, where's *Mellida* ?

Ant. Ay me, my Lord.

And. A ſudden horror doth invade my blood,
My ſinewes tremble, and my panting heart
Scuds round about my bosome to goe out,
Dreading the affilant, horrid paſſion :
O, be no tyrant, kill me with one blow.
Speake quickely, hriefely boy.

Pa. Her father found, and ſeiz'd her, ſhe is gone.

And. Son, heat thy blood, be not froſe up with griefe.
Courage ſweet boy, ſinke not beneath the waight
Of crushing miſchiefe. O where's thy dauntleſſe heart,
Thy fathers ſpirit ? I renounce thy blood,
If thou forſake thy valour.

Lu. See how his griefe ſpeakes in his ſlow-pac't ſteps :
Alas, 'tis more then he can utter, let him goe.
Lumbe ſolitary path beſt ſureth woe.

And. Give me my armes, my armour *Lucio*.

Lu. Deare Lord, what meanes this rage, when lacking
Scarce ſafes your life, will you in armour riſe ?

And. Fortune feares valour, preſſeth cowardize.

Lu. Then valour gets applause, when it hath place,
And meanes to blaze it.

And. *Nunquam potest non esse.*

Lu. Patience, my Lord, may bring your illſ ſome end.

And.

The first part of

And. What patience, friend, can ruin'd hopes attend ?
Come, let me dye like old *Andrugio* :
Worthy my birth. O blood-true-honoured graues
Are farre more blessed then base life of slaues. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Enter *Balurdo*, a Painter with two pictures, and *Dildo*.

Bal. **A**ND are you a Painter sir, can you draw,
can you draw ?

Pay. Yes sir.

Bal. Indeed law ; now so can my fathers fore-horse.
And are these the workmanship of your hands ?

Pay. I did limne them.

Bal. Limne them ? a good word, limne them : whose
picture is this ? *Anno Domini*, 1599. Beleeue mee ma-
ster *anno Domini* was of a good settled age when you
lymn'd him. 1599. yeares old ? Lets see the other.
Etatis sue 24. Bir Lady he is somewhat younger. Belike
master *Etatis sue* was *Anno Dominie* sonne.

Pay. Is not your master a — — —

Dil. Hee hath a little proclivitie to him.

Pay. Proclivitie, good youth ? I thanke you for your
sourtly proclivitie.

Bal. Approach good sir. I did send for you to draw
mee a devise, an *Impreza*, by *Synecdoche a Mott*. By
Phæbus crymson taffata mantle, I thinke I speake as me-
lodiously, looke you sir, how thinke you on't ? I would
haue you paint mee, for my device, a good fat legge of
ewe mutton, swimming in stewd broth of plums (boy
keeple your mouth, it runs over) and the word shall be ;
Hold my dish, whilst I spill my pottage. Sure in my con-
science, twould be the most sweete device, now — — —

Pay. Tyvould sent of kitchin-stuffe too much.

Bal.

Antonio and Mellida.

Bal. Gods neaks, now I remember me, I ha the rareſt devise in my head that ever breathed. Can you paint me a driveling reeling Song, and let the word be, Vh.

Pain. A belch.

Bal. O no, no : Vh, paint me vh, or nothing.

Pain. It can not be done sir, but by a seeming kind of drunkennesse.

Bal. No ? well, let mee haue a good massie ring, with your owne poesie graven in it, that must ſing a ſmall treble, word for word, thus;

And if thou wile my true lover be,

Come follow me to the greene wood.

Pain. O Lord fir, I cannot make a picture ſing.

Ba. Why? zlid, I haue ſeen painted things ſing as ſweete: But I haūt twiſt tickle it, for a conceit iſaith.

Enter Feliche, and Alberto.

Alb. O deare Feliche, giue me thy device. How ſhall I purchase loue of *Roffaline*?

Fel. S'will, flatter her ſoundly.

Alb. Her loue is ſuch, I cannot flatter her: But with my utmoſt vehemence of ſpeech, I haue ador'd her beauties.

Fel. Haſt writ good mooving unaffected rimes to her?

Alb. O yes, Feliche, but ſhe ſcrones my writ.

Fel. Haſt thou preſented her with ſumptuous gifts?

Alb. Alas, my fortunes are too weake to offer them.

Fel. O then I haue it, ile tell thee what to doe.

Alb. What, good Feliche?

Fel. Goe hang thy ſelfe; I ſay, goe hang thy ſelfe; If that thou canſt not giue, goe hang thy ſelfe; I'le rime thee dead, or verſe thee to the rope.

How thinkſt thou of a Poet that ſung thus?

Munera ſola pacant, ſola addunt munera ſormam:

Munere ſolicites Pallada, Cypris erit.

Munera, munera.

Alb. Ile goe and breathē my woes unto the rockes,

The first part of

And spend my griefe vpon the deafest seas.
Ile weepe my passion to the sensless trees,
And load most solitarie ayre with plaints.

For woods, trees, sea, or rocky Appenine,
Is not so ruthlesse as my Rossaline.

Farewell deare friend, expect no more of me,
Here ends my part in this loues Comedy. *Exit Alb.*

Exit Painter.

Fel. Now master Balurdo, whither are you going, ha?

Bal. Signior Feliche, how doe you faith, and by my troth, how doe you?

Fel. VVhither art thou going, bully?

Bal. And as heaven helpe me, how doe you?
How doe you Ifaith he?

Fel. Whither art going man?

Bal. O God, to the Court, Ile bee willing to giue you grace and good countenance, if I may but see you in the Presence.

Fel. O to Court? Farewell.

Bal. If you see one in a yellow Taffata doublet, cut upon carnation Velure, a greene hat, a blew paire of velvet hose, a gilt rapier, and an orange tawney paire of worsted silke stockings, that's I, that's I.

Fel. Very good, farewell.

Bal. Ho, you shall know me as easily, I haue bought me a new greene feather with a red sprigg; you shall see my wrought shirt hang out at my breeches; you shall know mee.

Fel. Very good, very good, farewell.

Bal. Marry in the Maske twill be somewhat hard. But if you heare any body speake so wittily, that he makes a' the roome laugh, that's I, that's I. Farewell good Signior.

Enter Forobosco, Castilio, a boy carying a gilt harpe, Piero, Mellida in night apparell, Rossaline, Flavia, two Pages.

Pier. Advance the Musicks prize, now capring wits,
Rise

Antonio and Mellida.

Rise to your highest mount ; let choyce delight
Gatland the brow of this triumphant night.
Sfoot, a sits like Lucifer himselfe.

Rossa. Good sweet Duke , first let their voyces straine
for Musicks prize. Giue me the golden harpe : faith with
your favour, Ile bee Vmpetesse.

Pte. Sweet neece content : boyes cleare your voice and
sing.

1. C A N T A T.

Rossa. By this Gold, I had rather haue 2 servant with
a short nose, and a thinn hayre , then haue such a high
stretcht minikin voyce.

Pier Fair Neece, your reason ?

Ross. By the sweet of Loue, I should feate extreameley
that he were an Eunuch.

Cast. Sparke spirit, how like you his voyce ?

Ross. Sparke spirit, how like you his voyce ?
So helpe mee yowth, thy voyce squeakes like a drie cork
shooe : come ; come, lets heare the next.

2. C A N T A T.

Pte. Trust me, a good strong meane. Wel sung my boy.

Enter *Balurdo*.

Bal. Hold, hold, hold : are yee blinde ? could yowt not
see my voice coyming for the Harpe. And I knocke not
Division on the head, take hence the harpe, make mee a
skip, and let me goe but for nine pence. Sir Marke, strike
up for Master *Balurdo*.

3. C A N T A T.

Judgement Gentlemen, judgement. Wast not aboue line ?
I appeale to your mouthes that heard my song.
Doe me right, and dub me Knight, *Balurdo*.

The first part of

Roff. Kneele downe, and Ile dub thee Knight of the golden harpe.

Ba. Indeed lawv, doe ; and Ile make you Lady of the silver fiddlestick.

Roff. Come kneele, kneele.

Enter Page to Balurdo.

Bat. My troth, I thanke you, it hath never a whistle in't.

Roff Nay, good sweet cuz raise up your drooping eies, & I were at the point of, To haue and to hold, from this day forward, I vwould be ashamed to looke thus lumpish. What, my pretty Cuz, tis but the losse of an od maidenhead : shall's daunce ? thou art so sad, harke in' mine eare. I vvas about to say, but Ile forbear.

Ba. I conie, I come, more then most hunny-suckle sweete Ladies, pine not for my presence, Ile returne in pompe. Well spoke sir *Jeffrey Balurdo*. As I am a true Knight, I feele honourable eloquence begin to grope me already.

Exit.

Pie. Faith, mad neece, I wonder when thou wilt marry ?

Roff. Faith, kind Vnkle, when men abandon jealousy, forsake taking of Tobaçco, and cease to weare their beards so rudely long. Oh, to haue a husband with a mouth continually smoaking, with a bush of furs on the ridge of his chinne, ready still to slop into his foming chaps ; ah, tis more than most intollerable.

Pie. Nay faith, sweet neece, I was mighty strong in thought wee should haue shut up night with an old Cc medie : the Prince of *Millane* shall haue *Mellida*, and thou shouldst haue —

Roff. No body, good sweete Vnkle. I tell you sir, I haue 39 servans, and my munkey that makes the fourtieth. Now I loue all of them lightly for something, but affect none of them seriously for any thing. One's a passionat foole, and he flatters mee aboue beliefe : the second's a teasty ape, and he railes at me beyond reason : the

Antonio and Mellida.

the third's as graue as some Censor, and he strokes up his mustachoës three times ; and makes six plots of set faces, before hee speakes one wise word : the fourth's as dry, as the burre of an heartichoke ; the fifth paints, and hath alwayes a good colour for what he speakes : the sixt—
Pie. Stay, stay, sweet neece, what makes you thus suspect young gallants worth.

Roff. Oh, when I see one weare a perewig, I dread his haire ; another wallow in a great flop, I mistrust the proportion of his thigh ; and wears a ruffled boot, I feare the fashion of his legge. Thus, something in each thing, one trick in every thing makes mee mistrust imperfection in all parts ; and there's the full poynct of my addiction.

The Cornets sound a Cyne.

Enter Galeazzo, Matzagente, and Balurdo in maskery.

Pie. The roome's too scant: boyes, stand in there close.

Mel. In faith, faire sir, I am too sad to daunce.

Pie. How's that, how's that? too sad? By heaven dance, And grace him to, or, goe to, I say no more.

Mell. A burning glasse, the word *splendente Phæbo*? Tis too curious, I conceit it not.

Cal. Faith ile tell thee. Ile no longer burne ; then youle shine and smile upon my loue. For looke yee fairest by your pure sweets,

I doe not dote upon your excellencye.

And faith, unlesse you shed your brightest beames

Of sunny favour, and acceptiue grace

Vpon my tender loue, I doe not burne :

Marry but shine, and ile reflect your beames,

With fervent ardor. Faith I would be loath to flatter thee faire soule, because I loue, not doat, court like thy husband, vwhich thy father swears, to morrow morne I must be. This is all, and now from henceforth, trust me *Mellida*, ile not speake one wise word to thee more.

The first part of

Mell. I trust yee.

Gal. By my rooth, Ile speake pure foole to thee now.

Mell. You will speake the liker your selfe.

Gal. Good faith, Ile accept of the cockescombe, so you will not refuse the bable.

Mell. Nay good sweet, keepe them both, I am ena-
moure'd of neither.

Gal. Goe to, I must take you downe for this. Lend
mee your eare.

Roff. A glow worme, the word? *Splendescit tantum
tenebris.*

Marz. O Lady, the glow worme figurates my valour:
which shineth brightest in most darke, dismal and hor-
rid atchieuements.

Roff. Or rather, your glow worme represents your wit,
which onely seemes to haue fire in it, though indeed tis
but an *ignis fatuus*, and shines onely in the darke dead
night of fooles admiration.

Marz. Lady, my wit hath spurs, if it were dispos'd to
ride you.

Roff. Faith sir, your wits spurs haue but walking
rowels; dull, blunt, they will not draw blood: the gen-
tlemen Vshers may admit them the Presence, for any
wrong they can doe to Ladies.

Bal. Truely, I haue strayned a note aboue Elia, for a
device; looke you, tis a faire rul'd singing booke: the
word, *Perfect*, if it were prickt.

Fla. Though you are mask't, I can guesse who you are
by your wit. You are not the exquisite *Balurdo*, the most
rarely shap't *Balurdo*.

Ba. Who I? No I am not sir *Jeffrey Balurdo*. I am
not as well knownen by my wit, as an Alehouse by a red
lattice. I am not worthy to loue and be belov'd of *Flavia*.

Fla. I will not scorne to fayour such good parts, as are
applauded in your rarest selfe.

Bal. Truely you speake wisely, and like a Iantlewo-
man

Antonio and Mellida.

man of fourteene yeares of age. You know the stone called *lapis* ; the nearer it comes to the fire, the hotter it is : and the bird , which the Geometricians call *avis*, the farther it is from the earth, the nearer it is to the heaven : and loue, the nigher it is to the flame, the more remote (ther's a word , remote) the more remote it is from the frost. Your wit is quick , a little thing pleaseth a young Lady , and a small favour contenteth an old Courtier ; and so sweet mistresse I trusse my codpeece point.

Enter *Feliche*.

Pie. What might import this florish ? bring us word.

Fel. Stand away : here's such a company of flibotes , hulling about this galleasse of greatnesse, that there's no boarding him.

Doe you heare yon thing call'd, Duke ?

Pie. How now blunt *Feliche*, what's the newes ?

Fel. Yonder's a Knight hath brought *Andrugio*'s head, and craues admittance to your chaire of state.

Cornets sound a Synter : Enter Andrugio in armour.

Pie. Conduct him with attendance sumptuous ,
Sound all the pleasing instruments of joy :
Make tryumph, stand on tiptoe whil'st wee meet :
O sight most gratious, O revenge most sweete !

And. *Wee vow* , by the honour of our birth, to recompence any man that bringeth *Andrugio*'s head, with twenty thousand double pistolets , and the endeering to our choysest loue.

Pi. *Wee still* with most unmov'd resolv'd confirme
Our large munificence : and here breath
A sad and solemne protestation :
When I recall this vow, O, let our house
Be even commanded, staind, and trampled on ,
As worthlesse rubbish of nobilitie.

And. Then here, *piero*, is *Andrugio*'s head ,
Royally casked in a helme of steele :
Giue me thy loue, and take it. My dauntlesse soule

The first part of

Hath that unbounded vigor in his spirits,
That it can beare more ranke indignity,
With lesse impatience, then thy canced hate
Can sting and venome his untainted worth,
With the most viperous sound of malice. Strike,
O, let no glimpse of honour light thy thoughts,
If there be any heat of royall breath
Creeping in thy veines, O stifle it.

Be still thy selfe, bloody and treacherous.
Fame not thy house with an admired act
Of Princely pitty. *Piero*, I am come,
To soyle thy house with an eternall blot
Of savage cruelty, strike, or bid me strike.
I pray my death, that thy nere dying shame
Might live immortall to posterity.

Come, be a Princely hangman, stop my breath.
O dread thou shame no more then I dread death.

Pier. We are amaz'd, our royall spirits numm'd
In stiffe astonisht wonder at thy proweſſe,
Most mighty, valiant, and high-towring heart.
We blush, and turne our hate upon our ſelves,
For hating ſuch an unpeer'd excellencē.
I joy my ſtate : him whom I loath'd before,
That now I honour, love, nay more, adore.

The ſtill Flutes ſound a mournefull Cyneſt.

Enter a Coffin.

But stay, what tragicke ſpectacle appeares,
Whose body beare you in that mournefull heareſe ?

Lu. The breathleſſe trunke of young *Antonio*.

Mell. *Antonio* (ay me) my Lord, my Love, my —

And. Sweet preitious iſſue of moſt honour'd blood,
Rich hope, ripe vertue, O untimely loſſe :
Come hither friend. Prithee doe not weepe :
Why, I am glad he's dead, he ſhall not ſee
His father vanquifh't by his enemy.

Even

Antonio and Mellida.

Even in Princely honour, nay prithee speake,
How dy'd the boy ? :

Lu. My Lord —

And. I hope he dyed yet like my sonne, ifaith.

Lu. Alas my Lord —

And. He dyed unforc'd, I trust, and valiantly.

Lu. Poore Gentleman, being —

And. Did his hand shake, or his eye looke dull,
His thoughts reele, fearefull when he strooke the stroke ?
And if they did, Ile rend them out the hearse,
Rip up his ceare-cloth, mangle his bleake face ;
That when he comes to heaven, the Powers divine
Shall nere take notice that he was my sonne.

Ile quite disclaime his birth : nay prithee speak :
And twere not hoopt with steele, my brest would breake.

Mell. O that my spirit in a figh could mount,
Into the Spheare where thy sweet soule doth rest.

Pie. O that my teares, bedewiug thy wan cheeke,
Could make new spirit sprout in thy cold blood.

Bal. Verily, he lookes as pittifull as poore *John* ; as I
am true knight, I could weepe like a ston'd horse.

And. Villaine, tis thou hast murdered my sonne,
Thy unrelenting spirit (thou blake dog,
That took'it no passion of his fatall love)
Hath forc'd him give his life untimely end.

Pie. Oh that my life, her loue, my dearest blood
Would but redeeme one minute of his breath.

Ant. I seize that breath. Stand not amaz'd great states:
I r'se from death, that never liv'd till now.

Piero, keepe thy vow, and I enjoy
More unexpressed height of happiness
Then power of thought can reach : if not, loe here,
There stands my tombe, and here a pleasing stage :
Most wisht Spectators of my tragedy,
To this end have I faign'd, that her faire eye,
For whom I liv'd, might blesse me ere I dye.

Mell.

The first part of

Mell. Can breath depaint my unconceived thoughts ?
Can words describe my infinite delight,
Of seeing thee, my Lord *Antonio* ?
O no, conceipt, breath, passion, words be dumbe,
Whil'st I instill the deaw of my sweet blisse,
In the soft pressure of a melting kisse ;
Sic, sic jucat ire sub umbras.

Pie. Faire sonne, now Ile be proud to call thee sonne,
Enjoy me thus, my very brest is thine ;
Posesse me freely, I am wholly thine.

Ant. Deare father —

And. Sweet son, sweet son ; I can speake no more :
My joyes passion flowes above the shore,
And choakes the current of my speech.

Pie. Young *Florence* Prince, to you my lips must beg
For a remittance of your interest.

Gal. In your faire daughter, with all my thought,
So helpe me faith, the naked truth Ile unfold ;
He that was nere hot, will soone be cold.

Pie. No man else makes claime unto her.

Matz. The valiant speake truth in briefe, no.

Bal. Truely, for sir *Jeffrey Balurdo*, hee disclaimes to
have had any thing in her.

Pie. Then here I give her to *Antonio*.

Royall, valiant, most respected Prince,
Let's clip our hands, Ile thus observe my vow,
I promis'd twenty thousand double Pistolets,
With the indeering to my dearest love,
To him that brought thy head ; thine be the gold,
To solemnize our houses unity :
My love be thine, the all I have be thine.
Fill us fresh wine, the forme weele take by this :
Weele drinke a health, while they two sip a kisse.
Now there remaines no discord that can sound
Harsh accents to the eare of our accord ;
So please your neece to match.

Rof.

Antonio and Mellida.

Rof. Troth uncle, when my sweet-fac'd cuz hath told me how shee likes the thing, call'd wedlocke, may be I le take a survey of the check-roll of my servants; and hee that hath the best parts of — I le prick him downe for my husband.

Bal. For passion of love now, remember mee to my Mistresse, Lady *Rosaline*, when shee is pricking downe the good parts of her servants. As I am true knight, I grow stiffe, I shall carry it.

Pie. I will.

Sound Lydian wires, once make a pleasing note,
On Nectar streames of your sweet ayres, to flote.

Ant. Here ends the comicke crosses of true love,
Oh may the passage most successfull prove.

FINIS.

E P I L O G U S.

*G*entlemen, though I remaine an armed Epilogue, I stand not as a peremptory challenger of desert, either for him that composed the Comedy, or for us that acted it: but a most submissive suppliant for both. What imperfection you have seene in us, leave with us, and weelee amend it; what hath pleased you, take with you, and cherish it. You shall not be more ready to imbrace any thing commendable, then wee will endeavour to amend all things reproveable. What wee are, is by your favour. What wee shall bee, rests all in your applausing encouragements.

ANTONIO'S REVENGE.

The Second Part of the Hi-
storie of ANTONIO and
MELLIDA.

As it hath beene sundrie times
Acted by the Children of
PAVLS.



LONDON,

Printed for WILLIAM SHEARES,

1633.

201НОТНЯ

SHENZHEN

Бас ойкоти Азанын

Georgian and Tudor



ANTONIOS REVENGE.

The History of ANTONIO and MELLIDA.

The second Part.

The PROLOGUE.

HE rawish danke of clumzie Winter
rampes
The fluent Summers vaine: and driz-
ling sleet
Chilleth the wan bleak cheeke of the num'd earth,
Whilst snarling gusts nibble the juicelesse leaues,
From the nak't shuddring branch; & pils the skin
From off the soft and delicate aspects:
O, now me thinkes, a sullen Tragickē Sceane
Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.
May we be happy in our weake devoyr,
And all part pleased in most wifte content:

But

The second part of

But sweat of Hercules can nere beget
So blest an issue. Therefore wee proclaine,
If any spirit breathes within this Round,
Vncapable of waightie passion
(As from his birth, being hugged in the armes,
And nuzled twixt the breasts of happinesse.
Who winkes, and shuts his apprehension, up
From common sense of what men were, and are,
Who would not know what men must be ; let such
Hurry amaine from our blacke visag'd shewes :
Wee shall affright their eyes. But if a breast,
Nail'd to the earth with grieve : if any heart
Pierc't throgh with anguish, pant within this ring :
If there be any blood, whose heat is choakt,
And stifled with true sense of misery :
If ought of these straines fill this Consort up,
Th' arriuue most welcome. O that our power
Could lackie, or keepe wing with our desires ;
That with unused paize of stile and sense,
Wee might weigh massie in iudicious scale.
Yet heere's the prop that doth support our hopes ;
When our Sceanes faulter, or Invention halts,
Your favour will gine crutches to our faults.

Exit.

ACTVS

Antonio and Mellida.



ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Enter Piero unbrac'd, his armes bare, smear'd in blood, a
poniard in one hand bloody, and a Torch in the other,
Strotzo following him with a Cord.

Pie. **H**O, Gasper Strozzi, bind Feliches trunke
Unto the panting side of Mellida. Exit Str.
Tis yet dead night, yet all the earth is clought
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleepe :
No breath disturbs the quiet of the aire,
No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
Save howling dogs, night-crowes, and screeching owles,
Save meager ghosts, Piero, and blacke thoughts.
One, two, Lord, in two houres what a toplesse mount
Of unpeer'd mischiefe have these hands cast up !

Enter Strotzo.

I can scarce coope triumphing vengeance up,
From bursting forth in bragart passion.

Str. My Lord, tis firmly said that —

Pie. Andrugio sleeps in peace ; this braine hath chok'd
The organ of his brest. Feliche hangs
But as a baite to tice on mischiefe. I am great in blood,
Vnequall'd in revenge, you horrid scouts,
That centinell swart night, give lowd applause
From your large palmes. First know my heart was rais'd
Unto Andrugios life, upon this ground :

Str. Duke, tis reported —

Pie. We both were rivalls in our May of blood,
Unto Maria, faire Ferraras heire.
He wonne the Lady, to my honours death,
And from her sweets eropt his Antonio :
For which I burnt in inward sweltring hate,

The second part of

And fester'd rankling malice in my brest,
Till I might belk revenge upon his eyes :
And now (o blessed now) tis done. Hell, night,
Give lowd applause to my hypocrisy.

VVhen his bright valour even dazled sence,
In offring his owne head, publike reproach
Had blurd my name, Speake Sforza, had it not ?
If then I had —

Str. It had, so please —

Pie. VVhat had it so please ? Vnseasoned Sycophant,
Piero Sforza is no nummed Lord,
Sensles of all true touch, stroak not the head
Of infant speach, till it be fully borne.

Go to.

Str. How now ? Fut, Ile not smother your speach.

Pie. Nay, right thine eyes ; twas but a little spleen :
(Huge plunge !

Swane's growne a slave, and must observe slight evills.

Huge villaines are inforc'd to claw all divells.)

Pish, sweet thy thoughts, and give me —

Str. Stroak not the head of infant speech ? Go to ?

Pie. Nay, calme this storme, I ever held thy brest
More secret, and more firme in league of blood,
Then to be strucke in heat with each slight pufse.
Give me thy eares ; Huge infamy
Presse down my honour ; if eyen then, when
His fresh act of prouesse bloom'd out full,
I had tane vengeance on his hated head —

Str. VVhy it had —

Pie. Could I avoyd to give a seeming grant
Vnto fruition of Antonio's love ?

Str. No.

Pie. And didst thou ever see a *Judas* kisse
VVith a more covert touch of sneering hate ?

Str. No.

Pie. And having clipt them with pretence of love,
Have

Antonio and Mellida.

Hau I not crush't them with a cruell wring ?

stro. Yes.

Pier. Say, faith, didst thou ere heare, or reade, or see
Such happie vengeance, unsuspected death ?
That I should drop strong poyson in the bowle,
Which I my selfe carouste unto his health,
And future fortune of our vnitie,
That it should work eu'en in the husht of night,
And strangle him on sudden ; that faire shew
Of death, for the excessiue joy of his fate,
Might cloke the murder ? Ha *Strotzo*, is't not rare ?
Nay, but weigh it. Then *Feliche* stabd,
(Whose sinking thought frightened my conscious heart)
And layd by *Mellida*, to stop the match,
And hale on mischiefe. This all in one night ?
Is't to be equall'd thinkst thou ? O, I could eat
Thy fumbling throat, for thy lagd censure. Fut,
Is't not rare ?

stro. Yes

Pier. No ? yes ? nothing but no ; and yes ; dull lumpe,
Canst thou not honey me with fluent speech,
And even adore my toplesse villany ?
VVill I not blast my owne blood for revenge ?
Must not thou straight be perjur'd for revenge ?
And yet no creature dreme tis my revenge.
VVill I not turne a glorious bridall morne
Unto a *Stygian* night ? Yet nought but no, & yes !

stro. I would haue told you, if the *Intubus*,
That rides your bosome, would haue patience :
It is reported, that in private state,
Maria, *Genoas* Dutchesse, makes to Court,
Longing to see him, whom she nere shall see,
Her Lord *Andrugio*. Belike she hath receiv'd
The newes of reconciliation :
Reconciliation with a death ?
Peore Lady shall but find poore comfort in't.

The second part of

Pie. O, let me swoone for joy. By heaven I thinke
I ha said my prayers, within this moneth at least ;
I am so boundlesse happy. Doth shee come ?
By this warme reeking goare, ile marry her.
Looke I not now like an inamorate ?
Poyson the father, butcher the soane, and marry the mo-
ther ; ha ?
Strogi to bed : snort in securest sleepe :
For see, the dapple gray coursers of the morne
Beat up the light with their bright silver hooches,
And chase it through the sky. To bed, to bed.
This morne my vengeance shall be amply fed. Exit.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Luceo, Maria, and Nutriche.

Mar. Stay gentle Luceo, and vouchsafe thy hand.

Lu. So, Madam.

Ma. Nay, pree thee giue me leauue to say, vouchsafe
Submisse intreats beseeme my humble fate,
Here let us set. O Luceo, fortunes gilt
Is rub'd quite off from my slight tin-foild state,
And poore Maria must appeare ungrac't
Of the bright fulgor of gloss'd Majestie.

Luc. Cheer up your spirits Madam ; fairer chance
Then that which courts your presence instantly,
Can not be form'd by the quick mould of thought.

Ma. Art thou assur'd the Dukes are reconcil'd ?
Shall my wombes honour wed faire Mellida ?
Will heaven at length grant harbour to my head ?
Shall I once more clip my Andrugio ?
And wreath my armes about Antonio's necke ?
Or is glib rumor growne a parasite,
Holding a false glasse to my sorrowes eyes,
Making the wrinkle'd front of griefe seeme faire,

Though

Antonio and Mellida.

Though tis much riveld with obortiue care.

Lu. Most vertuous Princesse, banish straggling feare,
Keepē league with comfort. For these eyes beheld
The Dukes vnted: yon faint glimmering light
Nere peeped through the crannies of the East,
Since I beheld them drinke a sound carouse,
In sparkling *Bacchus*,
Vnto each others health:
Your sonne assur'd to beautious *Mellida*:
And all clouds clear'd of threatening discontent.

Ma. What age is morning of?

Lu. I thinke about fwe.

Ma. Nutrice, Nutrice.

Nu. Beshrow your fingers marry, you haue disturb'd
the pleasure of the finest dreame. O God, I was even
comming to it law. O Iesu, twas comming of the sweetest.
Ile tell you now, me thought I was married, and me
thought I spent (O Lord why did you wake me) and me
thought I spent three spur Roials on the Fidlers for stri-
king up a fresh hornepipe. Saint *Yrsula*, I was even going
to bed, and you, me thought, my husband was even put-
ting out the tapers, when you, Lord I shall never haue
such a dreame come upon mee, as long as —

Ma. Peace idle creature, peace.

When will the Court rise?

Lu. Madam, twere best you tooke some lodgung up,
And lay in private till the soile of griefe
Were cleard your cheeke, and newv burnisht lustre
Cloath'd your presence, fore you saw the Dukes,
And enterd, mong the proud *Venitian* States.

Mar. No *Lucio*, my deare Lord's wife, and knowes
That tinsill glitter, or rich purfled robes,
Curled haires, hung full of sparkling Carcanets,
Are not the true adornments of a wife.
So long as wifes are faithfull, modest, chaste,
Wise Lords affect them. Virtue doth not waste,

The second part of

Wth each slight flame of crackling yanitie.
A modest eye forceth affection,
Whilst outward gainesse light lookes but entice.
Fa rer then Natures faire is fowlest vice.
Sh that loues Art, to get her cheeke more lovers,
Mc h outward gaudes slight inward grace discovers.
I cre not to seeme faire, but to my Lord.
Tose that strue most to please strangers sight,
F lie may judge most faire, wisedome most light.

Musique sound a short straine.

But harke, soft musique gently moues the ayre :
I thinke the Bridegroom's up. *Lucio*, stand close.
O, new *Maria*, chalenge griefe to stay
The joyes encounter. Looke *Lucio*, tis cleare day.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Antonio, Galeazzo, Matzagente, Balurdo, Pandulpho, Feliche, Alberto, Forobosco, Castilio, and a Page.

(drawne

Ant. Darkenesse is fled : look, infant morrie hath
Bright silver curtaines, 'bout the couch of night :
And now *Aurora* horse trots azure rings,
Breathing faire light about the firmament,
Stand, what's that ?

Mat. And if a horned devill should burst forth,
I would passe on him with a mortall stocke.

Alb. Oh, a horned devill would proue ominous,
Vnto a Bridegromes eyes.

Mat. A horned devill good, good : ha ha ha, very good.

Alb. Good tand Prince laugh not. By the joyes of loue,
When thou dost girne, thy rusty face doth looke
Like the head of a rosted rabbit : sic upon't.

Bal. By my troth, mee thinkes his nose is just colour
de Roy.

Mat.

Antonio and Mellida.

Mat. I tell thee foole, my nose will abide no jest.

Bal. No in truth, I doe not jest, I speake truth. Truth is the touchstone of all things: and if your nose will not abide the truth, your nose will not abide the touch: and if your nose will not abide the touch, your nose is a copper nose, and must be nail'd up for a slip.

Mat. I scorne to retort the obtuse jest of a foole.

Balurdo drawes out his writing tables, and writes.

Bal. Retort and obtuse, good words, very good words.

Gal. Young Prince, looke sprightly; sic, a Bridegroom sad!

Bal. In truth, if hee were retort, and obtuse, no question hee would bee merry: but and please my *Genius*, I will bee most retort and obtuse ere night. Ile tell you, what Ile beare soone at night in my shield, for my device.

Gal. What, good Balurdo?

Bal. O, doe mee right: sir *Gefferey Balurdo*: sir, sir, as long as yee liue sir.

Gal. What, good sir *Gefferey Balurdo*?

Bal. Marry forsooth, Ile carry for my device, my grand fathers great stone-horse, flinging up his head, and jerking out his left legge. The word, *Wighy purt*. As I am a true Knight, wil't not be most retort and obtuse, ha?

Ant. Blow hence these sablesse jests. I tell you bloods My spirit's heavie, and the juyce of life Creepes slowly through my stifned arteries. Last sleepe, my sense was steep't in horrid dreames: Three parts of night were swallow'd in the gulfe Of ravenous time, when to my flumbring powvers, Two meager ghosts made apparition. (wounds: The on's breast seem'd fresh pauncht with bleeding Whose bubling gore sprang in frighted eyes, The other ghost assum'd my fathers shape: Both cride *Revenge*. At which my trembling joyns

The second part of

(Iced quite over with a froz'd cold sweate)
Leap't forth the sheets. Three times I gaspot at shades :
And thrice deluded by erroneous sense,
I forc't my thoughts make stand ; when loe, I op't
A large bay window, through which the night
Struck terror to my soule. The verge of heaven
Was ringd with flames, and all the upper vault
Thick lace with flakes of fire ; in midst whereof
A blazing Comet shot his threatening traine
Iust on my face. Viewing these prodigies,
I bow'd my naked knee, and pierc't the starre,
With an outfacing eye ; pronouncing thus ;
Deus imperat astris. At which my nose straight bled :
Then doubl'd I my word, so flunke to bed.

Bal. Verely, sir *Jefferey* had a monstrous strange
dreame the last night. For me thought I dreamt I was
asleepe, and mee thought the ground yaun'd and belkt up
the abhominable ghost of a misshapen *Simile*, with two
ugly Pages : the one called master, even as going before ;
and the other *Mounser*, even so following after ; whil'st
Signior Simile stalked most prodigiously in the midst.
At which I bewrayed the fearefulnesse of my nature :
and being ready to forsake the fortresse of my wit, start
up, called for a cleane shirt, eate a messe of broth, and
with that I awakt.

Ant. I pree thee peace. I tell you gentlemen,
The frightfull shades of night yet shake my braine :
My gellied blood's not thaw'd : the sulphur dampes,
That flow in winged lightning 'bout my couch,
Yet stick within my sense, my soule is great,
In expectation of dire prodigies.

Pan. Tut, my young Prince, let not thy fortunes see
Their Lord a coward. He, that's nobly borne,
Abhors to feare. Base feare's the brand of slaves.
He that obserues, pursues, slinks back for fright,
Was never cast in mould of noble spright.

Antonio and Mellida.

Gas. Tush, there's a sun will straight exhale these damps
Of chilling feare. Come, shal's salute the Bride?

Ant. Castilio, I pree thee mixe thy breath with his:
Sing one of *Signior Renaldo's* ayres,
To rouse the slumbering Bride from gluttoniag,
In surfeit of superfluous sleepe. Good Signior sing.

C A N T A N T.

What meanes this silence and unmoooved calme?
Boy, wind thy Cornet: force the leaden gates
Of lasie sleepe flye open, with thy breath.
My *Mellida* not vp? not stirring yet? umh.

Ms. That voice, should be my sonnes *Antonio's*,
Antonio?

Ant. Here, who cals? here stands *Antonio*.

Mar. Sweete sonne.

Ant. Deare mother.

Ma. Faire honour of a chaste and loyall bed,
Thy fathers beauty, thy sad mothers loue,
Were I as powerfull as the voice of fate,
Felicitie compleat should sweete thy state:
But all the blessings, that a poore banisht wretch
Can powre upon thy head, take gentle sonne:
Lieue gratiouse youth, to close thy mothers eyes,
Loy'd of thy parents, till their latest hower:
How cheares my Lord, thy father? O sweet boy,
Part of him thus I clip, my deare, deate joy.

Ant. Madam, last night I kist his princely hand,
And tooke a treasur'd blessing from his lips:
O mother, you arriu in *Jubile*,
And firme attonement of all boistrous rage:
Pleasure, vnitied loue, protested faith,
Guard my lov'd father, as sworne Pensioners:
The Dukes are leagu'd in firmest bond of loue,
And you arriu even in the *Solsticse*,

And

The second part of

And highest point of sun-shine happinesse.

One winds a Cornet within.

Harke Madam, how yon Cornet jerketh up
His strain'd shrill accents in the capring ayre;
As proud to summon up my bright-cheek't loue.
Now mother, ope wide expectation:
Let loose your amplest sense, to entertaine
The impression of an object of such worth,
That lifes too poore to —

Gal. Nay leaue *Hyperboles*.

Ant. I tell thee Prince, that presence straight appeares,
Of which thou canst not forme *Hyperboles*,
The trophee of triumphing excellencie:
The heart of beautie, *Mellida* appeares.
See, looke the curtaine stirres, shinc natures pride,
Loues vitall spirit, deare *Antonios* bride.

*The Curtaine's drawne, and the body of Feliche stand
thick with wounds, appears hung up.*

What villaine bloods the window of my loue?
VVhat slauie hath hung yon goarie Ensigne up,
In flat defiance of humanitie?
Awake thou faire unspotted puritie.
Death's at thy window, awake bright *Mellida*:
Antonio calls.

SCENA III.

Enter Piero as at first, with Forobosco.

Pier. Who giues these ill-befitting attributes
Of chaste, unspotted, bright, to *Mellida*?
He lies as lowd as thunder; shee's unchaste,
Tainted, impure, blacke as the soule of hell.

Antonio drawes his Rapier, offers to run at Piero: but
Maria holds his arme, and stayes him.

Ant. Dog, I will make thee eat thy vomit up,
Which thou hast belkt gainst taintlesse *Mellida*.

Pier.

Antonio and Mellida.

Pier. Ramm't quickly downe, that it may not rise up
To upbraid my thoughts. Behold my stomacke,
Strike me quite through with the relentlesse edge
Of raging fury. Boy, ile kill thy loue.

Pandulfe Feliche, I haue stabd thy sonne:
Looke, yet his life-blooud reekes upon this steele.

Albert, yon hangs thy friend. Haue none of you
Courage of vengeance? Forget I am your Duke.
Thinke *Mellida* is not *Pieros* blood.

Imagine on flight ground ile blast his honour.

Suppose I saw not that incestuous slau,
Clipping the strumpet with luxurios twines:
O, numme my sense of anguish, cast my life
In a dead sleepe, whilst law cuts off yon maime,
Yon putred ulcer of my royll blood.

Foro. Keepe league with reason, gracious Soveraigne.

Pie. There glow no sparks of reason in the world;
All are rak't up in ashie beastlinesse.

The bulke of man's as darke as *Erebus*,
No branch of Reasons light hangs in his trunke:
There liues no Reason to keepe league withall.
I ha no reason to be reasonable.

Her wedding Eve, linkt to the noble blood

Of my most firmly reconciled friend,

And found even cling'd in sensualitie!

O heaven! O heaven! vvere she as neere my heart
As is my liver, I would rend her off.

SCENA V.

Enter Stroz.

Stroz. Whither, O whither shall I hurle vast grieve?

Pier. Here, into my breast: tis a place built wide
By Fate, to giue receipt to boundlesse woes.

Str. O no; here throb those hearts, which I must cleave
With my keene pearcing Newes. *Andrugio's* dead.

Pier.

The second part of

Pier. Dead?

Ma. O me most miserable.

Pie. Dead, alas, how dead? *Giue seeming passion.*
Fut weepe, aet, faine. Dead, alas, how dead?

Str. The vast delights of his large sudden joyes
Opened his pores so wide, that's native heat
So prodigally flow'd t'exterior parts,
That thinner Citadell was left unmand,
And so surpriz'd on sudden by cold death.

Mar. O fatall, disastrous, cursed, dismal!
Choake breath and life. I breath, I liue too long.
Andrugio my Lord, I come, I come.

Pier. Be cheerefull Princesse, helpe *Castilio*,
The Lady's swounded, helpe to beare her in.
Slow comfort to huge cares, is swiftest sin.

Alb. Courage, courage sweet Lady, tis sir *Gefferey Baldurdo* bids you courage. Truly I am as nimble as an Elephant about a Lady.

Pan. Dead?

Ant. Dead.

Alb. Dead?

Ant. Why now the wombe of mischiefe is deliverd
Of the prodigious issue of the night.

Pan. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. My father dead, my loue attaint of lust:
That's a large lye, as vast as spacious hell:
Poore guiltlesse Lady. O accursed lye.
What, vvhom, vvhether, vvhich shall I first lament?
A dead father, a dishonour'd wife. Stand,
Me thinks I feele the frame of Nature shake.
Cracks not the joyns of earth to beare my woes?

Alb. Sweet Prince be patient.

Ant. Slid sir, I will not in despight of thet.
Patience is flauie to fooles: a chaine that's fixt
Onely to postes, and sensesse log-like dolts.

Alb. Tis reasons glory to commaund affects.

Ant. Lies thy cold father dead, his glossed eyes

Antonio and Mellida.

New closed up by thy sad mothers hands?
Hast thou a loue as spotlesse as the brow
Of clearest heaven, blurd with false defames?
Are thy moyst entrals crumpled up with griefe
Of parching mischieves? Tell me, does thy heart
With punching anguish spur thy galled ribs?
Then come and let's sit and weep, & wreath our armes:
Ile heare thy counsell.

Ab. Take comfort —

Ant. Confusion to all comfort: I desie it.
Comfort's a Parasite, a flattering jacke,
And melts resolu'd despaire. O boundlesse woe,
If there be any black yet unknowne griefe:
If there be any horrour yet unfelt,
Vnthought of mischiefe in thy fiendlike power,
Dash it upon my miserable head.
Make me more wretch, more cursed if thou canst.
O, now my fate is more then I could feare:
My woes more waigthy then my soule can beare. *Exit*

Pan. Ha,ha,ha.

Ab. Why laugh you vncle? Thats my cuz, your son,
Whose brest hangs cased in his cluttered gore.

Pan. True man, true: why, wherefore should I weepe?
Come sit, kinde Nephew: come on: thou and I
Will talke as *Chorus* to this Tragedie.
Intreat the Musicke straine their instruments,
With a slight touch whilst we — Say on faire cuz.

Ab. He was the very hope of Italy, *Musick sounds*
The blooming honor of your drooping age. *softly.*

Pan. True cuz, true. They say that men of hope are
Good are supprest by base desertlesse clods, *(crushes*
That stifle gasping vertue. Looke sweet youth,
How provident our quick *Venetians* are,
Least hooues of jades should trample on my boy:
Looke how they lift him up to eminence,
Heave him bove reach of flesh. Ha, ha,ha.

The second part of

Alb. Uncle, this laughter ill becomes your griefe.

Pan. Wouldst have me cry, run raving up and downe;
For my sonnes losse? wouldst have me turne ranke mad:
Or wring my face with mimick action;

Stampe, curse, weep, rage, and then my bosome strike?

Away, tis apish action: player-like,

If he is guiltlesse, why should teares be spent?

Thrice blessed soule that dyeth innocent.

If he is leaped with so foule a guilt,

VVhy should a sigh be lent, a teare be spilt?

The gripe of chance is weake, to wring a teare,

From him that knowes what fortitude should beare.

Listen young blood. Tis not true valours pride,

To swagger, quarrell, sweare, stampe, rave, and chide,

To stab in fume of blood, to keepe loud coyles,

To bandy factions in domestike broyles,

To dare the acts of sins, whose filth excells

The blackest customes of blind Infidells.

No, my lov'd youth, he may of valour vaunt,

VVhom fortunes lowdest thunder cannot daunt,

VVhom fretfull galls of chance, sterne fortunes siege,

Makes not his reason slinke, the soules faire liege,

VVhose well pais'd action ever rests upon

No giddy humours, but discretion.

This heart in valour even *love out-goes*:

Love is without, but this 'bove sense of woes:

And such a one eternity: Behold,

Good morrow sonn: thou bidst a fig for cold.

Sound lowder musicke, let my breath exact,

You strike sad Tones unto this dismal act.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

The Cornets sound a Cynet.

Enter two Mourners with torches, two with Streamers:

Castilio and Forobosco with torches: a Herald bearing

Andru-

Antonio and Mellida.

Andrugio's helme and sword, the Coffin : Maria suppor-
ted by Lucio and Alberto, Antonio by himselfe : Piero
and Strotzo talking : Galeazzo and Matzagente, Ba-
lurdo and Pandulfo : the coffin set down : helme, sword,
and streamers hung up, placed by the Herald : whilst An-
tonio and Maria wet their handkerchers with their teare
kisse them, and lay them on the barse, kneeling : all goe
out but Piero. Cornets cease, and he speakes.

Pie. **R**ot there thou cearecloth that infolds the flesh
Of my loath'd foe ; moulder to crumbling dust :
Oblivion choake the passage of thy fame.
Trophees of honour'd birth drop quickly downe :
Let nought of him, but what was vicious, live.
Though thou art dead, thinke not my hate is dead :
I have but newly twone my arme in the curl'd lockes
Of snaky vengeance, pale beetle-brow'd hate : 
But newly buistles up. Sweet wrong, I clap thy thoughts :
O let me hug thy bosome, rub thy brest,
In hope of what may hap. *Andrugio* rots :
Antonia lives : umh; how long ? ha, ha ; how long ?
Antonio packe hence, Ile his mother wed,
Then cleare my daughter of supposed lust,
Wed her to *Florence* heire. O excellent.
Venice, Genoa, Florence, at my becke,
At *Piero*'s nod. *Balurdo*, o ho.
O, twill be rare, all unexpected done.
I have been nurst in blood, and still have suckt
The steem of reaking gore. *Balurdo*, ho ?

Enter *Balurdo* with a beard, halfe off, halfe on.

Bal. When my beard is on, most noble Prince, when
my beard is on.

Pie. Why, what dost thou with a beard ?

Bal. In truthe, one told me that my wit was bald, and
that a Mermayde was halfe fish, and halfe fish : and
therefore to speake wisely, like one of your Councell

The second part of

as indeede it hath pleased you to make me, not onely being a foole, of your councell, but also to make mee of your councell, being a foole? If my wit be bald, and a Mermayd be halfe fish and halfe cunger, then I must be forced to conclude — the tyring man hath not gleyed on my beard halfe fast enough. Gods bores, it will not sticke to fall off;

(while?

Pie. Dost thou know what thou hast spoken all this

Bal. O Lord Duke, I would bee sorry of that. Many men can utter that, which no man but themselves can conceive: but I thanke a good wit, I have the gift to speake that, which neither any man else, nor my selfe understandes.

Pie. Thou art wise. He that speakes hee knowes not what, shall never sinne against his owne conscience: go to, thou art wise.

Bal. Wise? O no. I have a little naturall discretion, or so: but for wise, I am somewhat prudent: but for wise, O Lord.

Pie. Hold, take those keyes, open the Castle vault, and put in *Mellida*.

Bal. And put in *Mellida*? well, let me alone.

Pie. Bid *Forobosco*, and *Castilio* guard, Indeere thy selfe *Piero*'s intimate.

Bal. Indeere and intimate, good, I assure you. I will indeere and intimate *Mellida* into the dungeon presently.

Pie. Will *Pandulfo Feliche* waite on me?

Bal. Hee make him come, most retort and obtuse, to you presently. I thanke sir *Jeffrey* talkes like a counsellor. Go to, gods neaks, I thinke I tickle it.

Pie. Hee seeme to wind yon foole wwith kindest arme. He that's ambitious minded, and but man, Must have his followers beasts, dubd slavish sots: Whose service is obedience, and whose wit Reacheth no further then to admire their Lord, And stare in adoration of his worth.

I love

Antonio and Mellida.

I loue a flau'rak't out of common mud
Should seeme to sit in counsell with my heart,
High honour'd blood's too squeamish to assent,
And lend a hand to an ignoble act.
Poyson from Roses who could ere abstract?
How now Pandulfo, weeping for thy sonne?

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Pandulfo.

Pan. No, no, Piero, weeping for my sinnes:
Had I been a good father, he had been a gracious sonne.

Pier. Pollution must be purg'd.

Pan. Why taintst thou then the ayre with stench of
And humane putrefactions noysome sent? (flesh,
I pray his body. Who leſſe boone can craue,
Than to bestow upon the dead his graue?

pie. Graue, why? think'st thou he deserues a graue,
That hath defil'd the temple of —

Pan. Peace, peace:

Me thinks I heare a humming murmur creepe
From out his gellied wounds. Looke on those lips,
Those now lawne pillowes, on whose tender softnesse,
Chaste modest speech, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to rest it selfe, as loath to poast
From out so faire an Inne: look, look, they seeme to stir,
And breathe defiance to blacke obloquie.

pie. Think'st thou thy sonne could suffer wrongfully?

Pan. A wise man wrongfully, but never wrong
Can take: his breast's of such well tempered prooſe,
It may be rac'd, not pierc'd by savage tooth
Of foaming malice: showres of darts may darke
Heavens ample brow, but not strike out a sparke;
Much leſſe pearce the Suns cheeke. Such songs as these,
I often dittied till my boy did sleepe:
But now I turne plaine foole, (alas) I weepe.

G

pie. Fore

The second part of

Pie. Fore heaven hee makes me shrug: would a were
He is a vertuous man. What has our court to doe (dead :
With vertue, in the devils name ! *Pandulpho*, harke.
My lustfull daughter dies : start not, she dies.

I pursue justice, I loue sanctitie,
And an undefiled temple of pure thoughts.
Shall I speake freely ? Good *Andrugio*'s dead :
And I doe feare a fetch; but (umph) would I durst speake.
I doe mistrust ; but (umh) death : is he all, all man :
Hath he no part of mother in him, ha ?
No licorish womanish inquisitiuenesse ?

Pan. *Andrugio*'s dead !

Pie. I, and I feare, his owne unnaturall blood,
To whom he gaue life, hath given death for life.
How could he come on, I see false suspect
Is vicde ; wrung hardly in a vertuous heart.
Well, I could giue you reason for my doubts.
You are of honour'd birth, my very friend.
You know how god-like tis to roote out sinne.
Antonio is a villain. Will you joyne
In oath with me, against the traytors life;
And sweare, you knew, hee sought his fathers death ?
I lov'd him well, yet I loue justice more.
Our friends we should affect, justice adore.

Pan. My Lord, the clapper of my mouth's not glibd
With court oyle, twill not strike on both sides yet.

Pie. Tis just that subjects act commands of Kings.

Pan. Cominand then just and honourable things.

Pie. Even so my selfe then will traduce his guilt.

Pan. Beware, take heed, lest guiltlesse blood be spilt.

Pie. Where only honest deeds to Kings are free,
It is no Empire, but a beggery.

Pan. Where more then noble deeds to Kings are free,
It is no Empire, but a tyrannie.

Pie. Tush juicelesse gray-beard, tis immunity,
Proper to princes, that our state ex-acts,

Our

Antonio and Mellida.

Our subjects not alone to beare, but praise our acts.

Pan. O, but that prince that worthfull praise aspires,
From hearts, and not from lips, applause desires.

Pie. Pish, true praise, the brow of common men doth
False, only givts the temple of a King, (ring,
He that hath strength, and's ignorant of power,
He was not made to rule, but to be rul'd.

Pan. Tis praise to doe, not what we can, but should.

Pie. Hence doting Stoick: by my hope of blisse,
Ile make thee wretched.

Pan. Defiance to thy power, thou rifted Iawne.
Now, by the lov'd heaven, sooner thou shalt
Rince thy foule ribs from the black filth of sinne,
That soots thy heart, then make me wretched. Pish,
Thou canst not coupe me up. Hadst thou a Iaide
With trebble vvals, like antick *Babylon*,
Pandalpho can get out. I tell thee Duke
I haue old *Fortunatus* wishing cap:
And can be where I list, even in a trice,
Ile skip from earth into the armes of heaven:
And from tryumphall arch of blessednesse,
Spit on thy froathy breast. Thou canst not slauie
Or banish me; I will be free at home,
Maugre the beard of greatnesse. The port holes
Of sheathed spirit are nere corb'd up:
But still stand open ready to discharge
Their pretious shot into the shrowds of heaven.

Pie. O torture! slauie, I banish thee the towne,
Thy natuie seate of birth.

Pa. How proud thou speake'st! I tel thee Duke the blasts
Of the swolne cheeke winds, not all the breath of kings
Can puffe me out my natuie seat of birth.
The earth's my bodies, and the heaven's my soules
Most natuie place of birth, which they will keepe,
Despite the menace of mortality.
Why Duke?

The second part of

That's not my natuue place, where I was rockt.
A wise mans home is wheresoere he is wise.
Now that, from man, not from the place doth rise.

Pie. Would I were deafe (O plague) hence dotard
Tread not in court. All that thou hast, I seize. (wretch :
His quiet's firmer then I can disease.

Pan. Goe, boast unto thy flatt'ring Sycophants ;
Pandulpho's flauce, *Piero* hath o'rethrowne,
Loose fortunes rags are lost ; my owne's my owne.

Piero's going out, lookes backe, Exeunt at
severall doores.

Tis true *Piero*, thy vexed heart shall see,
Thou hast but tript my flauce, not conquered me.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Antonio with a booke, Lucio, Alberto, Antonio
in blacke.

Alb. Nay sweet be comforted, take counsell and —

Ant. Alberto, peace : that griefe is wanton sicke,
Whose stomacke can digest and brooke the dyet
Of stale ill relisht councell. Pigmie cares
Can shelter under patience shield : but gyant griefes
Will burst all covert.

Lu. My Lord, tis supper time.

Ant. Dinke deepe Alberto : eate good Lucio :
But my pin'd heart shall eate on naught but woe.

Alb. My Lord, we dare not leauue you thus alone.

Ant. You cannot leauue Antonio alone.

The chamber of my breast is even throngd,
With firme attendance, that forsweares to flinch.
I haue a thing sits here ; it is not griefe,
Tis not despaire, nor the most plague
That the most wretched are infected with :
But the most griefefull, despairing, wretched,
Accursed, miserable. O, for heavens sake

Antonio and Mellida.

Forsake me now ; you see how light I am,
And yet you force me to defame my patience.

Lu. Faire gentle Prince —

Ant. Away, thy voice is hatefull : thou dost buz,
And beat my cares with intimations
That *Mellida*, that *Mellida* is light,
And stained with adulterous luxury :
I cannot brook't. I tell thee *Lucio*,
Sooner will I giue faith, that vertue's scant
In Princes courts, will be adorn'd with wreath
Of choice respect, and indeerd intimate.
Sooner will I beleue that friendships reine,
VVill curbe ambition from vtilitie,
Then *Mellida* is light. Alas poore soule,
Didst ere see her (good heart) hast heard her speake ?
Kind, kind soule. Incredulitie it selfe (cheeks
VVould not be so brasse hearted, as suspect so modest

Lu. My Lord —

Ant. Away, a selfe-one guilt doth only hatch distrust :
But a chaste thought's as farre from doubt, as lust.
I increat you leaue me.

Alb. VVill you endeavour to forget your griefe ?

Ant. Ifaith I will, good friend, Ifaith I will.
Ile come and eate with you. *Alberto* see,
I am taking Phisicke, here's Philosophie.
Good honest leaue me, Ile drinke wine anone.

Alb. Since you enforce us, faire Prince we are gone.

Exeunt Alberto, and Lucie.

Antonio reads.

Ant. Ferte fortiter : hoc est quo deum antecedatis. Ille
enim extra patientiam malorum ; vos supra. Contemnite
dolorem : aut solvetur, aut solvet. Contemnite fortunam :
nullum telum, quo feriret animum habet.

Pisla, thy mother was not lately widdowed,
Thy deare affied loue, lately defam'd,
VVith blemish of foule lust, when thou wrot' st thus.

The second part of

Thou wrapt in furses, beaking thy limbes fore fires,
Forbidst the frozen Zone to shudder. Ha, ha, tis nought
But somie bubling of a fleamy braine,
Nought else but smoake. O what danke marrish spirit,
But would bee fired with impatience,
At my — No more, no more : he that was never blest,
VVith height of birth, faire expectation
Of mounted fortunes, knowes not what it is
To be the pitied object of the world.
O poore *Antonio*, thou mayst sigh.

Mell. Ay me.

Ant. And curse.

Pan. Blacke powvers.

Ant. And crie.

Mar. O heaven.

Ant. And close laments with

Alb. O me most miserable.

Pan. Woe for my deare, deare sonne.

Mar. Wo for my deare, deare husband.

Mell. Woe for my deare loue.

Ant. Woe for me all, close all your woes in me :

In me *Antonio*; ha ? Where liue these sounds ?

I can see nothing ; griefes invisible,

And lurkes in secret angles of the heart.

Come sigh againe, *Antonio* beares his part.

Mell. O here, here is a yent to passe my sighs.

I haue surcharg'd the dungeon with my plaints,

Prison, and heart will burst, if yoyd of vent.

I, that is *Phæbe*, Empresse of the night,

That gins to mount ; O chasteſt deitie :

If I be false to my *Antonio* ;

If the least soyle of lust smeeres my pure loue,

Make me more wretched, make me more accurst

Then infamie, torture, death, hell and heauen

Can bound with ampleſt power of thought : if not,

Purge my poore heart from defamations blot.

Ant.

Antonio and Mellida.

Ant. Purge my poore heart from defamations blot !
Poore heart, how like her vertuous selfe she speakes:
Mellida, deare *Mellida,* it is *Antonio*:
Slinke not away, tis thy *Antonio*.

Mell. How found you out, my Lord (alas) I know
Tis easy in this age to find out woe.
I have a sute to you.

Ant. What is't, deare soule?

Mell. Kill me, ifaith Ile winke, not stirre a jot.
For Gods sake kill me: in sooth, lov'd youth,
I am much injur'd; looke, see how I creep.
I cannot wreak my wrong, but sigh and weep.

Ant. May I be cursed but I credit thee.

Mell. To morrow I must die.

Ant. Alas, for what?

Mell. For loving thee; tis true my sweetest brest,
I must die falsely: so must thou, deare heart.
Nets are a knitting to intrap thy life.
Thy fathers death must make a Paradise
To my (I shame to call him) father. Tell me sweet,
Shall I dye thine? dost love me still, and still?

Ant. I doe.

Mell. Then welcome heavens will.

Ant. Madam, I will not swell like a Tragœdian,
In forced passion of affected straines.
If I had present power of ought but pittyng you,
I would be as ready to redresse your wrongs,
As to pursue your love. Throngs of thoughts
Crowd for their passage, somewhat I will doe.
Reach me thy hand: thinke this is honours bent,
To live unslaved, to dy innocent.

Mell. Let me intreat a favour, gratiouse love.
Be patient, see me dye, good, doe not weepe:
Goe sup, sweet chucke, drinke, and securely sleep.

Ant. Ifaith I cannot, but Ile force my face
To palliate my sickenesse.

The second part of

Mell. Give me thy hand. Peace on thy bosome dwell,
That's all my woe can breath : kisse. Thus farewell.

Ant. Farewell : my heart is great of thoughts,
Stay dove :

And therfore I must speake : but what ? O Love !
By this white hand : no more : reade in these teares,
What crushing anguish thy *Antonio* beares.

Antonio kisseth Mellida's hand : then Mellida
goes from the gate.

Mell. Good night good heart.

An. Thus heat from blood, thus souls from bodies part.

Enter Piero and Strotzo.

Pie. He grieves, laugh *Strotzo*, laugh, he weepes.
Hath he teares ? O pleasure ! hath he teares ?
Now doe I scourge *Andrugio* with steele whips
Of knotty vengeance. *Strotzo*, cause me straight
Some plaining ditty to augment despaire.
Triumph *Piero*, harke, he groanes, O rare !

Ant. Behold a prostrate wretch layd on his tombe.
His Epitaph, thus, *Ne plus ultra*. Ho,
Let none out-woe me, mine's *Herculean* woe.

CANTANT.

Exit Piero at the end of the song.

SCENA QUARTA.

Enter Maria.

Ant. May I be more cursed then heaven can make me,
If I am not more wretched.
Then man can conceive me. Sore forlorne
Orphant, what omnipotence can make thee happy ?

Mar. How now sweet sonne ? good youth,
what dost thou ?

Ant. Weepe, weepe.

Mar.

Antonio and Mellida.

Mar. Dost nought but weep, weep?

Ant. Yes mother, I doe sigh, and wring my hands,
Beat my poore brest, and wreath my tender armes.

Harke ye, Ile tell you wondrous strange, strange newes.

Ma. What my good boy, starke mad?

Ant. I am not.

Ma. Alas, is that strange newes?

Ant. Strange newes? why mother, is't not wondrous
I am not mad? I run not frantick, ha? (strange
Knowing my fathers trunke scarce cold, your love
Is sought by him that doth pursue my life?

Seeing the beauty of creation,

Antonio's bride, pure heart, defam'd, and stoad
Vnder the hatches of obscuring earth.

Heu quo labor, quo vota ceciderunt mea!

Enter Piero.

Pie. Good evening to the faire *Antonio*,
Most happy fortune, sweet succeeding time,
Rich hope: think not thy fate a bankrout though.

Ant. Vmh, the divell in his good time and tide for-
sake thee.

Pie. How now? harke ye Prince.

Ant. God be with you.

Pie. Nay, noble blood, I hope you not suspect.

Ant. Suspect? I scorn't. Here's cap and leg, goodnight:
Thou that want'st power, with dissemblance fight.

Exit *Ant.*

Pie. Madam, oh that you could remember to forget

Ma. I had a husband, and a happy sonne.

Pie. Most powerfull beauty, that enchanting grace—

Ma. Talke not of beauty, nor enchanting grace.

My husband's dead, my soan's distraught, accurst.

Come, I must yent my grieves, or heart will burst.

Exit *Ma.*

Pie. She's gone (and yet she's here) she hath left a print
Of her sweet graces fixt within my heart,

As

The second part of

As fresh as is her face. Ile marry her.
Shee's most faire, true, most chaste, false : because
Most faire, tis firme, Ile marry her.

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter Strotzo.

Str. My Lord.

Pie. Ha Strotzo, my other soule, my life,
Deare, hast thou steel'd the poynt of thy resolve ?
Will't not turne edge in execution ?

Str. No.

Pie. Doe it with rare passion, and present thy guilt,
As if 'twere wrung out with thy conscience gripe.
Sweare that my daughter's innocent of lust,
And that *Antonio* brib'd thee to defame
Her mayden honour, on inveterate hate
Vnto my blood ; and that thy hand was feed
By his large bountie, for his fathers death.
Sweare plainly that thou choak'dst *Andrugio*,
By his sonnes onely egging. Rush me in
Whil'st *Melinda* prepares her selfe to dye :
Halter about thy necke, and with such sighs,
Laments, and acclamations lifen it,
As if impulsive power of remorse — — —

Str. Ile weep.

Pie. I, I, fall on thy face, and cry, why suspet you
So lewd a slave as *Strotzo* is to breath ?

Str. Ile beg a strangling, grow importunate.

Pie. As if thy life were loathsome to thee : then I
Catch straight the cords end, and as much intenc'd
With thy damn'd mischieves, offer a rude hand,
As ready to gird in thy pipe of breath :
But on the sudden straight Ile stand amaz'd,
And fall in exclamations of thy vertues.

Str.

Antonio and Mellida.

Str. Applaud my agonies, and penitence.

Pie. Thy honest stomach, that could not digest
The crudities of murder: but surcharg'd,
Vomited'st them up in Christian piety.

Str. Then clip me in your armes.

Pi. And call thee brother, mount thee straight to state,
Make thee of counsell; tut, tut, what not, what not?
Thinke on't, be confident, pursue the plot.

Str. Looke here's a troop, a true rogues lips are mute,
I doe not use to speak, but execute.

He layes his finger on his mouth, and drawes his dagger.

Pie. So, so; runne headlong to confusion:

Thou slight-brain'd mischiefe, thou art made as durt,
To plaster up the bracks of my defects.

Ile wring what may be squeiz'd from out his use:
And good night *Strotzo*. Swell plump bold heart:
For now thy tyde of vengeance rowleth in:

O now *Tragœdia Cothurnata* mounts.

Piero's thoughts are fixt on dire exploys.

Pell mell: confusion, and blacke murder guides
The organs of my spirit: Shrink not heart.

Capienda rebus in malis præceps via est.

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

A dumbe show. The Cornets sounding for the Act.

Enter Castilio and Forobosco, Alberto and Balurdo, with
polaxes: Strotzo talking with Piero, seemeth to send out
Strotzo. Exit Strotzo. Enter Strotzo, Maria, Nutriche,
and Lucio. Piero paffeth through his Guard, and talkes
with her with seeming amorousnesse: she seemeth to reject
his fute, flies to the tombe, kneeleth, and kisseth it. Piero
bribes Nutriche and Lucio: they goe to her, seeming to
sollcite his fute. She riseth, offers to goe out, Piero stay-
eth her, teares open his brest, imbraceith and kisseth her,
and so they all goe out in state.

Enter

The second part of

Enter two Pages, the one with two tapers, the other with
a chafing dish, a perfume in it. Antonio in his night
gowne, and a night cap, unbrac't, following after.

Ant. The black jades of swart night trot foggy rings
Bout heavens brow. (12) Tis now starke dead
Is this Saint Markes Church? (night.)

1. Pag. It is, my Lord.

Ant. Where stands my fathers hearse?

2. Pag. Those streamers beare his Armes. I, that is it.

Ant. Set tapers to the tombe, and lampe the Church.

Give me the fire. Now depart and sleepe. *Ex. Pages.*
I purifie the ayre with odorous fume.

Graues, vaults & tombs, groane not to beare my weight.
Cold flesh, bleak trunks, wrapt in your half-rot shrowds,
I preffe you softly with a tender foot.

Most honour'd Sepulchre, vouchsafe a wretch
Leaue to weepe ore thee. Tombe, ile not be long
Ere I creepe in thee, and with bloodlesse lips
Kisse my cold fathers cheeke. I prethee, graue,
Provide soft mould to wrap my carcasse in.

Thou royll spirit of *Andrugio*, where ere thou hover'st,
(Ayrie intellect) I heau up tapers to thee (view thy son)
In celebration of due obsequies.

Once every night ile dew thy funerall Hearse
With my religious teares.

O blessed father of a cursed sonne,
Thou diedst most happy, since thou livedst not
To see thy sonne most wretched, and thy wife
Pursu'd by him that seekes my guiltlesse blood.

O, in what orbe thy mightie spirit soares;
Stoope and beat doun this rising fog of shame,
That striues to blur thy blood, and girt defame
About my innocent and spotlesse browes.
Non est mori miserum, sed misere mori.

And. Thy

Antonio and Mellida.

And. Thy pangs of anguish rip my seardoth up:
And loe the ghost of old *Andrugio*
Forsakes his coffin. *Antonio*, revenge.
I was impoyson'd by *Piero's* hand:
Revenge my blood; take spirit gentle boy:
Revenge my blood. Thy *Mellida* is chaste:
Onely to frustrate thy pursuit in loue,
Is blaz'd unchaste. Thy mother yeelds consent
To be his wife, and giue his blood a sonne,
That made her husbandlesse, and doth complote
To make her sonlesse: But before I touch
The bankes of rest, my ghost shall visite her.
Thou vigour of my youth, juyce of my loue,
Seize on revenge, graspe the sterne bended front
Of frowning vengeance, with unpaized cluch.
Alarum Nemesis, rouze up thy blood,
Invent some stratageme of vengeance,
Which but to thinke on, may like lightning glide,
With horrour through thy breast; remember this.
Scelera non ulcisceris, nisi vincis. *Exit Andrug. ghost.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Maria, her hayre about her eares: Nutrice, and Lucio, with Pages, and torches.

Mar. Where left you him? shew me good boyes, away.
Nut. Gods me, your haire.

Mar. Nurse, tis not yet proud day:
The neat gay mistes of the light's not up,
Her cheekes not yet flurd over with the paynt
Of borrowed crimson; the unpranked world
VVeares yet the night-clothes: let flare my loosed haire.
I scorne the presence of the night.
Where's my boy? Run. Ile range about the Church,

Like

The second part of

Like strantick Bachanell, or Iasons wife,
Invoking all the spirits of the graues,
To tell me where. Hah? O my poore wretched blood,
What dost thou up at midnight, my kind boy?
Deare soule, to bed: O thou hast struck a fright
Vnto thy mothers panting —

O quisquis noua

Supplicia funetis dirus umbrarum arbiter
Disponis, quisquis exeso jaces
Pavidus sub entro, quisquis venturi times
Montis ruinam, quisquis avidorum feres
Rictus leonum, & dira furiarum agmina
Implicitus horres, Antonij vocem excipe
Properantis ad vos — Vlciscar.

Ma. Alas my son's distraught. Sweet boy appease
Thy mutining affections.

Ant. By the astonyng terror of swart night,
By the infectious damps of clammie graues,
Aud by the mould that presseth downe,
My dead fathers scull: Ile be reveng'd.

Ma. Wherefore? on whom? for what? go, go to bed
Good dutious sonne. Ho, but thy idle —

Ant. So I may sleepe tomb'd in an honour'd hearse,
So may my bones rest in that Sepulcher.

Ma. Forget not dutie sonne: to bed, to bed.

An. May I be cursed by my fathers ghost,
And blasted with incensed breath of heaven,
If my heart beat on ought but vengeance,
May I be numd with horror, and my vaines
Pucker with sing'ing torture, if my braine
Disgest a thought, but of dire vengeance:
May I be fetter'd slauie to coward Chaunce,
If blood, heart, braine, plot ought saue vengeance.

Ma. Wilt thou to bed? I wonder when thou sleepst!
I faith thou look'st sunk-ey'd; goe couch thy head:
Now faith tis idle: sweet, sweet sonne to bed.

Ant.

Antonio and Mellida.

Ant. I haue a prayer or two, to offer up,
For the good, good Prince, my most deare, deare Lord,
The Duke *Piero*, and your vertuous selfe :
And then when those prayers haue obtain'd successe,
In sooth Ile come (beleeue it now) and couch
My head in downie mould : but first Ile see
You safely laid. Ile bring yee all to bed.

Piero, Maria, Strozzi, Luceo,
Ile see you all laid : Ile bring you all to bed,
And then, ifaith, Ile come and couch my head,
And sleepe in peace.

Ma. Looke then, wee goe before.

Exeunt all but Antonio.

Ant. I, so you must, before we touch the shore
Of wiþt revenge. O you departed soules,
That lodge in coffin'd trunkes, which my feete presse
(If *Pythagorian Axiomes* be true,
Of spirits transmigration) fleete no more.
To humane bodies, rather line in swine,
Inhabit wolvess flesh, scorpions, dogs, and toads,
Rather then man. The curse of heaven raignes
In plagues unlimitted through all his dayes,
His mature age groves only mature vice,
And ripens only to corrupt and rot
The budding hopes of infant modestie,
Still striving to be more then man, he prooues
More then a devill, divellish suspect, divellish cruekie :
All hell-straind juyce is powred to his vaines,
Making him drunke with fuming surquedries,
Contempt of heaven, untam'd arrogance,
Lust, state, pride, murder.

And. Murder.

Fel. Murder.

Pa. Murder.

Ant. I, I will murder : graues and ghosts
Fright me no more, Ile suck red vengeance

} From aboue and beneath.

Out.

The second part of

Out of Pieros wounds — Pieros wounds:

Enter two Boyes, with Piero in his night-gowne, and night-cap.

Pier. Maria, loue Maria : she tooke this Ile
Left you her here ? On lights away :
I thinke we shall not warme our beds to day.

Enter Iulio, Forobosco, and Castilio.

Iul. Ho, father, father.

Pier. How now Iulio, my little prettie sonne ?
VWhy suffer you the childe to walke so late ?

Foro. He will not sleepe, but calls to follow you,
Crying that bug-beares and spirits haunted him.

Antonio offers to come neere and stab, Piero presently

Ant. No, not so. (withdrawes.)

This shall be sought for ; Ile force him feed on life
Till he shall loath it. This shall be the close
Of vengeance straine.

Pier. Away there : Pages, leade on fast with light.
The Church is full of damps : tis yet dead night.

Exit all, saving Iulio.

SCENA TERTIA.

Iul. Brother Antonio, are you here ifaith ?
Why doe you frown ? Indeed my sister said,
That I should call you brother, that she did,
When you were maitied to her. Busse me ; good
Truth, I loue you better then my father, deed.

Ant. Thy father ? Gracious, O bounteous heaven !
I doe adore thy justice ; *Venit in nostras manus*
Tandem vindicta, venit & tota quidem.

Iul. Truth, since my mother dyed, I lov'd you best.
Something hath angred you ; pray you looke merrily.

Ant. I will laugh, and dimple my thin cheeke,
With capring joy ; chuck, my heart doth leape
To grapse thy bosome. Time, place, and blood,

How

Antonio and Mellida.

How fit you close together ! *Heavens tones*
Strike not such musique to immortall soules,
As your accordance sweets my breast withall.
Me thinkes I passe upon the front of *Ioue*,
And kick corruption with a *Scornefull heele* ;
Griping this flesh, disdaine mortallity.
O that I knew which joynt, which side, which lim
Were father all, and had no mother in't :
That I might rip it vaine by vaine ; and carue revenge
In bleeding races : but since 'tis mixt together,
Haue at adventure, peill mell, no reverse.
Come hither boy. This is *Andrugio's* larse.

Iul. O God, youle hurt me. For my sisters sake,
Pcay you doe not hurt me. And you kill me,deed
Ile tell my father—

An. O, for thy sisters sake, I flagge revenge.

Andr. Revenge.

Ant. Stay, stay, deare father, fright mine eyes no more.
Revenge as swift as lightning buriteth forth,
And cleares his heart. Come, pretty tender child,
It is not thee I hate; not thee I kill.
Thy fathers blood that flowes within thy veiries,
Is it I loath ; is that, Revenge must sucke.
I loue thy soule : and were thy heart lapt up
In any flesh, but in *Pie o's* blood,
I would thus kisse it : but being his : thus,thus,
And thus ile punch it. Abandon feares.
Whil'st thy wounds bleed, my browes shall gush out
teares.

Iuli. So you will loue me; doe even what you will.

Ant. Now barkes the Wolfe against the full chekkt
Moone.

Now Lyons halfe-clam'd entrals roare for food.
Now croaks the toad, and night-crowes screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout easements of departing soules.
Now gapes the graues, & through their yawnes let loose

The second part of

Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth :
And now swarte night, to swell thy hower out,
Behold I spurt warme blood in thy blacke eyes.

From under the stage a groane. (graues,

Ant. Howle not thou putry mould, groane not yee
Be dumbe all breath. Here stands *Andrugio*'s sonne,
Worthy his father. So : I feele no breath.
His jawes are falne, his dislodg'd soule is fled :
And now there's nothing, but *Piero* left.
He is all *Piero*, father all. This blood,
This breast, this heart, *Piero* all :
Whom thus I mangle. Spright of *Julio*,
Forget this was thy trunke. I liue thy friend.
Maist thou be twined with the fof't imbrace
Of cleare eternitie : but thy fathers blood,
I thus make incense of, to vengeance.
Ghost of my poysoned Sire, sucke this fume :
To sweete revenge perfume thy circling aire,
With smoake of blood. I sprinkle round his goare,
And dew thy hearse, with these fresh reeking drops.
Loe thus I heave my blood-died hands to heaven :
Even like insatiate hell, still crying ; More.
My heart hath thirsting Dropsies after goare.
Sound peace and rest, to Church, night ghosts, & graues.
Blood cryes for blood ; and murder murder craues.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter two Pages with torches. Maria her haire loose,
and Nutriche.

Nut. Fie, fie ; to morrow your wedding day, and
weepe ! Gods my comfort. *Andrugio* could doe well :
Piero may doe better. I haue had foure husbands my
elfe. The first I called, sweet *Duck*, the second, Deare
Heart ;

Antonio and Mellida.

Heart ; the third , pretty pugge. But the fourth, most sweet, deare, pretty, all in all : hee was the very Cockall of a husband. What Lady ? your skinne is smooth, your blood warme, your cheeke fresh, your eye quick : change of pasture makes fat calues : choise of linnen, cleane bodies ; and (no question) variety of husbands perfect wiues. I would you should know it , as few teeth as I haue in my head, I haue read *Aristotles problemes*, which saith ; that woman receiveth perfection by the man. VVhat then bee the men ? Goe to, to bed, lye on your backe, dreame not on *Piero*. I say no more : to morrow is your wedding : doe, dreame not of *Piero*.

Enter Balurdo with a base Vyoole.

Ma. VVhat an idle prate thou keep'st ? good nurse goe sleepe.

I haue a mighty taske of teares to weepe.

Bal. Lady, with a most retort and obtuse legge I kisse the curled locks of your loose haire. The Duke hath sent you the most musicall sir *Jefferey*, with his not base, but most innobled Viole , to rock your baby thoughts in the Cradle of sleepe.

Ma. I give the noble Duke respectiue thankes.

Bal. Respectiue ; truely a very pretty word. Indeed Madam, I haue the most respectiue fiddle ; Did you ever smell a more sweet sound. My dittie must goe thus ; very witty , I assure you : I my selfe in an humorous passion made it , to the tune of my mistresse *Nutriches* beauty. Indeed, very pretty, very retort, and obtuse ; Ile assure you tis thus.

My mistresse eye doth oyle my ioynts,

And makes my fingers nimble :

O loue come on, untrusse your paynts,

My fiddlestick wants Rozzen.

My Ladies dugges are all so smooth,

That no flesh must them handle :

The second part of

Her eyes doe shine, for to say sooth,
Like a new snuffed candle.

Ma. Truely, very patheticall, and unvulgar.

Bal. Patheticall and unvulgar; words of worth; excellent words. In sooth Madam, I haue taken a murre, which makes my nose run most pathetically, and unvulgarly. Haue you any Tobacco?

Ma. Good Signior, your soag.

Ba. Instantly, most unvulgarly, at your service. Truely, here's the most patheticall rozzen-Vmhl.

C A N T A N T.

Ma. In sooth, most knightly sung, and like sir Gefferey.

Ra. Why, looke you Lady, I was made a Knight only for my voice; and a councellor only for my wit.

Ma. I beleue it. Good night gentle sir, good night.

Bal. You will give me leaue to take my leaue of my mistresse, and I will doe it most famously in rime.

Farewell, adiew: Saith thy loue true,

As to part loath.

Time bids us part, Mine owne sweet heart,

God bleffe us both.

Exit Balurdo.

Ma. Good night Nutriche. Pages leaue the roome. The life of night growes short, tis almost dead.

Exeunt Pages and Nutriché.

○ thou cold widdow bed, sometime thrice blest,
By the warme pressure of my sleeping Lord:
Open thy leaues, and whilst on thee I tread,
Groane out. Alas, my deare *Andrugio*'s dead.

Maria draweth the curtaine: and the ghost of Andrugio is displayed, sitting on the bed.

Amazing terror, what portent is this?

S C E N A

Antonio and Mellida.

SCENA QVINTA.

And. Disloyall to our Hymenæ all rites,
What raging heate raines in thy strumpet blood ?
Hast thou so soone forgot *Andrugio* ?
Are our loue-bands so quickly cancelled ?
Where liues thy plighted faith unto this breast ?
O weake *Maria* ! Goe to, calme thy feares,
I pardon thee, poore soule. O shed no teares,
Thy sexe is weake. That blacke incarnate fiend
May trip thy faith, that hath oretrowne my life :
I was impoyson'd by *Piero*'s hand.
Ioyne with my sonne, to bend up straide revenge,
Maintaine a seeming favour to his suite,
Till time may forme our vengeance absolute.

Enter Antonio, his armes bloody : a torch and a poniard.

An. See, unamaz'd, I will behold thy face,
Outstare the terror of thy grimme aspect,
Daring the horrid'st object of the night.
Looke how I smoake in blood, reek in the steame
Of foming vengeance. O my soule's ithroan'd
In the triumphant chariot of revenge.
Me thinkes I am all ayre, and feele no waight
Of humane dirt clogge. This is *Julio*'s blood.
Rich musique father ; this is *Julio*'s blood.
Why liues that mother ?

And. Pardon ignorance. Fly deare *Antonio* :
Once more assume dilguise, and dog the Court
In fained habit, till *Piero*'s blood
May even oreflow the brim of full revenge.

Exit Antonio.

Peace, and all blessed fortunes to you both.
Fly thou from Court, be pearelesse in revenge :
Sleepe thou in rest, loe here I close thy couch.

Exit Maria to her bed, Andrugio drawing the curtaines.
And now yee sootie coursers of the night,

The second part of

Hurry your charriot into Hels black womb.
Darknesse, make flight ; Graves eat your dead againe ;
Let's repossele our throwds. Why lags delay ?
Mount sparkling brightnesse, give the world his day.

Exit *Andrugio.*

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Enter *Antonio* in a fooles habite, with a little toy of a
wal-nut shell, and sope, to make bubbles : *Maria*, and
Alberto.

Ma. A Way with this disguise in any hand.

Alb. Fie, tis unsuting to your elate spirit :

Rather put on some tranihap'd Cavalier,
Some habit of a spitting Critick, whose mouth
Voyds nothing but gentile and unyulgar
Rheum of censure : rather assume ——

Ant. Why then should I put on the very flesh
Of sollid folly. No, this cockscombe is a crowne
Which I affect, even with unbounded zeale.

Al. Twil thwart your plot, disgrace your high reslove.

Ant. By wisedomes heart there is no essence mortall,
That I can envy, but a plump-cheek'd foole :
O, he hath a patent of immunitiess
Confirm'd by custome, seal'd by policy,
As large as spatiuous thought.

Alb. You cannot presse among the Courtiers,
And have acceſſe to ——

Ant. What ? not a foole ? why friend, a golden Aſſe,
A babl'd foole, are ſole Canonicall,
Whilſt pale-cheek'd wisedome, and leane-ribb'd Art
Are kept in diſtance at the Halberts poynt :
All held *Apocrypha*, not worth ſurvey.
Why, by the *Genius* of that *Florentine*,
Deep, deep observing, ſound-brain'd *Macheveil*,

Hee

Antonio and Mellida.

He is not wise, that strives not to seeme foole.
When will the Duke hold feed intelligence,
Keefe wary observation in large pay,
To dogge a fooles aet ?

Mar. I, but such feigning known, disgraceth much.

Ant. Pish, most things that mortally adhere to soules,
Wholly exist in drunk opinion :
Whose reeling censure, if I value not,
It values nought.

Mar. You are transported with too slight a thought,
If you but meditate of what is past,
And what you plot to passe.

Ant. Even in that, note a fooles beatitude :
He is not capable of passion,
Wanting the power of distinction,
He beares an unturn'd saile with every wind :
Blow East, blow VVest, he steeres his course alike.
I never saw a foole leane : the chub-fac'd fop
Shines sleek with full cramm'd fat of happiness,
VVhil'st studious contemplation sucks the juice
From wisards cheekes : who making curious search
For Natures secrets, the first innating cause
Laughs them to scorne, as man doth busy Apes
VVhen they will zany men. Had heaven bin kind,
Creating me an honest senselesse dolt,
A good poore foole, I should want sense to feele
The stings of anguish shoot through every vaine,
I should not know what 'twere to lose a father :
I should be dead of sense, to view defame
Blurre my bright love ; I could not thus run mad,
As one confounded in a maze of mischiefe,
Staggerd, stark felld with bruising stroke of chance.
I should not shoot mine eyes into the earth,
Poring for mischiefe, that might counterpoysse

Enter Lucio

Mischief, murder, and —— How now Lucio ?

The second part of

Lu. My Lord, the Duke, with the *Venetian States*,
Approach the great Hall, to judge *Mellida*.

Ant. Ask' he for *Julio* yet?

Lu. No motion of him: dare you trust this habit?

Ant. *Alberto*, see you straight rumour me dead:
Leave me good mother, leave me *Lucio*,
Forsake me all. Now patience hoop my sides,

Exeunt all, saving Antonio.

VVith steeled ribs, lest I doe burst my brest

VVith strugling passions. Now disguise stand bold.

Poore scorned habits of choice soules infold.

The Cornets sound a Cyne.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Castilio, Forobosco, Balurdo, & Alberto, with pole-axes: Lucio bare. Piero & Maria talking together: two Senators, Galeazzo, and Mazzagente, Nutriche.

Pie. Intreat me not: there's not a beauty lives,
Hath that impartiall predominance
Ore my affects, as your enchanting graces;
Yet give me leave to be my selfe.

Ant. A Villaine.

Pie. Iust.

Ant. Most just.

Pie. Most just and upright in our judgement seat.
VVere *Mellida* mine eye, with such a blemish
Of most loath'd loosenesse, I would scratch it out.
Produce the strumpet in her bridall robes,
That she may blush t'appeare so white in show,
And blacke in inward substance. Bring her in.

Exeunt Forob. & Castil.

I hold *Antonio*, for his fathers sake,
So very dearely, so entirely choice,
That knew I but a thought of prejudice,

Imagin'd

Antonio and Mellida.

Imagin'd' gainst his high innobled blood,
I would maintaine a mortall feude, undying hate
Gainst the conceivers life. And shall justice sleep
In fleshly lethargy, for mine owne bloods favour,
VVhen the sweet Prince hath so apparant scorne
By my (I will not call her) daughter ? Goe,
Conduct in the lov'd youth *Antonio*.

Exit Alberto to fetch Antonio.

He shall behold me spurne my private good.

Piero loves his honour more then's blood.

Ant. The divell he does more then both.

Ba. Stand backe there, foole ; I doe hate a foole most pathetically. O these that have no sap of retort and obtuse wit in them : faugh.

Ant. Puffe, hold world : puffe, hold bubble ; Puffe, hold world : puffe, breake not behind : puffe, thou art full of wind ; puffe, keepe up by wind : puffe, 'tis broke : and now I laugh like a good foole at the breath of mine owne lips, he,he,he,he,he.

Bal. You foole.

Ant. You foole, puffe.

Bal. I cannot digest thee, the unvulgar foole. Goe foole.

Pie. Forbeare *Balurdo*, let the foole alone.
Come hither (sic) is he your foole ?

Ma. Yes, my lov'd Lord.

Pie. VVould all the States in *Venice* were like thee.
O then I were secur'd.

He that's a villain, or but meancly soul'd,
Must still converse, and cling to routs of fooles,
That cannot search the leakes of his defects.
O, your unsalted fresh foole is your only man :
These vinegar tart spirits are too piercing,
Too searching in the unglu'd joyns of shaken wits.
Find they a chinke, they'l wriggle in and in,
And eat like salt sea in his fiddow ribs,

The second part of

Till they haue opened all his rotten parts,
Vnto the vaunting surge of base contempt,
And sunke the tossed Galleasse in depth
Of vwhirlepoole scorne. Giue me an honest fopp:
Dud a,dud a? why loe sir, this takes he
As gratefull now, as a Monopolie.

S C E N A T E R T I A.

The still Flutes sound softly.

*Enter Forobosco, and Castilio: Mellida supported by
two wayting women.*

Mell. All honour to this royll confluence.

Pier. Forbeare (impure) to blot bright honours name
VVith thy defiled lips. The fluxe of sinne
Flowes from thy tainted bodie: thou so foule,
So all dishonour'd, canst no honour giue,
No wish of good, that can haue good effect
To this graue Senate, and illustrate bloods.
Why stayes the doome of death?

1. Sen. Who riseth up to manifest her guilt?

2. Sen. You must produce apparent proofe, my Lord.

Pier. Why, where is *Strozzi*? He that swore he saw
The very act: and vow'd that *Feliche* fled
Vpon his sight: on which I brake the breast
Of the adulterous lecher with fие stabbes.
Goe fetch in *Strozzi*. Now thou impudent,
If thou hast any drop of modest blood
Shrowded within thy checks, blush, blush for shame,
That rumour yet may say, thou felt'st defame.

Mell. Produce the devill; let your *Strozzi* come:
I can defeat his strongest arguments,
Which —

Pier. VVith what?

Mell. With teares, with blushes, sighs, & clasped hands
With

Antonio and Mellida.

VVith innocent upreared hands to heaven :
VVith my unnookt simplicitie. These, these
Must, will, can onely quit my heart of guilt.
Heaven permits not taintlesse blood be spilt.
If no remorse liue in your savage breast,

Pier. Then thou must die.

Mell. Yet dying, Ile be blest.

Pier. Accurst by me.

Mell. Yet blest, in that I stroue
To liue, and dye.

Pier. My hate.

Mell. Antonio's loue.

Ant. Antonio's loue !

Enter Strotzo, a cord about his necke.

Stro. O what vast ocean of repentant teares
Can cleanse my breast from the polluting filth
Of ulcerous sinne ? *Supreame Efficient,*
Why cleau'st thou not my breast with thunderbolts
Of wing'd revenge ?

Pier. What meanes this passion ?

Ant. What villany are they decoeting now ? Vmh.

Strot. In me convertite ferrum, O proceres.

Nihil iste, nec ista.

Pie. Lay hold on him. What strange portent is this ?

Strot. I will not flinch. Death, hell more grimly stare
VVithin my heart, then in your threatning browes.
Record, thou threefold guard of dreadest power,
What I here speake, is forced from my lips,
By the pulsive straine of conscience,
I haue a mount of mischiefe clogs my soule,
As waightie as the high-nold *Appenine*,
Which I must straight disgorge, or breast will burst.
I haue defam'd this Lady wrongfully,
By instigation of *Antonio* :
Whose reeling loue, tost on each fancies surge,
Began to loath, before it fully joyed.

Pier. Goe,

The second part of

Pie. Go, seize *Antonio*, guard him strongly in.

Exit

stro. By his ambition, being onely brib'd,

Foro.

Feed by his impious hand, I poysoned

His aged father: that his thirstie hope

Light quench their dropsie of aspiring drought,

With full unbounded qaaffe.

pier. Seize me *Antonio*.

stro. O why permit you such a scum of filth

As *Strotzo* is, to liue, and taynt the ayre

With his infectious breath?

Pie. My selfe will be thy strangler, unmatcht flauie.

Piero comes from his chaire, snatcheth the cords end, and
Castilio aydeth him; both strangle *Strotzo*.

stro. Now change your ——

Pier. I, pluck *Castilio*: I change my humour? plucke
Castilio.

Dye, with thy deaths intreats even in thy jawes.

Now, now, now, now, now, my plot begins to worke.

VVhy thus should States-men doe,

That cleave through knots of cragie policies,

Vse men like wedges, one strike out another;

Till by degrees the tough and knurly trunke

Bee riv'd in sunder. Where's *Antonio*?

Enter Alberto running.

Alb. O black accursed fate. *Antonio*'s drown'd.

Pier. Speake on thy faith, on thy alleageance, speake.

Alb. As I doe loue *Piero*, he is drownd.

Ant. In an inundation of amazement.

Mell. I, is this the close of all my straines in loue?

O me most wretched mayd.

Pie. *Antonio* drownd? how? how? *Antonio* drownd?

Alb. Distraught and raving, from a turrets top

He threwe his body in the high swolne sea,

And as he headlong topsie turvie ding'd downe,

Hee still cry'd *Mellida*.

Ant. My loues bright crowne.

Mell. He

Antonio and Mellida.

Mell. He still cry'd *Mellida*?

Pie. Daughter, me thinks your eyes should sparkle joy,
Your bosome rise on tiptoe at this news.

Mell. Aye me.

Pie. How now? Ay me? why, art not great of thanks
To graciouis heaven, for the just revenge
Vpon the Author of thy obloquies!

Mar. Sweet beautie, I could sigh as fast as you,
But that I know that which I weepe to know,
His fortunes should be such hee dare not shew
His open presence.

Mell. I know he lou'd mee dearely, dearely, I:
And since I cannot liue with him, I die.

Pie. Fore heaven, her speech faulters, look she swoons.
Convey her up into her private bed.

Maria, Nutrice, and the Ladies beare *out Mellida*, as
being swooned.

I hope sheele liue, if not ——

Ant. Antonios dead, the foole wi' follow too, he, he, he.
Now workes the sceane; quick observation scud
To coat the plot, or else the path is loft:
My very selfe am gone, my way is fled:
I, all is lost, if *Mellida* be dead.

Exit Antonio.

pier. *Alberto*, I am kinde, *Alberto*, kinde.

I am sorry for thy Couz, ifaith I am.

Goe, take him downe, and beare him to his father:
Let him be buried; looke ye, Ile pay the Priest.

Alb. Please you to admit his father to the Court?

Pier. No.

Alb. Please you to restore his lands & goods againe?

Pier. No:

Alb. Please you vouchsafe him lodging in the citie?

Pier. Gods fut, no, thou odde uncivill fellow:
I thinke you doe forget sir, where you are.

Alb. I know you doe forget sir, where you must be.

Ferg. You are too malapert, ifaith you are.

Your

The second part of

Your honour might doe well to —

Alb. Peace Parasite, thou bur, that only sticks
Vnto the nappe of greatnessse.

Pie. Away with that same yelping cur, away.

Alb. I, I am gone, but marke, *Piero* this.

There is a thing cald scourging *Nemesis*. *Exit Alb.*

Bal. Gods neakes he has wrong, that hee has: and
S'fut, and I were as hee, I would beare no coles, law 1,
I beginne to swell pufse.

Pie. How now foole, fop, foole?

Ba. Foole, fop, foole? Marry mussfe. I pray you, how ma-
ny fooles haue you seene goe ina suite of Sattin? I hope
yet, I do not looke like a foole ifaith; a foole? Gods bores,
I scorn't with my heede. S'neaks, and I were worth but
three hundred pound a yeare more, I could sweweare richly;
nay; but as poore as I am, I will sweweare the fellow
hath wronng.

Pie. Young *Galeazzo*? I, a proper man.

Florence, a goodly citie: it shall be so.

Ile marry her to him instantly.

Then *Genoa* mine, by my *Maries* match,
Which Ile solemnize ere next setting Sun.

Thus *Venice*, *Florence*, *Genoa*, strongly leagu'd!

Excellent, excellent. Ile conquer *Rome*,

Pop out the light of bright religion:

And then, helter skelter, all cock sure.

Ba. Goe to, tis just, the man hath wrong: goe to.

Pie. Goe to, thou shalt haue right. Goe to *Castilio*,
Clap him into the Palace dungeon:

Lap him in rags, and let him feed on slime,

That smeares the dungeon cheeke. Away with him.

Bal. In very good truth now, Ile nere doe so more; this
one time and —

Pie. Away with him, obserue it striftly, goe.

Ba. Why then, O wight, alas poore Knight.

O, well aday, sir *Gefferey* let Poets roare,

And

Antonio and Mellida.

And all deplore; for now I bid you good night.

Exit Balurdo with *Castilio*.

Ma. O pitious end of loue: O too too rude hand
Of unrespected death! Alas, sweet mayd.

Pie. Forbeare me heaven. What intend these plaints?

Mar. The beauty of admit'd creation,
The life of modest unmixt purity,
Our sexes glory, *Mellida* is —

Pier. What? o heaven, what?

Ma. Dead.

Pie. May it not sad your thoughts, how?

Ma. Being layd upon her bed, she grapt my hand,
And kissing it, spake thus, Thou very poore,
Why dost not weep? The jewell of thy brow,
The rich adornment that inchac't thy brest,
Is lost; thy son, my love is lost, is dead.

And doe I live to say *Antonio*'s dead?

And have I liv'd to see his vertues blurr'd
With guiltlesse blots? O world thou art too subtile,
For honest natures to converse withall:
Therefore Ile leave thee; farewwell mart of woe,
I fly to clip my love, *Antonio*.

With that her head sunk downe upon her brest:
Her cheek chang'd earth, her senses slept in rest:
Vntill my foole, that crept unto the bed,
Screech't out so loud, that he brought back her soule,
Call'd her againe, that her bright eyes gan ope,
And star'd upon him: he audacious foole,
Dar'd kisse her hand, wisht her soft rest, lov'd Bride;
She fumbled out thanks good, and so she dy'd.

Pie. And so she dy'd: I doe not use to weep:
But by thy love (out of whose fertile sweet
I hope for as faire fruit) I am deep sad:
I will not stay my marriage for all this:

Castilio, Forobosco, all
Straine all your wits, wind up invention

The second part of

Vnto his highest bent : to sweet this night,
Make vs drinke *Lethe* by your queint conceits ;
That for two dayes, oblivion smother griefe :
But when my daughters exequies approach,
Let's all turne sighers. Come,despight of fate,
Sound lowdest musick, lets pase out in state.

The Cornets sound.

Exeunt.

S C E N A III.

Enter Antonio solus, in fooles habit.

Ant. I, heaven, thou mayst, thou mayst omnipotence.
VVhat vermine bred of putrefacted slime,
Shall dare to expostulate with thy decrees !
O heaven, thou mayest indeed, shee was all thine,
All heavenly, I did but humbly beg
To borrow her of thee a little time.
Thou gaſt her me, as ſome weake breasted dame
Giveth her infant, puts it out to nurse ;
And when it once goes high lone,takes it back.
Shee was my vitall blood, and yet, and yet,
He not blaſpheame. Looke here, behold,

Antonio puts off his cap, and lieth just upon his backe.
I turne my proſtrate breast upon thy face,
And vent a heaving ſigh. O heare but this,
I am a poore poore Orphant; a weake,weake child,
The wracke of ſplitted fortune, the very Ouze,
The quickſand that devouſs all misery.
Behold the valiantſt creature that doth breath.
For all thiſ, I dare liue, and I will liue,
Onely to numme ſome others cursed blood,
With the dead palfie of like misery.
Then death,like to a ſtifling *Incubus*,
Lie on my bosome. Lo ſir, I am ſped.
My breast is *Golgotha*, graue for the dead.

S C E N A

Antonio and Mellida.

SCENA V.

Enter Pandulpho, Alberto, and a page, carrying Feli-
ches trunke in a winding sheet, and lay it thwart
Antonio's breast.

Pan. Antonio, kisse my foot: I honour thee,
In laying thwart my blood upon thy breast.
I tell thee boy, he was Pandulphes sonne:
And I doe grace thee with supporting him,
Young man.
The domainiering Monarch of the earth,
He that hath nought that fortunes gripe can seize,
He who is all impregnably his ovne,
He whose great heart heaven cannot force with force,
Vouchsafes his loue. *Non servio Deo, sed assentio.*

Ant. I ha lost a good wife.

Pa. Didst find her good, or didst thou make her good?
If found, thou mayst refind, because thou hadst her.
If made, the worke is lost: but thou that mad'st her
Liv'st yet as cunning. Hast lost a good wife?
Thrice blessed man that lost her whilst she was good,
Faire, young, vnablevish't, constant, loving, chast.
I tell thee youth, age knowes, young loues seeme grac't,
Which with gray cares, rude jarres, are oft defac't.

Ant. But shee was full of hope.

Pan. May be, may be: but that which may be, stood,
Stands now without all may; she died good.
And doft thou grieue?

Alber. I ha lost a true friend.

Pand. I liue incompast with two blessed soules.
Thou lost a good wife, thou lost a true friend, ha?
Two of the rarest lendings of the heavens:
But lendings: which at the fixed day of pay
Set downe by fate, thou must restore againe.
O what unconscionable soules are here?

The second part of

Are you all like the spoke-shaves of the Church ?

Have you no maw to restitution ?

Hast lost a true friend, cuz ? then thou hadst one.

I tell thee youth, tis all as difficult

To find true friend in this apostate age,

(That balkes all right affiance twixt two hearts)

As tis to find a fixed modest heart,

Vnder a painted brest. Lost a true friend ?

O happy soule that lost him whil'st he was true,

Beleeve it cuz, I to my teares have found,

Oft durst respect makes firmer friends unsound.

Alb. You have lost a good sonne.

Pan. Why there's the comfort on't, that he was good,
Alas, poore innocent.

Alb. Why weepes mine uncle ?

Pan. Ha, dost aske me why ? ha ? ha ?
Good cuz, looke here.

He shewes him his sonnes brest.

Man will breake out, despight Philosophy.

Why, all this while I have but playd a part,

Like to some boy, that acts a tragedie,

Speakes burly words, and raves out passion :

But, when he thinkes upon his infant weakenesse,

He droopes his eye. I speake more then a god ;

Yet am lesse then a man.

I am the miserablest soule that breathes.

Antonio starts up.

Ant. S'lid fir, ye lye : by th'heart of griefe, thou lyest.
I scorn't, that any wretched should survive,
Outmounting me in that Superlative,
Most miserable, most unmatch'd in woe :
Who dare assume that, but *Antonio* ?

Pan. Will't still be so ? and shal you bloodhound live ?

Ant. Have I an arme, a heart, a sword, a soule ?

Alb. Were you but private unto what we know,

Pan. Ile know it all : first let's interre the dead :

Let's

Antonio and Mellida.

Let's dig his grave with that shall dig the heart,
Liver, and entralls of the murderer.

*They strike the stage with their daggers, and
the grave openeth.*

Ant. Will't sing a Dirge, boy?

Pan. No, no song: twill be vyle out of tune.

Ant. Indeed he's hoarce, the poor boyes voice is crackt.

Pan. Why cuz? why should it not be hoarce & crackt,
When all the strings of Natures symphony
Are crackt, and jarre? why should his voice keepe tune?
When there's no musick in the brest of man?
Ile say an honest antick rime I have:
(Helpe me good sorrowe mates to give him grave)

They all help to carry Feliche to his grave.

Death, exile, plaints, and woes,
Are but mans lackies, not his foes.
No mortall scapes from fortunes warr,
Without a wound; at least a scarre.
Many have led these to the grave:
But all shall follow, none shall save.
Blood of my youth, rot and consume,
Vertue, in durt, dōth life assume:
VVith this old sawe, close up this dust;
Thrice blessed man that dyeth just.

Ant. The gloomy wing of night begins to stretch
His lasy pinion over all the ayre:
VVe must be stiffe and steddy in resolve.
Let's thus our hands, our hearts, our armes involve.

They wreath their armes.

Pan. Now sweare we by this Gordian knot of love,
By the fresh turn'd up mold that wraps my sonne:
By the dead brow of triple *Hecate*:
Ere night shall close the lids of yon bright starres,
VVee'l sit as heavy on *Piero*'s heart,
As *Etna* doth on groaning *Pelorus*.

Ant. Thankes good old man.

The second part of

Weele cast at royll chance.

Lets thinke a plot; then pell mell vengeance.

Exeunt, their armes wreathed.

The Cornets sound for the Act.

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

The dumbeshow.

Enter at one doore, Castilio and Forobosco, with halberts: foure Pages with torches: Lucio bare: Piero, Maria and Alberto, talking: Alberto drawes out his dagger, Maria her knife, ayming to menace the Duke. Then Galeazzo betwixt two Senators, reading a paper to them: at which they all make semblance of loathing Piero, and knit their fistes at him: two Ladies and Nutriche: all these goe softly over the stage, whilst at the other doore enters the ghost of Andrugio, who passeth by them, tossing his torch about his head in triumph. All forsake the stage, saving Andrugio, who speaking, begins the Act.

Act. V Enit dies tempusque quo reddat suis
Animam squalentem sceleribus.

The fist of strenuous vengeance is clutchit,
And sterne Virdict to wreth up aloft,
That shee may fall with a more waightie paise,
And crush lifes sap from our Pieros vaines.
Now gins the leprous sores of ulcered sinnes
Wheale to a head: now is his fate growne mellow,
Instant to fall into the rotten jawes
Of chap falne death. Now downe looks Providence,
T'attend the last act of my sonnes revenge.
Be gracious, Observation, to our Sceane:
For now the plot unites his scattered limbes

Close

Antonio and Mellida.

Close in contracted bands. The *Florence Prince*,
(Drawne by firme notice of the Dukes black deeds)
Is made a partner in conspiracie.

The States of *Venice* are so swolne in hate
Against the Duke, for his accursed deeds,
(Of which they are confirm'd by some odde letters
Found in dead *Strozzi*os Studie, which had past
Betwixt *Piero* and the murtring flauue).

That they can scarce retaine from bursting foorth
In plaine revolt. O, now triumphs my ghost;
Exclaiming, heaven's just; for I shall see
The scourge of murder and impietie. Exit.

SCENA SECUNDÀ.

Balurdo from under the stage.

Balurdo. Hoe, who's aboue there, hoe? A murren
on all Proverbs. They say, hunger breaks through stone
walles; but I am as gant, as leane ribb'd famine: yet
I can burst through no stone walles. O, now sir *Geffrey*,
shewe thy valour, breake prison, and bee hangd.
Nor shall the darkest nooke of hell containe the dis-
contented sir *Balurdo*'s ghost. VWell, I am out well,
I haue put off the prison to put on the rope. O poore
shotten herring, what a pickle art thou in! O hunger,
how thou dominier'st in my gutts! O, for a fat legge of
Ewe mutton in stewde broath; or drunken song to feed
on. I could belch rarely, for I am all winde. O colde,
cold, cold, cold, cold. O poore Knight, O poore sir *Geffrey*,
sing like an *Vnicorne*, before thou doest dip thy
horne in the water of death; O cold, O sing, O cold, O
poore sir *Geffrey*, sing, sing.

C A N T A T.

The second part of

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Antonio and Alberto at severall doores, their rapiers drawen, in their masking attire.

Ant. Vindiſta.

Alb. Mellida.

Ant. Alberto.

Alb. Antonio.

Ant. Hath the Duke supt?

Alb. Yes, and triumphant revels mount aloft.

The Duke drinkeſ deepe to overflow his grieſe.

The Court is rackt to pleasure, each man straineſ

To faine a jocond eye. The Florentine —

Ant. Young Galeazzo.

*Alb. Even hee is mightie on our part. The States of
Venice —*

Enter Pandulpho running in masking attire.

*Pan. Like high-swoln floods, driue downe the muddy
Of pent allegiance. O, my lustie bloods, (dammes.
Heaven sits clapping of our enterprise.*

I haue been labouring generall favour firme,

And I doe finde the Citizens growne sicke

With swallowing the bloody crudities

Of blacke Pieros actes; they faine would cast

And vomit him from off their government.

Now is the plot of mischiefe ript wide ope:

Letters are found twixt Strozzi and the Duke,

So cleare apparent: yet more firmlye strong

By suiting circumstance; that as I walke

Muffled, to eves-drop speech, I might obserue

The graver States-men whispering fearfully.

Here one giues nods and hummes, what he would ſpeak:

The rumour's got 'mong troops of Citizens,

Making lowd murmur, with confused dinne:

One shakes his head, and sighes; O illus'd power:

Another

Antonio and Mellida.

Another frets, and sets his grinding teeth,
Foaming with rage, and sweares this must not be.
Here one complots, and on a sudden starts,
And cries, O monstrous, O deepe villanie !
All knit their nerves, and from beneath swolne browes
Appeares a gloting eye of much mislike,
Whilst swart Pieros lips reake steame of wine,
Swallowes lust-thoughts, devoures all pleasing hopes,
With strong imagination of, what not ?
O, now *Vindicta* ; that's the word we haue :
A royall vengeance, or a royall graue.

Ant. *Vindicta.*

Bal. I am acold.

Pan. Who's there ? sir *Geffrey* ?

Bal. A poore knight, God wot: the nose of my knighthood is bitten off with cold. O poore sir *Geffrey*, cold, cold.

Pan. What chance of fortune hath tript up his heeles,
And layd him in the kennell ? ha ?

Alb. I will discourse it all. Poore honest soule,
Hadst thou a Bever to claspe up thy face,
Thou shouldest associate us in Masquery,
And see revenge.

Bal. Nay, and you talke of revenge, my stomack's up,
For I am most tyrannically hungry. A bever ? I have
a head-piece, a skull, a braine of proofe I warrant ye.

Alb. Slinke to my chamber then, and tyre thee.

Bal. Is there a fire ? *Alb.* Yes.

Bal. Is there a fat leg of Ewe mutton ?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. And a cleane shirt ? *Alb.* Yes.

Bal. Then am I for you, most pathetically and unvulgarly law. *exit.*

Ant. Resolved hearts, time curtalls night, opportunity
shakes us his foretop. Steele your thoughts, sharpe your
resolve, imbolden your spirit, grasp your swords, alarum
mischief,

The second part of

mischief, and with an undanted brow, out scout the
grim opposition of most menacing perill.
Harke here, proud pompe shoots mounting tryumph up,
Borne in lowd accents to the front of loue.

Pat. O now, he that wants soule to kill a slaye,
Let him dye slaye, and rot in pesants graue.

Ant. Giue me thy hand, and thine most noble he art,
Thus will we liue, and, but thus, never part.

Exeunt twin'd together.

Cornets sound a Cynet.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Castilio and Forobosco, two Pages with torches,
Lucio bare Piero, and Maria, Galcarzo, two Se-
nators and Nutriche.

Piero to Maria.

Pie. Sit close unto my breast, heart of my loue,
Advance thy drooping eyes.
Thy sonne is drownd,
Rich happinesse that such a sonne is drownd.
Thy husband's dead, life of my joyes most blest,
In that the saplesse logge, that prest thy bed
With an unpleasing waight, being lifted hence,
Even I *Piero*, liue to wärme his place.
I tell you Lady, had you view'd us both,
With an unpartiall eye, when first we woo'd
Your maiden beauties, I had borne the prize,
Tis firme I had : for faire, I ha done that —

Ma. Murder.

Pie. Which he would quake to haue adventur'd ;
Thou know'st I haue —

Mar. Murdred my husband.

Pig. Borne out the shock of war, and done, what not,
That valour durst. Do'st loue me fairest ? say.

Ma. As I doe hate my sonne, I loue thy soule.

Pie.

Antonio and Mellida.

rie. Why then to to Hymen, mount a loftie note :
Fill red cheeke *Bacchus*, let *Lyews* flote
In burnisht gobblets. Force the plump lipt god,
Skip light lavoltes in your full hapt veines.
Tis well brim full. Even I haue glut of blood :
Let quaffe carouse ; I drinke this *Burdeaux* wine
Vnto the health of dead *Andrugio*,
Feliche, *Strozzi*, and *Antonios* ghosts.
Would I had some poysen to infuse it with ;
That having done this honour to the dead,
I might send one to give them notice on't.
I would indeere my favour to the full.
Boy, sing alowd, make heavens vault to ring
With thy breaths strength. I drinke. Now lowdly sing.

CANTANT.

The song ended, the Cornets sound a Cyne.

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter Antonio, Pandulfo, and Alberto, in maskery,
Balurdo, and a torch-bearer.

rie. Call *Julio* hither ; where's the little soule ?
I saw him not to day. Here's sport alone
For him ifaith ; for babes and fooles I know,
Relish not substance, but applaud the shew.

To the Conspirators as they stand in ranke for the measure.

To Antonio.

Gal. All blessed fortune crowne your braue attempt,

To Pandulpho.

I haue a troope to second your attempt.

To Alberto.

The *Venice* States joyne hearts unto your hands.

Pie. By the delights in contemplation
Of comming joyes, tis magnificent.

Xew

The second part of

You grace my mariage eue with sumptuous pompe.
Sound still lowd musique. O, your breath giues grace
To curious feete, that in proud measure pase.

Ant. Mother, is *Julios* body —

Ma. Speake not, doubt not ; all is aboue all hope.

Ant. Then will I daunce and whirle about the ayre.
Me thinkes I am all soule, all heart, all spirit.
Now murder shall receiue his ample merite.

The Measure.

While the measure is dauncing, Andrugios ghost is placed betwixt the musickes houses.

pie. Bring hither suckets, canded delicates.
Weele taste some sweet meats gallants, ere we sleepe.

Ant. Weele cooke your sweet meats gallants, with tart sower sawce.

And. Here will I sit, spectator of revenge,
And glad my ghost in anguish of my foe.

The maskers whisper with Piero.

pie. Marry and shall ; ifaith I were too rude,
If I gaine said so civill fashion.
The maskers pray you to forbeare the roome,
Till they haue banqueted. Let it be so :
No man presume to visite them on death.

The maskers whisper againe.

Onely my selfe ? O, why with all my heart.
Ile fill your consort ; here *Piero* sits :
Come on, unmaske, lets fall to.

The conspirators bind Piero, plucke out his tongue, and triumph over him.

And. Murder and torture : no prayers, no entreats.

Pan. Weele spoyle your oratory. Out with his tongue.

Ant. I haue't *Pandalpho* : the veines panting bleed,
Trickling fresh goare about my fist. Bind fast ; so, so.

And. Blest be thy hand. I taste the joyes of heaven,
Viewing

Antonio and Mellida.

Viewing my sonne tryumph in his blacke blood.

Bal. Downe to the dungeon with him, Ile dungeon with him; Ile foole you: sir Gefferey will be sir Gefferey. Ile tickle you.

Ant. Behold, blacke dogge.

Pan. Grinst thou, thou snarling curre?

Alb. Eat thy blacke liver.

Ant. To thine anguish see
A foole tryumphant in thy misery.

Vex him *Balurdo*.

Pan. He weepes: now doe I gloriifie my hands,
I had no vengeance, if I had no teares.

Ant. Fall to good Duke. O these are worthlesse cates,
You haue no stomach to them; looke, looke here:
Here lies a dish to feast thy fathers gorge.
Here's flesh and blood, which I am sure thou lou'st.

Piero seemes to condole his sonne.

Pan. Was hee thy flesh, thy sonne, thy dearest sonne?

Ant. So was *Andrugio* my dearest father.

Pan. So was *Feliche* my dearest sonne.

Enter *Maria*.

Ma. So was *Andrugio* my dearest husband.

Ant. My father found no pittie in thy blood.

Pan. Remorse was banisht, when thou flew'st my son.

Ma. When thou impoysoned'st my loving Lord,
Exilde was pietie.

An. Now, therefore, pitie, pictie, remorse,
Be aliens to our thoughts: grim fire-ey'd rage
Possesse us wholly.

Pan. Thy sonne? true: and which is my most joy,
I hope no bastard, but thy very blood
Thy true begotten, most legitimate
And loved issue: there's the comfort on't.

Ant. Scum of the mud of hell.

Alb. Slime of all filth.

Mar. Thou most detested toad.

The second part of

Bal. Thou most retort and obtuse rascall.

Ant. Thus charge we death at thee : remember hell,
And let the howling murmurs of blacke spirits,
The horrid torments of the damned Ghosts
Affright thy soule, as it descendeth downne
Into the entralls of the ugly Deepe.

Pan. Sa,sa ; no,let him dye, and dye, and still be dying,

They offer to run all at Piero, and on a sudden stop.
And yet not dye, till he hath dy'd, and dy'd
Ten thousand deaths in agony of heart.

Ant. Now pell mell ; thus the hand of heaven chokes
The throat of murder. This for my fathers blood.

He stabs at Piero.

Pan. This for my sonne.

Alb. This for them all.

And this, and this : sinke to the heart of hell.

They run all at Piero with their Rapiers.

Pan. Murder for murder, blood for blood doth yell.

And. Tis done, and now my soule shall sleep in rest.
Sonnes, that revenge their fathers blood, are blest.

The curtaine being drawne, exit Andrugio.

SCENA SEXTA.

Enter Galeazzo, two Senators, Lucio, Forobosco, Castilio, and Ladies.

I se. Whose hand presents this gory spectacle?

Ant. Mine.

Pan. No, mine.

Alb. No, mine.

Ant. I will not lose the glory of the deed,
Were all the tortures of the deepest hell
Fixt to my limbs. I pearc'd the Monsters heart,
With an undaunted hand.

Pan. By yon bright spangled front of heaven, twas I :
Twas I flue'd out his life blood.

alb.

Antonio and Mellida.

1 Alb. Tush, to say truth, twas all.

2 Sen. Blest be you all, and may your honours live
Religiously held sacred, even for ever and ever.

Gal. To Antonio. Thou art another Hercules to us,
In ridding huge pollution from our state.

1 Sen. Antonio, Belife is fortifyed,
With most invincible approvements of much wrong,
By this Piero to thee. We have found
Beadrolls of mischiefe, plots of villany,
Layd twixt the Duke and Sforzo: which we found
Too firmly acted.

2 Sen. Alas poore Orphant.

Ant. Poore? Standing triumphant over Belzebub?
Having large interest for blood; and yet deem'd poore?

1 Sen. VVhat satisfaction outward pompe can yield,
Or chiefest fortunes of the Venice state,
Claime freely. You are well seasoned props,
And will not warpe, or leane to either part.
Calamity gives man a steddy heart.

Ant. VVe are amaz'd at your benignity:
But other vowes constraine another course.

Pan. We know the world, and did we know no more,
VVe would not live to know; but since constraint
Of holy bands forceth us keep this lodge
Of durts corruption, till dread powver calls
Our soules appearance, we will live inclos'd
In holy verge of some religious order,
Most constant Votaries.

The curtaines are drawne, Piero departerh.

Ant. First, let's cleanse our hands,
Purge hearts of hatred, and intombe my Love:
Over whose hearse Ile weep away my braine
In true affections teares:
For her sake, here I vow a Virgine bed,
She lives in me, with her my love is dead.

2 Sen. VVe will attend her mortifull execuqies,

Conduct

The second part of

Conduct you to your calme sequestred life,
And then—

Maria. Leue us, to meditate on misery ;
To sad our thoughts with contemplation
Of past calamities : If any aske
Where liues the widdow of the poisoned Lord ?
VVhere lies the Orphant of a murdred father ?
Where lies the father of a butchered son ?
Where liues all woe ? conduct him to us three ;
The downe-cast ruines of calamitie.

And. Sound dolefull tunes, a solemnie hymn advance,
To close the last act of my vengeance :
And when the subje~~t~~ of your passion's spent,
Sing Melida is dead, all hearts will relent,
In sad condolment, at that heavie sound,
Never more woe in lesser plat was found.
And O, if ever time create a Muse,
That to th'immortall fame of virgine faith,
Dares once engage his pen to write her death,
Presenting it in some blacke Tragedie :
May it proue gratioues, may his stile be deckt
VVith freshest bloomes of purest elegaunce ;
May it haue gentle presence, and the Sceanes suckt up
By calme attention of choice audience :
And when the closing Epilogue appeares,
In stead of claps, may it obtaine but teares.

CANTANT.

Exeunt Omnes.

Contonij vindictæ.

FINIS.

THE
WONDER
OF WOMEN:
OR,
THE TRAGEDIE OF
SOPHONISBA.

As it hath been sundry times acted
at the Blacke Fryers.



LONDON,

Printed for WILLIAM SHEARES.

1633.

THE
MONDE

THE MYSERIE OF
SALOMONIS

THE MYSERIE OF
SALOMONIS



London
Printed for M. WILLES SIBYLLE
1611



TO THE GENERALL READER.

KNow, that I haue not laboured in this Poeme, to tyc my selfe to relate any thing as an Historian, but to inlarge every thing as a Poet. To transcribe Authors, quote Authorities, and translate Latine prose Orations into English blank Verse, hath in this subje~~c~~ been the least ayme of my Studies. Then (equall Reader) peruse me with no prepared dislike; and if ought shall displease thee, thanke thy selfe; if ought shall please thee, thanke not me: for I confesse in this it was not my onely end.

K

Argu-

ДЛЯ ЭКСПАНДАРТ ОТ Argumentum.

A Gratefull hearts just height : Ingratitude.
And vowes-base breach with worthy shame pursude.
A womans constant loue as firme as fate.
A blamelesse Counsellor well borne for State.
The folly to inforce free loue. These know,
This Subject with full light doth amply shew.

Interlocutores.

<i>Masfinissa.</i>	}	Kings of Lybia, Rivals for So-
<i>Syphax.</i>		<i>phonisba.</i>
<i>Asdruball,</i> Father to <i>Sophonisba.</i>		
<i>Gloso,</i> A Senator of Carthage.		
<i>Bytheus,</i> A Senator of Carthage.		
<i>Hanno Magnus,</i> Captaine for Carthage.		
<i>Ingurth,</i> <i>Masfinissa's</i> Nephew.		
<i>Scipio,</i>	}	Generalls of Rome.
<i>Lelius,</i>		
<i>Vangue,</i> An Æthiopian slave.		
<i>Carthalon,</i> A Senator of Carthage.		
<i>Gisco,</i> A Surgeon of Carthage.		
<i>Nuntius.</i>		
<i>Sophonisba,</i> Daughter to <i>Asdruball</i> of Carthage.		
<i>Zanthia,</i> Her Mayd.		
<i>Eritho,</i> An Inchantresse.		
<i>arcathia,</i>	}	Wayting wyomen to <i>Sophonisba.</i>
<i>Nycea,</i>		

THE

THE TRAGEDIE of Sophonisba.

PROLOGVS.

Cornets sound a March.

Enter at one doore the Prologue, two Pages with torches, Asdruball and Iugurth, two Pages with lights, Massinissa leading Sophonisba, Zanthia bearing Sophonisbas traine, Arcathia and Nicea, Hanno and Bytheas: At the other doore two Pages with Targets and luteleins, two Pages with lights, Syphax arm'd from top to toe, Vangue follows.

These thus entred, stand still, whilst the Prologue resting betweene both troupes, speakes.

HE Sceane is Lybia, and the Subject thus.
Whilst Carthage stood the onely awe of Rome,
As most imperiall seate of Lybia,
Govern'd by Statesmen, each as great as Kings,
(For seventeene Kings were Carthage feodars;) .
Whilst thus shee flourisht, whilst her Hanniball
Made Rome to tremble, and the Wakes yet pale:
Then in this Carthage Sophonisba liv'd,
The farre fam'd daughter of great Asdruball:
For whom ('mongst others) potent Syphax sues,
And well-grac'd Massinissa rivals him,

The Tragedie

Both Princes of proud Scepters : but the lot
Of doubtfull favour Massinissa grac'd,
At which Syphax growes blacke : for now the night
Teelds londresoundings of the Nuptiall pompe :
Apollo strikes his Harpe : Hymen his Torch,
Whilst lowring Iuno, with ill-boading eye,
Sits envious at too forward Venus : Loe,
The instant night : And now yee worthier minds,
To whom wee shall present a female glory,
(The wonder of a constancie so fixt,
That Fate it selfe might well grow envious.)
Be pleas'd to sit, such as may merit oyle,
And holy deare, stil'd from diviner heat :
For rest thus knowing, what of this you heare,
The Author lowly hopes, but must not feare.

For just worth never rests on popular frowne,
To haue done well is fayre deeds onely crowne.

Nec se quæsiverit extra.

Cornets sound a March.

The prologue leades *Massinissas* Troupes over the
Stage, and departs : *Syphax* Troupes onely stay.

ACTVS

Actus I. Scena I.

Syphax and Vangue.

sy. *Syphax, Syphax, why wast thou curst a King?*
What angry God made thee so great so vile?

*Contemn'd, disgraced; think, wert thou a slau,
Though Sophonisba did reject thy loue,
Thy low neglected head unpoyned at,
Thy shame unrumour'd, and thy suite unscoft,
Might yet rest quiet: Reputation,
Thou ave of fooles and great men: thou that choakst
Freeſt addiſions, and makſt mortalls sweat
Blood and cold drops in feare to lose, or hope
To gaine thy never certaine ſeldome worthy gracings.
Reputation!*

*Wert not for thee Syphax could beare this ſcorne,
Not ſpouting up his gall among his bloud
In blacke vexations: Massinissa might
Injoy the ſweets of his preferred graces
Without my dangerous envie or revenge:
Wert not for thy affliction all might ſleepe
In ſweet oblivion: But (O greatneſſe ſcourge!)*

*Wee cannot without Envie keepe high name,
Nor yet disgrac'd can haue a quiet shame.*

Van. Scipio —

Sy. Some light in depth of hell: Vangue, what hope
Van. I haue receiu'd affir'd Intelligence,

*That Scipio, Romes ſole hope, hath raisd up men,
Drawne Troupes together for invasion —*

*Sy. Of this ſame Carthage. Van. With this pollicie,
To force wild Hannibal from Italy —*

The Tragedy

Sy. And draw the war to Africk. Va. Right. Sy. And
This secure countrey with unthought of armes. (strike

Va. My Letters beare he is departed Rome
Directly setting course and sayling vp—

Sy. To Carthage, Carthage, O thou eternall youth,
Man of large fame great and abounding glory
Renounefull Scipio, spread thy two-necked Eagles,
Fill full thy sailes with a revenging wind,
Strike through obedient Neptune, till thy powers
Dash up our Lybian house, and thy just armes
Shine with amazefull terror on these wals.

O now record thy Fathers honord blood
Which Carthage drunke, thy Uncle Publius blood
Which Carthage drunke, 30000. soules

Of choise Italians Carthage set on wing :

Remember Hannibal, yet Hannibal

The consul-queller: O then enlarge thy heart
Be thousand soules in one, let all the breath
The spirit of thy name, and nation be mixt strong
In thy great heart: O fall like thunder shaft

The winged vengeance of incensed loue
Vpon this Carthage : for Syphax here flies off
From all allegiance, from all loue or service,
His (now freed) scepter oace did yeeld this Citie,
Yee vniuersall Gods, Light, Heate, and Ayre
Proue all unblessing Syphax, if his hands
Once reare themselues for Carthage but to curse it.
It had beene better they had chang'd their faith,
Deni'd their Gods, then slighted Syphax loue,
So fearefully will I take vengeance.

I'le interleague with Scipio, — Vangue.

Deare Ethiopian Negro, goe wing a vessell,
And fly to Scipio: say his confederate
Vow'd and confirm'd is Syphax: bid him hast
To mix our palmes and armes: will him make up
Whilst we are in the strength of discontent,

of Sophonisba.

Our unsuspected forces well in armes
For *Sophonisba*, *Carthage*, *Asdruball*
Shall feele their weaknesse in preferring weaknesse,
And one lesse great then we, to our deare wishes
Haste gentle *Negro*, that this heape may know
Me, and their wrong : *Va.* wrong ? (strong

Sy. I, tho' twere not, yet know while Kings are
What thei'le but thinke and not what is, is wrong :
I am disgrac'd in, and by that which hath
No reason, *Love*, and *Woman*, my revenge
Shall therefore beare no argument of right.
Passion is *Reason* when it speakes from Might ;

I tell thee man, nor Kings, nor Gods exempt.

But they grow pale if once they find Contempt : haste.
Exeunt.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Arcathia, Nycea with Tapers, Sophonisba in
her night attire followed by Zanthia.

So. Watch at the doores : and till wee be repos'd
Let no one enter : *Zanthia* undoe me.

Za. With this motto under your girdle, (service :
You had beene undone if you had not beene undone humblest

Zo. I wonder *Zanthia* why the custome is

To use such *Ceremonie*. such strict shape

About us women : forsooth the Bride must steale

Before her Lord to bed : and then delayes

Long expectations all against knownen wishes,

I hate these figures in locution,

These about phrases forc'd by *ceremonie*,

We must still seeme to fly what we most fecke,

And hide our selues from that wee faine would find ;

Let those that thinke and speake and doe just acts,

Know forme can give no vertue to their acts,

Nor detract vice.

The Tragedie

26. Alas faire Princes, those that are strongly form'd
And truely shapt may naked walke, but we
We things cal'd women, only made for shew
And pleasure, created to beare children,
And play at shuttle-cocke, we imperfect mixtures
Without respectiue ceremonie vs'd,
And ever complement, alas what are we?
Take from us formall custome and the curtefies,
Which civill fashion hath still vs'd to us
We fall to all contempt: O women how much,
How much are you beholding to *Ceremony*.

So. You are familiar. *Zanthia* my shooe,

Za. 'Tis wonder Madam you tread not awry.

So. Your reason *Zanthia*. Za. You goe very high.

So. Harke, Musicke, Musicke.

*The Ladies lay the princesse in a faire bed, and close the
curtaines whil'st Massinissa enters.*

Ni. The Bridegrome. *Arca*. The Bridegrome.

So. Haste good *Zanthia*, helpe, keepe yet the doores.

Za. Faire fall you Lady, so, admit admit.

*Enter foure boyes antiquely attired with bows and qui-
vers, dauncing to the Cornets, a phantastique measure,
Massinissa in his night gowne led by Asdruball, and
Hanno followed by Bytheas and Iugurth, the boyes
draw the Curtaines discovering Sophonisba, to
whom Massinissa speakes.*

Ma. You powers of joy: Gods of a happy bed,
Shew you are pleas'd, sister and wife of Jove,
High fronted *Juno*, and thou *Carthage* Patron,
Smooth chind *Apollo*, both giue modest heate
And temperate graces.

*Massinissa drawes a white ribbon forth of the bed, as
from the waste of Sopho.*

Maf.

of Sophonisba.

Mass. Loe I unloose thy waste,
She that is just in loue is Godlike chaste : *Io to Hymen.*

Chorus with Cornets, Organ and voices. *Io to Hymen.*

So. A modest silence tho't bee thought

A virgins beautie and her highest honour,
Though bashfull fainings nicely wrought,

Grace her that vertue takes not in, but on her

VVhat I dare thinke I boldly speake,

After my word, my well bold action rusheth,
In open flame then passion breake, (blusheth,

VVhere *Vertue* prompts, thought, word, act never
Revenging Gods, whose Marble hands,

Crush faithlesse men with a confounding terror,

Giue me no mercy if these bands

I covet not with an unfained feryor,

VVhich zealous vow when ought can force me claime ;
Load with that plague *Atlas* would groane at, shame.

(Io to Hymen.

Chorus. Io to Hymen.

Astru. Liue both high parents of so happy birth,
Your stems may touch the skies and shaddow earth,
Most great in fame, more great in vertue shining,
Prosper O powers a just, a strong divining. *Io to Hymen*

Chorus. Io to Hymen.

*Enter Carthalo his sword drawn, his body wounded, his
shield strucke full of darts : Massinissa being ready
for bed.*

Car. To bold hearts Fortune, be not you amaz'd,
Carthage, O Carthage : be not you amaz'd.

Ma. Ioue made us not to feare, resolute, speake out,
The highest misery of man is doubt : Speake *Carthalo.*

Car. The stooping Sun like to some weaker Prince,
Let his shades spread to an unnaturall hugenesse,
VWhern we the campe that lay at *Vtica*,
From *Carthage* distant but five easie leagues,
Descreide from of the watch three hundred saile,

Vpon

The Tragedie

Vpon whose tops the *Roman* Eagles stretch'd
Their large spread wings, which fann'd the Evening aire
To us cold breath, for well we might discerne
Rome swam to *Carthage*.

Asd. Hannibal our Ancor is come backe, thy slight,
Thy stratagem to lead warr unto *Rome*,
To quite our selves, hath now taught desperate *Rome*
T'affaile our *Carthage*: Now the warre is here.

Ma. He is nor blest, nor honest, that can feare.

Ha. I but to cast the worst of our distresse —

Ma. To doubt of what shall be, is wretchednesse:
Desire, Feare, and Hope, receive no bond
By whom, we in our selves are never but beyond. *On.*

Car. Th'allarum beates necessity of fight;
Th'unsober Evening drawes out reeling forces,
Souldiers, halfe men, who to their colours troope
With fury, not with valour: whil'st our ships
Vnrigg'd, unus'd, fitter for fire then water,
We save in our barr'd Haven from surprize.
By this our army marcheth toward the shore,
Vndisciplin'd young men, most bold do doe,
If they knew how, or what, when we descry
A mighty dust, beat up with horses hooves,
Straight Roman Ensignes glitter: *Scipio*.

Asd. Scipio.

Car. *Scipio*, advanced like the God of blood,
Leades up grim *Warre*, that father of foule wounds
Whose sinewy feet are steep't in gore, whose hideous voice
Makes turrets tremble, and whole Cities shake,
Before whose browes, Flight and Disorder hurry,
With whom march Burnings, murder, wrong, wast, rapes,
Behind whom a sad traine is seene, Woe, Feares,
Tortures, leane Need, Famine, and helplesse teares:
Now make we equall stand, in mutuall view
We judg'd the *Romans* eighteen thousand Foote,
Five thousand Horse, we almost doubled them.

of Sophonisba.

In number, not in vertue : yet in heat
Of youth and wine, jolly, and full of blood,
We gave the signe of battaile : shouts are rais'd,
That shooke the heavens : Pell mell our Armies joyne,
Horse, Targets, Pikes, all against each oppos'd,
They give fierce shocke, armes thunder'd as they clos'd :
Men cover earth, which straight are covered
With men, and earth : yet doubtfull stood the fight,
More faire to *Carthage* : when loe, as oft we see,
In Mines of gold, when labouring slaves delve out
The richest Ore, being in sudden hope,
With some unlookt-for veine to fill their Buckets,
And send huge treasure up, a sudden Dampe
Stiffes them all, their hands yet stuffd with gold,
So fell our fortunes ; for looke, as we stood proud,
Like hopefull Vi^tors, thinking to returne
With spoyles worth triumph, wrathfull *Syphax* lands
With full ten thousand strong Numidian horse,
And joynes to *Scipio* ; then loe, we all were damp^t,
We fell in clusters, and our wearyed troopes
Quit all : Slaughter ran through us straight, we fli^e,
Romans pursue, but *Scipio* sounds retreat,
As fearing traines and night : we make amaine,
For *Carthage* most, and some for *Vrica*,
All for our lives : new force, fresh armes with speed.

Ha. You have said truth of all, no more. I bleed.
O wretched fortune ! *Mas.* Old Lord spare thy haires,
What dost thou think baldnesse will cure thy grieve,
What decree the Senate ?

Enter Geloſſo with Commissiōns in his hand, ſeal'd.

Gelo. Aske old *Geloſſo*, who returnes from them,
Inform'd with fulleſt charge, ſtrong *Asdruball*
Great Maſſiſſa Carthage Generall,
So ſpeakes the Senate : Counſell for this warre,
In *Hanno Magnus, Bithreas, Carthalon,*

And

The Tragedie

And us *Gelosso*, rests : Imbrace this charge
You never yet dishonour'd *Asdruball*.
High *Massinissa* by your vowes to Carthage ;
By th' God of great men, Glory, fight for Carthage,
Ten thousand strong *Massilians* ready troopt
Expect their King, double that number wayts
The leading of lou'd *Asdruball* ; beat lowd
Our Africke drummes, and whil'st our ore-toyl'd foe
Snores on his unlac'd cask, all faint, though proud
Through his successefull fight, strike fresh alarmes.
Gods are not, if they grace not, bold, just armes.

Mas. Carthage, thou straight shalt know
Thy favours have been done unto a King.

Exit with Asdruball and the Page.

Soph. My Lords, tis most unusuall such sad haps
Of suddaine horror should intrude 'mong beds
Of soft and private loves ; but strange events
Excuse strange formes. O you that know our blood
Revenge if I doe feigne : I here protest,
Though my Lord leave his wife a very Mayd,
Even this night, in stead of my soft armes,
Clasping his well-strung limbs with glossefull steele,
What's safe to Carthage, shall be sweet to me.
I must not, nor am I once ignorant
My choyce of love hath given this sudden danger
To yet strong Carthage : twas I lost the fight,
My choyce vext *Syphax*, intag'd *Syphax* struck,
Armes fate : yet *Sophonisba* not repents.

O we were Gods if that we knew events.
But let my Lord leave Carthage, quit his vertue,
I will not love him ; yet must honour him,
As still good subjects must bad Princes : Lords,
From the most ill-grac'd *Hymeneall* bed
That ever *Juno* frown'd at, I entreat
That you'l collect from our loose-formed speech
This firme resolue : that no low appetite

of Sophonisba.

Of my sex weakenesse, can, or shall orecome
Due gracefull service unto you, or vertue.
Witnesse ye Gods, I never untill now
Repin'd at my creation: now I wish,
I were no woman, that my armes might speake
My heart to Carthage: but in vaine my tongue
Sweares I am woman still, I talke so long.

Cornets a March. Enter two Pages with Targets and Javelins; two Pages with Torches: Massinissa armed capea pee, Asdrubal armed.

Mass. Ye Carthage Lords: know *Massinissa* knowes
Not only termes of honour, but his actions:
Nor must I now inflarge how much my cause
Hath danger'd Carthage, but how I may shew
My selfe most prest to satisfaction.

The loathsome staine of Kings ingratitude
From me O much be farre, and since this torrent,
Warres rage admits no Anchor: since the billow
Is risen so high, we may not hull, but yield
This ample state to stroke of speedy swvords;
What you with sober hast have well decreed,
Wee'l put to sudden armes: no, not this night,
These daynties, these first fruits of Nuptialls,
That well might give excuse for feeble lingrings,
Shall hinder *Massinissa*. Appetite,
Kisses, loves, dalliance, and what softer joyes
The *Venus* of the pleasingst ease can minister,
I quit you all: Vertue perforce is Vice;
But he that may, yet holds, is manly wise.
Loe then ye Lords of Carthage, to your trust
I leave all *Massinissa*'s treasure, by the oath
Of right good men stand to my fortune just.

Most hard it is for great hearts to mistrust.

Car. We vow by al high Powers. *Mass.* No do not swear.
I was not borne so small to doubt or feare.

Sopho.

The Tragedie

So. Worthy my Lord. Ma. Peace my eares are steele
I must not heare thy much inticing voice.

So. My Massinissa, Sophonisba speakes
Worthy thy wife: goe with as high a hand
As worth can reare, I will not stay my Lord:
Fight for our countrey, vent thy youthfull heat
In field, not beds, the fruite of honour *Fame*
Be rather gotten then the oft disgrace
Of haplesse parents, children, goe best man
And make me proud to be a souldiers wife,
That valews his renowne aboue faint pleasures:
Thinke every honour that doth grace thy sword
Trebbles my loue: by thee I haue no lust
But of thy glory: best lights of heaven with thee
Like wonder stand, or fall, so though thou die,
My fortunes may be wretched, but not I.

Mass. Wondrous creature, even fit for Gods not men,
Nature made all the rest of thy faire sexe
As weake essaies, to make thee a patterne
Of what can be in woman — Long farewell.
He's sure unconquer'd in whom thou doft dwell,
Carthage Palladium. See that glorious lampe,
Whose lightfull presence giveth suddaine flight
To phansies, fogs, feares, sleepe, and slothfull night,
Spreads day upon the world: march swift amaine,
Fame got with losse of breath is god-like gaine.

The Ladies draw the curtaines about Sophonisba, the
rest accompany Massinissa forth, the Cornets and
Organs playing loudfull musick for the Act.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Whil'st the Musick for the first Act sounds, Hanno,
Carthalo, Bytheas, Gelosso enter: They place
them-

of Sophonisba.

themselves to Counsell, Gisco the Impoisoner waiting on them, Hanno, Carthalo, and Bytheas, setting their hands to a writing, which being offered to Gelosso, hee denies his hand, and as much offended impatiently starts up and speakes.

Gelosso, Hanno, Bitheas, Carthalo.

Gel. **M**Y hand? my hand? rot first wither in aged shame,
Ha. Will you be so unseasonably wood?

Byt. Hold such preposterous zeale, as stands against
The full decree of Senate? all thinke fit?

Car. Nay most inevitable necessary
For Carthage safety, and the now sole good
Of present state, that we must breake all faith
With Massinissa: whil'st he fights abroad,
Let's gaine backe Syphax, making him our owne
By giving Sophonisba to his bed.

Han. Syphax is Massinissa's greater, and his force
Shall give more side to Carthage: as for's Queene,
And her wise father, they love Carthage Fate;

profit, and honesty, are not one in State.

Gel. And what decrees our very vertuous Senate
Of worthy Massinissa, that now fights,
And (leaving wife and bed) bleeds in good armes
For right old Carthage? *Car.* Thus tis thought fit
Her father Asdruball on suddain shall take in
Reuolting Syphax: so with doubled strength,
Before that Massinissa shall suspect,
Slaughter both Massinissa, and his troopes,
And likewise strike with his deep stratagem
A sudden weakeenesse into Scipio's armes,
By drawing such a limbe from the maine body
Of his yet powerfull army: which being done,
Dead Massinissa's Kingdome we decree
To Sophonisba and great Asdruball
For their consent; so this swift plot shall bring

The Tragedie

Two crownes to her, make Asdruball a King.

Gel. So first faiths breach, murder, adultery, theft.

Car. What else? Gel. Nay all is done, no mischief left.

Car. Pish prosprous successe giues blackest actions glo-
The meanes are unremembred in most storie. (rie,

Gel. Let me not say Gods are not. Car. This is fit,
Conquest by blood is not so sweet as wit:

For howsoere nice vertue censures it,
He hath the grace of warre that hath warres profit.
But Carthage well advis'd, that States comes on
With slow advice, quicke execution,

Haue heere an Engineere long bred for plots,
Call'd an Impoysner, who knowes this sound excuse,
The onely dew that makes men sprout in Court, is use;
Bee't well or ill, his thirst is to bee mute.

Such flaues must act commands, and not dispute.

Knowing foule deeds with danger doe begin,

But with rewards doe end: finne is no finne,

But in respects —

Gel. Politike Lord, speake low, though heaven beares
A face far from us, Gods haue most long eares;
Ioue has a hundred marble hands.

Car. O I, in Poetry, or Tragique sceane.

Gel. I feare Gods onely know what Poets meane.

Car. Yet heare mee: I will speake close truth & cease;
Nothing in Nature is unserviceable,
No, not even Inutilitie it selfe,
Is then for nought dishonesty in beings,
And if it bee sometimes of forced use,
Wherein more urgent then in saving Nations,
State shapes are souldred up with base, nay faultie,
Yet necessary functions; some must lie,
Some must betray, some murder, and some all,
Each hath strong use, as poysone in all purges:
Yet when some violent chancie shall force a State,
To breake given faith, or plot some stratagems,

of Sophonisba.

Princes ascribe that vile necessity
Unto heavens wrath ; and sure, thought be no vice,
Yet tis bad chānce : States must not sticke to nice
For *Masfinissa* death sence bids forgive
Beware t' offend great men, and let them live,
For tis of Empires body the maine arme;
He that wil do no g̃ rod shal do no harm: you have my mind.

Gel. Although a stagelike passion, and weake heat,
Full of an empty wording might sute age,
Know Ile speake strongly, truth : Lords nere mistrust,
That he, who'l not betray a private man
For his Countrey, will nere betray his countrey
For private men ; then give *Gelosso* faith :
If treachery in state be serviceable,
Let hangmen doe it : I am bound to lose
My life, but not mine honour, for my Countrey ;
Our vowes, our faith, our oaths, why th'are our selves,
And he that's faithlesse to his proper selfe,
May be excus'd if he breake faith with Princes.
The Gods assit just hearts, and states that trust,
Plots, before Providence, are tost like dust.
For *Masfinissa*, (o let me slacke a little
Austere discourse, and feele Humanity)
Me thinkes I heare him cry , O fight for Carthage,
Charge home, wounds smart not, for that so just, so great ;
So good a City : me thinks I see him yet
Leave his faire Bride, even on his Nuptiall night,
To buckle on his armes for Carthage : Harke,
Yet, yet, I heare him cry — Ingratitude,
Vile staine of man : O ever be most farre
From *Masfinissa*'s brest ; up, march amaine,
Fame got by losse of breath, is god-like gaine.
And see, by this he bleeds in double fight,
And cryes for Carthage, whil'st Carthage — Memory
Fotsake *Gelosso*, would I could not thinkes,
Nor heare, nor be, when Carthage is

The Tragedie

So infinitely vile : see see looke here.

*Cornets. Enter two Ushers. Sophonisba, Zanthia, Arca-
thia, Hanno, Bytheas and Carthalo present Sopho-
nisba with a paper, which she having perused, after a
short silence speaks.*

(breake it ?

VVho speakes ? what miute ? faire plot : what ? blush to
How levd to aet when so flaam'd but to speake it.

So. Is this the Senates firme decree ? Car. It is.

So. Is this the Senates firme decree ? Car. It is.

So. Hath Syphax entartayned the stratagem ? (thus,

Car. No doubt he hath, or will. So. My answer's

VVhat's safe to *Carthage* shall be sweet to us.

Car. Right worthy. Ha. Royallest. Ge. O very wo-

So. But tis not safe for *Carthage* to destroy (man !

Be most unjust, cunningly politique,

Your head's still under Heaven, O trust to fate,

Gods prosper more a just then craftie state.

T' is leſſe disgrace to haue a pitied losſe,

Then shamefull victory. Ge. O very Angell !

So. VVe all haue sworne good *Massinissa* faith,

Speech makes us men, and thet's no other bond

Twixt man and man, but words : O equall gods,

Make us once know the consequence of voweds —

Ge. And we shall hate faith-breakers worse then man-

So. Ha ! good *Gelasso* is thy breath not here ? (eaters.

Ge. You doe me wrong as long as I can die,

Doubt you that old *Gelasso* can be vile ?

States may afflict, tax, torture, but our minds

Are only sworne to *loue* : I grieue and yet am proud

That I alone am honest : high powers yee know,

Vertue is seldome seene with troopes to goe.

So. Excellent man, *Carthage* and *Rome* shall fall

Before thy fame : our Lords know I the worst ?

Car. The gods foresaw, 'tis fate we thus are forc'd.

So. Gods naught foresee, but see, for to their eyes

Naught

of Sopbonisba.

Naught is to come, or past, Nor are you vile,
Because the Gods foresee : for Gods not *We*,
See as things are things, are not, as we see.
But since affected wisedome in us Women,
Is our sexe highest folly : I am silent,
I cannot speake lesse well, unlesse I were
More void of goodnesse : Lords of *Carthage*, thus
The ayre and earth of *Carthage* owes my body,
It is their servant ; what decree they of it ?

Car. That you remoue to *Cirta*, to the Palace
Of well form'd *Syphax*, who with longing eyes
Meets you : he that giues way to *Fate* is wise.

So. I goe : what power can make me wretched ? what
Is there in life to him, that knowes life's losse (evill
To be no evill : shew, shew thy ugliest brow,
O most blacke chaunce : make me a wretched story,
Without misfortune Virtue hath no glory :
Opposed trees makes tempests shew their power,
And waues forc'd back by rocks makes *Neptune* tower---

Tearelesse O see a miracle of life,
A maide, a widdow, yet a haplesse wife.

Cornets. Sophonisba accompanied with the Senators
depart, onely *Gelosso* stayes.

Ge. A prodigie ! let nature run crosse legd.
Ops goe upon his head, let *Neptune* burne,
Cold *Saturne* cracke with heate, for now the world
Hath seene a *Woman* :

Leape nimble lightning from *Ioue*s ample shield,
And make at length an end, the proud hot breath
Of thee contemning *Greatnesse*, the huge drought
Of sole selfe loving vast *Ambition*.

Th'unnaturall scorching heate of all those lamps,
Thou reard'st to yeeld a temperate fruitfull heate.
Relentlesse rage, whose heart hath no one drop
Of humane pitie : all all loudly cry,
Thy brand O *Ioue*, for know the world is dry.

The Tragedie

¶ let A generall end saue Carthage fame,
VVhen worlds doe burne unseen's a Cities flame.

Phœbus in me is great : Carthage must fall,
Ioue hates all vice, but vowes breach worst of all. Exit.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Cornets sound a charge : Enter Massinissa in his gorget
and shirt, shielde, sword, his arme transfixt with a
dart, Iugurth followes with his cures and caske.

Mas. Mount us againe, giue us another horse.

Iug. Uncle your blood flowes fast, pray ye withdraw.

Mas. O Iugurth I cannot bleed too fast, too much
For that so great, so just, so royll Carthage,
My wound smarts not, bloods losse makes me not faint,
For that lou'd Citie, O Nephew let me tell thee,
How good that Carthage is : it nourish'd me,
And when full time gaue me fit strength for loue,
The most adored creature of the citie,
To us before great Syphax did they yeeld,
Faire, noble, modest, and 'boue all, my,
My Sophonisba, O Iugurth my strength doubles,
I know not how to turne a coward, drop
In feeble basenesse, I cannot : giue me horse,
Know I am Carthage very creature, and I am grac'd,
That I may bleed for them : giue me fresh horse.

Iug. He that doth publike good for multitude,
Finds fewe are truely gratefull.

Mas. O Iugurth, fie you must not say so, Iugurth,
Some common weales may let a noble heart,
Even bleed to death, abroad, and not bemoan'd,
Neither reveng'd at home, but Carthage, fie
It cannot be ungrate, faithlesse through feare,
It cannot Iugurth : Sophonisba's there,
Beate a fresh charge.

(followes him.

Enter Asdruball his swerd drawne reading a letter, Gisco
Asd.

of Sopbonisba.

Aſd. Sound the retraite, respect your health braue prince,
The waste of blood throw's palenesſe on your face.

Ma. By light, my heart's not pale: O my lov'd father,
VVe bleed for *Carthage*, Balsum to my wounds,
VVe bleed for *Carthage*; ſhalt restore the fight?
My ſquadron of *Massulians* yet stands firmc.

Aſd. The day lookeſ off from *Carthage* ceafe alarmes,

A modeſt temperance is the life of armes.

Take our best Surgeon *Gisco*, he is ſent
From *Carthage* to attend your chaunce of warre.

Gif. VVe promise ſudden eafe. *Ma.* Thy eōfort's good.

Aſd. That nothing can ſecure us but thy blood?
Infuſe it in his wouad, t'will worke amaine, (gaine,

Gif. O Ioue. *Aſd.* VVhat Ioue? thy God muſt be thy
And as for me, *Apollo Pythean*

Thou know'ſt, a ſtatist muſt not be a man. *Exit Aſdru.*

Enter *Gelosſo* diſguifeſ like an old ſouldier, delivering
to *Massinissa* (as he preparing to be dressed by *Gisco*)
a letter, which *Massinissa* reading ſtarts and ſpeakes
to *Gisco*.

Ma. Forbeare, how art thou cald? *Gi.* *Gisco* my Lord,

Ma. Vm, *Gisco*, ha, touch not mine arme, moſt only man
to *Gelosſo*.

Sirra, ſirra, art poore? *Gi.* not poore. *Ma.* Nephew com-
Massinissa begins to drane. (mand.

Our troeſes of horſe make indiſgrac'd retraite,
Trot eaſie off; not poore: *Iugurth* giue charge,
My ſouldiers stand in ſquare battalia, *Exit Iugurth.*

Intirely of themſelues: *Gisco* th'art old,
Tis time to leauē off murder, thy faint breath,
Scarce heaues thy ribs, thy gummy blood-shut eyes,
Are ſunkē a great way in thee, thy lanke ſkinne,
Slides from thy fleſhleſſe veinaes: be good to men,
Iudge him yee gods, I had not life to kill
So base a Creature, hold *Gisco* () liue,
The God-like part of Kings is to forgiue.

The Tragedie

Gis. Command astonisht *Gisco.* *Mas.* No returne.
Hast unto Carthage, quit thy abject feares,
Masfinissa knowes no use of murderers.

Enter Iugurth amaz'd, his sword drawne.

Speake, speake, let terrorre strike slaves mute,
Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.

Iu. Uncle, I feare foule armes, my selfe beheld
Syphax on high speed run his well breath'd horse,
Direct to *Cirta*, that most beautious city
Of all his kingdome: whil'st his troops of Horse
With carelesse trot pase gently toward our Campe,
As friends to Carthage, stand on Guard deare Uncle;
For *Asdruball*, with yet his well-rankt army,
Bends a deep threatning brow to us, as if
He wayted but to joyne with *Syphax* Horse,
And hew us all to pieces; O my King,
My Uncle, father, Captaine, O over All,
Stand like thy selfe, or like thy selfe now fall;
Thy troopes yet hold good ground: unworthy wounds
Betray not *Masfinissa*. *Mas.* Iugurth pluck,
Pluck, so, good cuz. *Iu.* O god, doe you not feele?

Mas. Not *Iugurth* no, now all my flesh is steele.

Gel. Of base disguise; High lights Icorne not to view
A true old man: up *Masfinissa*, throw
The lot of battel upon *Syphax* troopes,
Before he joyne with Carthage: then amaine
Make through to *Scipio*, he yields safe abodes,
Spare treachery, and strike the very Gods.

Mas. Why wast thou borne at Carthage, O my fate,
Divinest *Sophonisba*! I am full
Of much complaint, and many passions,
The least of which express'd, would sad the Gods,
And strike compassion into ruthlesse hell;
Up unmaim'd heart, spend all thy grieve and rage
Upon thy foe: the field's a Souldiers Stage,
On which his action shoyves: If you are just,

And

of Sophonisba.

And hate those that contemne you, O you Gods
Revenge worthy your anger, your anger, O,
Downe man, up heart, stoop love, and bend thy chin
To thy large brest, give signe th'art pleas'd, and just
Sweare, good mens foreheads must not print the dust.

Exeunt.

Enter Asdruball, Hanno, Bytheas.

As. What Carthage hath decreed, *Hanno*, is done,
Advanc'd and borne was *Asdruball* for state,
Onely with it, his faith, his love, his hate,
Are of one piece: were it my daughters life
That fate hath sung to Carthage safety brings,
What deed so red, but hath bin done by Kings?
Ephygenia, he that's a man for men,
Ambitious as a God, must like a God
Live free from passions, his full aym'd at end
Immense to others, sole selfe to comprehend
Round in's owne globe, not to be clasp'd, but holds
Within him all, his heart being of more folds,
Then shield of *Telamon*, not to be pierc'd, though struck,
The God of wise men is themselves, not lucke.

Enter *Gisco*.

See him by whom now *Massinissa* is not.

Gisco, is't done? *Gis.* Your pardon, worthy Lord,
It is not done, my heart sunk in my brest,
His vertue mazd me, faintnesse seizd me all,
Some God's in Kings, that will not let them fall.

As. His vertue mazd thee, (umh) why now I see,
Th'art that just man that hath true touch of blood,
Of pitty, and soft piety: Forgive?
Yes honour thee, we did it but to try
What sense thou hadst of blood: goe *Bytheas*,
Take him into our private Treasury,
And cut his throat, the slave hath all betrayd.

By. Are you assur'd? *As.* Afraid for this I know,

The Tragedie

Who thinketh to buy villany with gold,
Shall ever finde such faith so bought, so sold.
Reward him throughly.

A shout, the Cornets giving a flourish.

Han. What meanes this shout?

Asd. *Hanno* tis done: *Syphax* revolt by this
Hath securd Carthage: and now his force come in,
And joyn'd with us, give *Maslinissa* a charge,
And assured slaughter: O ye powers forgiue,
Through rottenit dung best plants both sprout and liue,
By blood vines grow. *Han.* But yet thinke *Asdruball*,
Tis fit at least you beare grieves outward shew,
It is your kinsman bleeds: what need men knew
Your hand is in his wounds; tis well in state,
To doe close ill, but voyd a publike hate.

Asd. Tush *Hanno*, let me prosper, let rowis prate,
My power shall force their silence, or my hate.
I scorne their idle malice: men of weight
Know, he that feares envie, let him cease to raigne,
The peoples hate to some hath been their gaine,
For howsoere a Monarch faines his parts,
Steale any thing from Kings but subjects hearts.

Enter Carthalo leading in bound *Gelosso*. (firme

Car. Guard, guard the campe, make to the trench, stand

Asd. The Gods of boldnes with us; how runs chance?

Ca. Think, think how wretched thou canst be, thou art,
Short words shall speak long woes. *Ge.* Mark *Asdrubal*.

Car. Our bloody plot to *Maslinissa* easre
Untimely by this Lord was all betrayd.

Gel. By me it was, by me vile *Asdruball*,
I joy to speak't. *As.* Downe slau. *Gel.* I cannot fall.

Car. Our traines disclos'd; strait to his wel usde armes
He tooke himselfe, rose up with all his force,
On *Syphax* careleffe troupes, (*Syphax* being hurried
Before to *Cirta*, feareleffe of successe,
Impatient *Sophonisba* to injoy.)

Gelosso

of Sophonisba.

Gel. rides to head of all our Squadrons,
Commands make stand in thy name *Asdruball*,
In mine, in his, in all : they all obey,
Whilst *Masfinissa* now with more then fury,
Chargeth the loose and much amazed rankes
Of absent *Syphax*, who with broken shout,
(In vaine expecting Carthage secondings)
Giue faint repulse : a second charge is given :
Then looke as when a Faulcon towres aloft,
VVhole shoales of foule, and flockes of lesser birds
Crouch fearefully, and diue, some among sedge,
Some creepe in brakes : so *Masfinissa* sword,
Brandisht aloft, tost 'bout his shining caske, (strikes,
Made stoop whole squadrons, quick as thought he
Here hurles he darts, and there his rage-strong arme
Fights foot to foot : here cries he strike : they sinke,
And then grim slaughter followes, for by this,
As men betrayd, they curse us, dye, or flie, or both ;
Six thousand fell at once : Now was I come,
And straight perceiu'd all bled by his vile plot.

Gel. Vile ? good plot, my good plot *Asdruball*.

Car. I forc'd our armie beat a running march ;
But *Masfinissa* strucke his spurres apace
Vpon his speedie horse, leaues slaughtering,
All fliet to *Scipio*, who with open rankes
In view receiuess them : all I could effect
Was but to gaine him. *As.* Die. *Ge.* Do what thou can,
Thou canst but kill a weake old honest man.

Geloffo departs guarded.

Car. *Scipio* and *Masfinissa* by this, strike
Their clasped palmes, then vow an endlesse loue,
Straight a joyn't shout they raise, then turne they breasts
Direct on us, march strongly toward our campe,
As if they dar'd us fight. O *Asdruball*,
I feare they'll force our campe. *Asd.* Breake up and fliet,
This was your plot. *Ha.* But 'twas thy shame to chuse it.

Car. He

The Tragedie

Car. He that forbids not offence he does it.

Asd. The curse of womens *words* goe with you : *flie*,
You are no villaines; Gods and men, which way?

Advise vile things. *Ha.* Vile? *As. I.*

Ca. Not? *By.* You did all.

As. Did you not plot? *Car.* Yeelded not *Asdrubal*?

As. But you intic'd me. *Ha.* How?

Asd. With hope of place.

Car. He that for wealth leaues faith, is abject. *Ha.* Base.

Asd. Doe not provoke my sword, I liue.

Car. More shame,

T'outline thy vertue and thy once great name.

Asd. Vpbraid ye me? *Ha.* Hold.

Car. Know that onely thou

As. Art treacherous: thou shouldest haue had a crowne.

Ha. Thou didst all, all he for whom mischieves done,
He does it. *Asd.* Brooke open scorne, faint powers
Make good the campe, no, *flie*; yes, what? wild rage,
To be a prosperous villain, yet some heat, some hold,
But to burne Temples, and yet freeze, O cold:

Give me some health; now your blood sinkes: thus deeds
Ill nourisht rot, without loue nought succeeds. *Exeunt.*

Organ mixt with Recorders for this *Act*.

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

Syphax with his dagger twound about her haire, drags in

Sophonisba in her nightgowne and petticoate, and *Zanthia* and *Vangue* following.

Sy. **M**ust we intreat? sue to such squeamish eares,
Know *Syphax* has no knees, his eies no teares;
Inraged loue is senselesse of remorse.
Thou shalt, thou must. Kings glory is their force.
Thou art in *Cirta*, in my Pallace Foole.
Dost thinke he pittieth teares, that knowes to rule.

For

of Sophonisba.

For all thy scornefull eyes, thy proud disdaine,
And late contempt of vs, now weeble revenge,
Breake stubborne silence : Looke, Ile tack thy head
To the low earth, whilst strength of two blacke knaues,
Thy limbs all wide shall straine : prayer fitteth slaues.
Our courtship be our force : rest calme as sleepe,
Else at this quake, harke, harke, we cannot weepe.

So. Can Sophonisba be inforc'd ? Sy. Can ? see.

So. Thou mayst inforce my body, but not me.

Sy. Not ? So. No. Sy. No ?

So. No, off with thy loathed armes,
That lye more heauy on me then the chaines,
That weare deepe wrinckles in the captives limbis,
I doe beseech thee. Sy. What ? So. Be but a beast,
Be but a beast. Sy. Doe not offend a powrer
Can make thee more then wretched : yeeld to him
To whom fate yeelds : Know Massinissa's dead.

So. Dead ? Sy. Dead. So. To Gods and good mens

Sy. Help Vangue, my strong bloud boyles. (shame ?

So. O yet saue thine owne fame.

Sy. All appetite is deafe, I will, I must.

Achilles armour could not beare out lust.

So. Hold thy strong arme and heare me; Syphax know,
I am thy servant now : I needs must loue thee,
For (O my sex forgiue) I must confesse,
We not affect protesting feeblenesse,
Intreats, faint blushings, timorous modestie ;
We thinke our lover is but little man,
Who is so full of woman : Knowe fayre Prince,
Loues strongest arme's not rude : for we still proue,
Without some fury there's no ardent loue.
Wee loue our loues impatience of delay,
Our noble sex was onely borne t'obay,
To him that dares command. Sy. Why this is well,
Th'excuse is good : wipe thy faire eyes our Queene,
Make proud thy head ; now feele more friendly strength

The Tragedie

Of thy Lords arme: come touch my rougher skin
With thy soft lip, *Zanthia* dresse our bed.
Forget old loves, and clip him that through blood,
And hell, acquires his wish, thinke not but kisse,
The flourish fore loves fight, and *Venus* blisse.

so. Great dreadfull Lord, by thy affection,
Grant me one boone, know I have made a vow.

Sy. Vow? what vow? speak. *so.* Nay, if you take offence;
Let my soule suffer first, and yet — *Sy.* Offence?
Not *Sophonisba*, hold, thy vow is free,
As — come thy lips. *so.* Alas crosse misery!
As I doe wish to live, I long t'enjoy
Your wwarne imbrace, but O my vow, tis thus,
If ever my Lord dy'd, I vow'd to him,
A most, most private Sacrifice, before
I touch'd a second Spouse: all I implore,
Is but this liberty. *Sy.* This? goe obtaine:
What time? *so.* One houre. *Sy.* Sweet, good speed, speed,
Yet *Syphax* trust no more then thou mayst view. (adieu.
Vangue shall stay. *sa.* He stayes.

Enter a Page delivering a letter to *Sophonisba*, which she
privately reades.

Sy. *Zanthia*, *Zanthia*,
Thou art not foule, go to, some Lords are oft
So much in love with their knowne Ladies bodies,
That they oft love their vailes, hold, hold, thou'lt find,
To faithfull care Kings bounty hath no shone.

za. You may do much. *Sy.* But let my gold do more.

za. I am your creature. *Sy.* Bee, get, tis no staine,
The god of service is however gaine. *Exit.*

so. *Zanthia*, where are we now? speak worth my service,
Ha we done well? *za.* Nay, in height of best.
I fear'd a superstitious vertue would spoyle all,
But now I find you, above women, rare.
Shee that can time her goodnesse hath true care
Of her best good. Nature at home beginnes,

of Sophonisba.

She who's integrity her selfe hurts saines.
For *Massinissa*, he was good, and so,
But he is dead, or worse, distrest, or more
Then dead, or much distressed, O sad, poore,
Who ever held such friends: no, let him goe;
Such faith is prais'd, then laugh'd at; for still know,
Those are the living women, that reduce
All that they touch, unto their ease and use.
Knowing that wedlock, vertue, or good names,
Are courses and varieties of reason,
To use, or leaue, as they advantage them,
And absolute within themselves repos'd,
Only to Greatnesse ope, to all else clos'd.
Weak sanguine fooles are to their own good nice:
Before I held you vertuous, but now wise.

So. *Zantbia*, victorious *Massinissa* lives.

My *Massinissa* lives. O steddy Powers,
Keep him as safe, as heaven keepes the earth,
Which looks upon it with a thousand eyes;
That honest valiant man, and *Zantbia*,
Doe but record the justice of his love,
And my for ever vowes, for ever vowes.

Za. I true Madam: nay thinke of his great mind,
His most iust heart, his all of excellency,
And such a vertue, as the Gods might envy,
Against this *Syphax*, is but — and you know
Fame lost, what can be got, that's good for — *So.* Hence,
Take nay with one hand. *Za.* My service. *So.* Prepare
Our sacrifice. *Za.* But yield you, I, or no? (know.
So. Whē thou dost know. *Za.* What thē? *So.* Thē thou wilt
Let him, that would haue counsel, voyd th'aduice *ex.* *Za.*
Of friends, made his with waighty benefits,
Whose much dependance onely strives to fit
Humour not reason, and so still devise
In any thought to make their friend seeme wise:
But above all, O feare a servants tongue,

The Tragedie

Like such as onely for their gaine to serue,
Within the vaste capacity of place:
I know no vilenesse so most truely base.
Their Lords, their gaine: and he that most will giue,
With him (they will not dye: but) they will liue.
Traytors and these are one: such slaves once trust,
Whet swords to make thine owne blood lick the dust.

Cornets and Organs playing full musicke. Enters the solemnity of a sacrifice, which being entered, whilst the attendance furnish the Altar. Sophonisba. Song: which done she speakes.

Withdraw, withdraw, all but *Zanthia* and *Vangue* depart,
I not invoke thy arme thou God of sound
Nor thine, nor thine, although in all abound
High powers immense: But *Ioviah Mercury*,
And thou O brightest female of the sky,
Thrice modest *Phœbe*, you that joynly fit
A worthy chastity, and a most chaste wit
To you corruptlesse *Hunny*, and pure dew
Vpbreathes our holy fire, words just and few.
O daine to heare, if in poore wretches cryes
You glory not: if drops of withered eyes
Be not your sport, be just: all that I craue
Is but chaste life, or an untainted graue.
I can no more: yet hath my constant tongue
Let fall no weakenesse, tho' my heart were wrung
With pangs worth hell: whilst great thoughts stop our
Sorrow unseene, unpitied inward weares (teares
You see now where I rest, come is my end.
Cannot heaven, vertue, 'gainst weake chance defend?
VVhen weaknesse hath out-borne what weaknesse can,
What should I say tis *Ioues*, not finne of man.
Some stratagem now let wits God be shewen,
Celestiall powers by miracles are knowne.
I ha'u't tis done. *Zanthia* prepare our bed —

Vangue. Ya. Your servant. So. *Vangue* we haue perform'd
Due

of Sophonisba.

Due rites unto the dead.

Sophonisba presents a carouse to Vangue & & &
Now to thy Lord great Syphax healthfull cups ; which
The King is right much welcome. (done,

Va. VVere it as deepe as thought, off it should thus—

So. My safetie with that draught, he drinkeſ.

Va. Close the vaults mouth least we doe ſlip in drinke.

So. To what uſe gentle Negro ſeruſes this caue,

VVhose mouth thus opens ſo familiarly,

Even in the Kings bed-chamber ? Va. O my Queene

This vault with hideous darkenesſe, and much length

Stretcheth beneath the earth into a groue,

One league from Cirta (I am very ſleepy)

Through this when Cirta hath beene ſtrong begirt,

VVith hostile ſiege the King hath ſafely ſcaped

To, to. So. The wine is ſtrong. Va. ſtrong ? So. Zanthia.

Za. VVhat meanes my Princeſſe ? So. Zanthia rest firme
And ſilent, helpe us ; Nay doe not dare refuſe.

Za. The Negros dead. So. No drunke. Za. Alas. So. Too
Her hand is fearefull whose mind's desperate. (late,
It is but ſleepie Opium he hath drunke,
Helpe Zanthia.

They lay Vangue in Syphax bed and draw the curteines.
There lie Syphax Bride, a naked man is ſoone undreſt ;
There bide diſhonoured paſſion.

They knock within, forthwith Syphax comes.

Sy. VVay for the King. So. Straight for the King: I fly
where miſery ſhall ſee nought but it ſelſe.
Deare Zanthia close the vault when I am ſunke,
And vwhilſt he ſlips to bed escape, be true,
I can no more, come to me : Harke gods, my breath
Scornes to craue life, grant but a vwell famde death.

She deſcends.

Enter Syphax ready for bed.

Sy. Each man withdraw, let not a creature ſtay,
VVithin large diſtance. Za. Sir ? Sy. Hence Zanthia,

Not

The Tragedie

Not thou shalt heare, all stand without eare-reach
Of the soft cryes nice shrinking brides do yeeld, (by steps,
When - Za. But Sir - Sy. Hence-, stay, take thy delight
Thinke of thy joyes, and make long thy pleasures,
O silence thou dost swallow pleasure right,
Words take away some sense from our delight ;
Musicke : be proud my *Venus*, *Mercury* thy tongue,
Cupid thy flame, 'boue all O *Hercules*,
Let not thy backe be wanting : for now I leape
To catch the fruite, none but the Gods should reap.

Offering to leape into bed, he discovers Vangue.
Hah ! can any woman turne to such a Devill ? (flaue,
Or : or : *Vangue*, *Vangue* — *Van*. Yes, yes. Sy. Speake
How cam'st thou here? *Van*. Here ? Sy. *Zanthia*, *Zanthia*,
Wher's *Sophonisba*? speake at full ? at full,
Giue me particular faith, or know thou art not —

Za. Your pardon just mov'd Prince and private eare.
Sy. Ill actions haue some grace, that they can feare.
Va. How came I laid? which way was I made drunke?
Where am I ? thinke I, or is my state advanc'd ?
O loue how pleasant is it but to sleepe
In a Kings bed ! Sy. Sleepe there thy lasting sleepe
Improvident, base, o're-thirsty flaue. Sy kills *Va*.
Dye pleasd, a Kings couch is thy too proud graue.
Through this vault say'st thou? Za. As you giue me grace
To liue, tis true. Sy. We will be good to *Zanthia* ;
Goe cheare thy Lady, and be private to us.

She descends after Sophonisba.

Za. As to my life. Sy. I'le use this *Zanthia*,
And treat her as our dogs drinke dangerous *Nile*,
Only for thirst, the *Flie*, the *Crocodile* :
Wise *Sophonisba* knowes loues tricks of art,
Without much hindrance, pleasure hath no heart ;
Despight all vertue or weake plots I must,

of Sophonisba.

Seven walled Babell cannot beare out lust.

Descends through the vault

Cornets sound Marches. Enter Scipio and Lælius with the complements of Roman Generalls before them: At the other doore, Massinissa and Jugurthi.

Ma. Let not the vertue of the world suspect
Sad Massinissa's faith: nor once condern
Our just revolt: Carthage first gave me life,
Her ground gave food, her aire first lent me breath.

The Earth was made for men, not men for Earth.
Scipio, I doe not thanke the Gods for life,
Much lesse vile men, or earth: know best of Lords,
It is a happy being, breath well fam'd,
For which love fees these thus, Men be not fool'd
With piety to place, traditions feare:

A just mans countrey love makes every where,
Sci. Well urgeth Massinissa, but to leave
A city so ingrate, so faithlesse, so more vile
Then civill speech can name, feare not, such vice
To scourge is heavens gratefull sacrifice.
Thus all confesse first they have broke a faith
To the most due, so just to be observ'd,
That barbarousnesse it selfe may well blush at them,
Where is thy passion? they have shat'd thy Crowne,
Thy proper right of birth; contriv'd thy death;
Where is thy passion? given thy beautious spouse
To thy most hated Rival: Statte, not man;
And last, thy friend Gelosso (man worth gods)
With tortures have they rent to death. Ma. O Gelosso!
For thee full eyes — Sci. No passion for the rest?

Ma. O Scipio, my griefe for him may be exprest,
But for the rest Silence and secret anguish by teares
Shall wast: shall wast: — Scipio, he that can weep,
Grieves not like me, private deep inward drops
Of blood: my heart — for Gods right give me leave

The Tragedie

To be a short time *Man.* *Sci.* Stay Prince. *Ma.* I cease;
Forgiue if I forget thy presence: *Scipio*
Thy face makes *Massinissa* more then man,
And here before your steddy power a vow,
As firme as fate I make: when I desist
To be commanded by thy vertue, (*Scipio*)
Or fall from friend of Romes, revenging Gods
Afflict me worth your torture: I haue given
Of passion and of faith my heart. *Sci.* To counsell then,
 Griese fits weake hearts, revenging vertue men.
Thus I thinke fit, before that *Syphax* know,
How deepeley *Carthage* sinkes lets beat swift march
Up even to *Cirta*, and whilst *Syphax* snores
With his, late thine — *Ma.* With mine? no *Scipio*,
Libian hath poyson, aspes, kniues, and too much earth
To make one graue, with mine? not, she can dye,
Scipio with mine? *Ioue* say it thou dost lye.

Sci. Temperance be *Scipios* honour. *Le.* Cease your
She is a woman. *Ma.* But she is my wife. (strife)

Le. And yet she is no God. *Ma.* And yet she's,
I doe not praise Gods goodnesse but adore. (more.
Gods cannot fall, and for their constant goodnesse
(VVhich is necessitated) they haue a crowne,
Of never ending pleasures: but faint man
Fram'd to haue his weaknesse made the heavens glory)
If he with steddy vertue holds all siege,
That power, that speech, that pleasure, that full sweets,
A world of greatnessse can assaile him with,
Having no pay but selfe wept misery,
And beggars treasure heapt, that man Ile prayse
Aboue the Gods. *Sc.* The *Lybian* speakes bold sense.

Ma. By that by which all is, *Proportion*, (admiration,
I speake with thought. *Sci.* No more. *Ma.* Forgiue my
You toucht a string to which my sense was quick,
Can you but thinke? do, do; my griefe! my griefe
Would make a Saint blasphemē: giue some reliefē,

of Sophonisba.

As thou art *Scipio* forgiue that I forget,
I am a souldier ; such woes loues ribs woulde burst,
Few speake leſſe ill that feele ſo much of worſt.
My care attends. *Sci.* Before then *Syphax* joyne,
With new strength'd Carthage, or can once unwind,
His tangled ſente from out ſo vilde amaze,
Fall wee like ſuddaine lightning fore his eyes ;
Boldneſſe and ſpeed are all of viſtories.

Ma. Scipio, let *Massinissa* a clip thy knees ;
May once theſe eyes view *Syphax* ? ſhall this arme
Once make him feele his ſinne ? O yee Gods
My cauſe, my cauſe ! Iuſtice is ſo huge ods,
That he who with it feares, heauen muſt renounce
In his creation. *Sci.* Beate then a cloſe quicke march,
Before the morne ſhall ſhake cold dew's through ſkies,
Syphax ſhall tremble at Romes thicke alarms.

Ma. Yee powers I challenge conqueſt to juſt armeſ
With a full flouriſh of Cornets they depart.

ACTVS. IIII. SCENA. I.

Organs, Viols, and Voices play for this Act.

Enter Sophonisba, and Zanthia *as out of a caues mouth*.

(caue

So. **V**Here are we Zanthia ? *Za. Vangue* ſaid the
Op'ned in *Belos* forreſt. *So. Lord* how ſweet
I ſent the ayre ? the huge long vaults close vaine,
What dumps it breath'd ? In *Belos* forreſt ſayſt :
Be valiant *Zanthia* ; how far's *Vtica* ?
From theſe moft heavie ſhades ? *Zan.* Ten eaſie leagues.

So. There's *Massinissa*, my true *Zanthia* ;
Shalſ venture nobly to eſcape, and touch
My Lords juſt armeſ : Loues wings ſo juſtly heauſ
The body up, that as our toes ſhall trip

The Tragedie

Over the tender and obedient grasse,
Scarce any drop of dew is dasht to ground.
And see the willing shade of friendly night
Makes safe our instant haste : Boldnesse and speed,
Make actions most impossible succeed.

Za. But Madam know the Forrest hath no way
But one to passe, the which holds strictest guard.

So. Doe not betray me Zanthia. Za. I madam. So. No
I not mistrust thee, yet, but, — Za. Here you may
Delay your time, So. I Zanthia delay
By which we may yet hope, yet hope, alas
How all benum'd's my sense, Chaunce hath so often
I scarce can feele : I should now curse the Gods (struck
Call on the furies : stampe the patient earth,
Cleave my stretch'd cheeks with sound, speake from all
But loud and full of players eloquence. (sense,

No, no, What shall we eate ? Za. Madam Ile search
For some ripe nuts which Autumn hath shooke downe
From the unleav'd Hasell, then some cooler ayre
Shall lead me to a spring : Or I will try
The courteous pale of some poore forrestres
For milke. So. Do Zanthia, O happinesse, Exit Zanthia.
Of those that know not pride or lust of Citie,

Ther's no man bless'd but those that most men pity.
O fortunate poore maids, that are not forc'd,
To wed for state nor are for state divorc'd !
Whom policy of kingdomes doth not marry,
But pure affection makes to loue or vary,
You feele no loue, which you dare not to shew,
Nor shew a loue which doth not truely grow :
O you are surely blessed of the sky,
You liue, that know not death before you dye.

Through the vautes mouth in his night gone, torch in
his hand, Syphax enters just behind Sophon.
You are : Sy. In Syphax armes, thing of false lip,
What God shall now release thee. So. Art a man ?

Sy.

of Sophonisba.

Sy. Thy limbs shall feele, despight thy vertue know,
I'le thred thy richest pearle: this forrests deafe,
As is my lust: *Night* and the God of *silence*,
Swels my full pleasures, no more shalt thou delude,
My easie credence. Virgin of faire brow,
Well featurde creature, and our utmost wonder,
Queene of our youthfull bed be proud.

Syphax setteth away his light, & prepareth to embrace Soph.
Ile use thee. *(Sophonisba snatcheth out her knife.)*

So. Looke thee, view this, shew but one straine of force,
Bow but to sease this arme, and by my selfe,
Or more by *Massinissa* this good steele,
Shall set my soule on wing; thus form'd Gods see,
And men with Gods worth envie nought but me.

Sy. Doe strikē thy breast, know being dead, Ile use,
With highest lust of sense thy senselesse flesh,
And even then thy vexed soule shall see,
Without resistance, thy trunke prostitute,
Vnto our appetite. So. I shame to make thee know,
How vile thou speakest: *Corruption* then as much,
As thou shalt doe: but frame unto thy lusts,
Imaginations utmost sinne: *Syphax*,
I speake all frightlesse, know I liue or die
To *Massinissa*, nor the force of fate
Shall make me leaue his loue, or slake thy hate,
I will speake no more.

Sy. Thou hast amaz'd us, womans forced use,
Like unripe fruits, no sooner got but waste,
They haue proportion, colour but no taste,
Thinke *Syphax*—*Sophonisba* rest thine owne,
Our Guard. *Enter a Guard.*

Creature of most astonishing vertue,
If with faire vsage, loue and passionate courtings,
We may obtaine, the heaven of thy bed,
We cease no sute, from other force be free.
We dote not on thy body, but loue thee.

The Tragedie

So. Wilt thou keep faith? Sy. By thee, and by that power
By which thou art thus glorious, trust my vow;
Our Guard, convay the royallst excellency,
That ever was call'd woman, to our Pallace,
Observe her with strict care. So. Dread Syphax speake,
As thou art worthy, is not Zantia false?

Sy. To thee she is. So. As thou art then thy selfe,
Let her not be. Sy. She is not. The guard seizeth Zan.

Zan. Thus most speed,
When two foes are growne friends, Partakers bleed.

Sy. When plants must flourish, their manure must rot.

So. Syphax, be recompenc'd, I hate thee not. Ex. Sep.

Sy. A wasting flame feedes on my amorous blood,
Which we must coole, or dye: what way all power,
All speech, full opportunity, can make,
We have made fruitlesse tryall. Infernall Love,
You resolute Angels that delight in flames,
To you, all wonder working spirits, I flye;
Since heaven helps not, deepest hell wee'l try.

Here in this desart, the great soule of charmes,
Dreadfull Eri^tho lives, whose dismall brow
Contemnes all roofes, or civill coverture.
Forsaken Graves, and Tombs, the Ghosts forc'd out,
She joyes to inhabite.

Infernall musicke playes softly, whilst Eri^tho enters, and
when she speakes ceaseth.

A loathsome yellow leanness spreads her face,
A heavy hell-like paleness loads her cheeks
Unknowne to a cleare heaven: but if darke winds,
Or thicke blacke clouds drive back the blinded starres,
When her deep Magicke makes forc'd heaven quake,
And thunder, spight of Love: Eri^tho then
From naked Graves stalkes out, heaves proud her head,
With long unkemb'd haire loaden, and strives to snatch
The Nights quicke sulphure; then she bursts up tombs
From halfe rot sear-cloths, then she scrapes dry gummes

For

of Sophonisba.

For her blacke rites : but when she finds a coarse
But newly grav'd, whose entrailes are not turn'd
To slymie filth, with greedy havocke then
She makes fierce spoyle : and swells with wicked triumph
To bury her leane knuckles in his eyes :
Then doth she gnaw the pale and oregrownne nayles
From his dry hand : but if she find some life
Yet lurking close, she bites his gellid lips,
And sticking her blacke tongue in his dry throat,
She breaths dire murmurs, which inforce him beare
Her banefull secrets to the spirits of horrour.
To her first sound the Gods yield any harme,
As trembling once to heare a second charme :
She is — *Eri*. Here *Syphax*, here, quake not, for know,
I know thy thoughts, thou wouldest intreat our powre
Nice *Sophonisba*'s passion to inforce
To thy affection, be all full of *love*,
Tis done, tis done, to us heaven, earth, sea, ayre,
And Fate it selfe obayes, the beafts of death,
And all the terrors angry gods invented,
(T' afflict the ignorance of patient man)
Tremble at us : the roul'd-up Snake uncurl's
His twisted knots, at our affrighting voyce.
Are we incens'd ? the King of flames growes pale,
Lest he be choak'd with blacke and earthy fumes,
Which our charmes raise : Be joy'd, make proud thy lust;
I doe not pray you, Gods, my breath's, *You must*,

Sy. Deep knowing spirit, mother of all high
Mysterious science, what may *Syphax* yield
Worthy thy Art, by which my soule's thus eas'd ;
The Gods first made me live, but thou live pleas'd.

Eri. Know then our love, hard by the reverent ruines
Of a once glorious Temple rear'd to *love*,
Whose very rubbish (like the pittyed fall,
Of vertue much unfortunate) yet beares
A deathleffe majesty, though now quite rac'd,

The Tragedie

Hurl'd downe by wrath and lust of impious Kings,
So that where holy *Flamins* wont to sing
Sweet Hymnes to heaven, there the Daw, and Crow,
The ill-voyc'd Raven, and still chattering Pye,
Send out ungratefull sounds, and loathsome filth,
Where statues, and Lovers acts were lively limb'd,
Boyes with black coales draw the vail'd parts of nature,
And leacherous actions of imagin'd lust :
Where tombs, and beautious Vrnes of well dead men
Stood in assured rest, the Shepheard now
Vnloads his belly : Corruption, most abhor'd,
Mingling it selfe with their renowned ashes ;
Our selfe quakes at it.

There once a *Charnel* house, now a vast Cave,
Over whose brow a pale and untrod Groue
Throwes out her heavy shade, the mouth thicke armes
Of darksome Ewe (Sun proffe) for ever choakes ;
Within rest barren darkenesse, fruitlesse drought
Pines in eternall Night ; the steame of Hell
Yields not so lasy ayre : There, that's my Cell ;
From thence a charme, which *love* dare not heare twice,
Shall force her to thy bed : but *Syphax* know,
Love is the highest Rebell to our Art :
Therfore I charge thee, by the fearc of all,
Which thou know'st dreadfull, or more, by our selfe,
As with swift hast she passeth to thy bed,
And easy to thy wishes yields, speake not one word,
Nor dare, as thou dost feare thy losse of joyes,
T'dmit one light, one light. *Sy.* As to my Fate.
I yield my guidance. *Eri.* Then, when I shall force
The Aire to musicke, and the shades of night
To forme sweet sounds, make proud thy rais'd delight :
Meane time behold, I goe a charme to reare,
Whose potent sound will force our selfe to feare.

Sy. Whether is *Syphax* heav'd ? at length shall's ioy
Hopes more desir'd then Heaven ? sweet labouring earth
Let

of Sophonisba.

Let heauen be uniform'd with mighty charmes,
Let *Sophonisba* only fill these armes ;
I love wee'l not envy thee ; Bloods appetite
Is *Syphax* god ; my wisedome is my sense,
Without a man I hold no excellency.
Give me long breath, young beds, and sicklesse ease,
For we hold firme, that's lawfull, which doth please.

Infernall Musick softly.

Harke, harke, now rise infernall tones,
The deep fetch'd grones
Of labouring spirits that attend
Eri^{tho}.

Eri^{tho}. within.

Sy. Now cracke the trembling earth, and send
Shreekes, that portend

Affrightment to the Gods which heare
Eri^{tho}.

Eri^{tho}. within.

A treble Viall & a base Lute play softly within
the Canopy.

Sy. Harke, harke ! now softer melody strikes mate
Disquiet Nature : O thou power of sound,
How thou dost melt me. Harke, now even heaven,
Gives up his soule amongst us : Now's the time
When greedy expectation straines mine eyes
For their lov'd object : now *Eri^{tho}* will'd
Prepare my appetite for loves strict gripes ;
O you deare founts of pleasure, bloud, and beauty,
Rayse active Venus worth fruition
Of such provoking sweetnesse. Harke, she comes ;

A short song to soft Musick above.

Two nupiiall hymnes, inforced spirits sing,
Harke (*Syphax*) harke ;

C A N T A N T.

Now hell and heaven rings

With

The Tragedie

With Musickes spight of Phœbus : Peace.

Enter Erichtho in the shape of Sophonisba, her face
veiled and hasteth in the bed of Syphax.

She comes :

Fury of bloods impatient : Erichtho
'Boue thunder sits ; to thee egregious soule.
Let all flesh bend. Sophonisba thy flame
But equall mine, and weeble joy such delight,
That gods shall not admire, but even spight.

Syphax hastneth within the Canopy as to
Sophonisbas bed.

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

A base Lute and a Treble Viole play for the Act.

Syphax drawes the curtaines and discovers Erichtho
lying with him.

Eri. HA,ha,ha. Sy. Light,light. Eri. Ha,ha.
Sy. Thou rotten scum of hell —

My abhorred heate ! O loath'd delusion !

They leape out of the bed, Syphax takes him to his sword.

Eri. Why foole of Kings, could thy weake soule ima-
That 'tis within the grapse of Heaven or Hell (gine
To enforce loue? why know Loue doats the fates,
Loue groanes beneath his waight : more ignorant thing,
Know we Erichtho, with a thirsty wombe,
Haue coveted full threescore Suns for blood of Kings,
We that can make enraged Neptune tosse,
His huge curld locks without one breath of wind :
We that can make Heaven slide from Atlas shoulder :
We in the pride and height of covetous lust,
Haue wist with womans greedinesse to fill
Our longing armes with Syphax well strong lims :
And doft thou thinke if Philters or Hels charmes
Could haue inforc'd thy use, we would hau' dam'd
Braine sleights? no, no, now are we full

of Sophonisba.

Of our deare wishes : thy proud heate well wafted,
Hath made our lims grow young : our loue farewell,
Know he that would force loue, thus seekes his Hell,
Erichtho slips into the ground as Syphax offers his sword to
Sy. Can we yet breath? is any plagu'd like me? (her.
Are we? lets thinke : O now contempt, my hate
To thee thy thunder, sulphure and scorn'd name
He whose life's loath'd, and he who breathes to curse,
His very beings ; let him thus with me.

Syphax kneeleth at the Altar.

Fall fore an Altar, sacred to blacke powers,
And thus dare Heavens : O thou whose blasting flames
Hurle barren droughts upon the patient earth,
And thou gay god of riddles and strange tales,
Hot-brained *Phœbus*, all adde if you can,
Something unto my misery ; If ought
Of plagues lurke in your deepe trench'd browes,
Which yet I know not ; let them fall like bolts,
Which wrathfull *loue* driues strong into my bosome,
If any chance of warre, or newnes ill voyc'd,
Mischife unthought of lurke, come giu't us all,
Heape curse on curse, we can no lower fall.

Out of the Altar the ghost of Asdruball ariseth.

Asd. Lower, lower. *Sy.* VVhat damn'd ayre is form'd
Into that shape? speake, speake, we cannot quake,
Our flesh knowes not ignoble tremblings, speake,
VVe dare thy terror ; me thinkes hell and fate
Should dread a soule with woes made desperate.

Asd. Know me the spirit of great *Asdruball*,
Father to *Sophonisba*, whose bad heart
Made justly most unfortunate ; for know
I turn'd unfaithfull, after which the field
Chanc'd to our losse, when of thy men there fell,
6000 soules next fight of *Lybias* ten.
After which losse we unto Carthage flying,
The enraged people cri'd their Army fell

Through

The Tragedie

Through my base treason : straight my revengefull fury
Makes them pursue me, I with resolute haste,
Made to the graue of all our Ancestors
When poysoned, hop'd my bones should haue long rest,
But see the violent multitude arriues.
Teare downe our monument, and me now dead
Deny a graue : hurle us among the rocks
To stanch beasts hunger ; therefore thus ungrauid
I seeke slow rest : now doest thou know more woes
And more must feele : Mortals O feare to flight
Your Gods and vowes : Ioues arme is of dread might.

Sy. Yet speake, shall I o'recome approaching foes?

Ajd. Spirits of wrath know nothing but their woes.

Enter Nuntius.

Exit.

Nun. My liege, my liege, the scouts of *Cirta* bring
Of suddaine danger, fullten thousand horse, (intelligence
Fresh and well rid strong *Massinissa* leads,
As wings to Romaane legions that march swift,
Lead by that man of conquest, *Scipio*. Sy. *Scipio*.

Nu. direct to *Cirta*. A march farre off is heard.
Harke their march is heard even to the Citiie.

Sy. Helpe, our Guard, my armes, bid all our leaders
Beate thicke alarmes, I haue scene things which thou
Wouldst quake to heare :
Boldnesse and strength the shame of slaues be feare.
Up heart, hold sword : though waues roule thee on shelfe,
Though fortune leaue thee, leaue not thou thy selfe.

Exit arming.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter two Pages with targets, and Iauelins, Lelius and
Iugurth with halberds, Scipio and Massinissa armed
Cornets sounding a march.

Sc. Stand. Ma. Giue the word stand. So. Part the file.
Ma. Giue way.

Scipio

of Sophonisba.

Scipio by thy great name, but greater vertue,
By our eternall loue give me the chance
Of this dayes battle: Let not thy envied fame
Vouchsafe to oppose the Romane legions
Against one weakned Prince of Lybia,
This quarrel's mine: mine be the stroke of fight,
Let us and Syphax hurle our well forc'd darts
Each unto others breast, O (what should I say?)
Thou beyond Epithete, thou whom proud Lords of
May even envie: (alas my joyes so vaste, (fortune
Makes me seeme lost, let us thunder and lightning
Strike from our braue armes, looke, locke, sease that hill,
Harke he comes neere: From thence discerne us strike
Fire worth loue, mount up, and not repute
Me very proud, though wondrous resolute.
My cause: my cause, is my bold heartning ods,
That seven fold shield, just armes should fright the Gods.

Sci. Thy words are full of honour take thy fate.

Mat. Which we doe scorne to feare, to Scipio state
Worthy his heart. Now let the forced brasie
Sound on.

*Cornets sound a march, Scipio leads his
traine up to the mount.*

Iugurth claspe sure our caske,
Arme us with care, and Iugurth if I fall
Through this dayes malice, or our fathers sinnes,
If it in thy sword lye, breake up my breast,
And saue my heart that never fell nor sued
To ought but loue and Sophonisba. Sound
Sterne heartnes unto wounds and blood, sound loud,
For we haue named Sophonisba.

Cornets a florish.

So. ¹ *Cornets a march farre off.*
Harke harke, he comes, stand blood, now multiply
Force more then fury, sound high, sound high, we strike.
For Sophonisba.

Enter

The Tragedie

Enter Syphax arm'd, his Pages with shields and darts
before, Cornets sounding marches.

Sy. For Sophonisba.

Mas. Syphax. Sy. Massinissa. Mas. Betwixt us two
Let single fight try all. Sy. Well urg'd. Ma. Well granted
Of you my Starres, as I am worthy you,
I implore ayde; and O, if Angels wayt
Vpon good hearts, my Genius bee as strong
As I am just. Sy. Kings glory is their wrong.
He that may onely doe just act's a slau,
My Gods my arme, my life, my heauen, my graue,
To me all end. Mas. Giue day Gods, life, not death,
To him that onely feares blaspheming breath.
For Sophonisba. Sy. For Sophonisba.

Cornets sound a charge, Massinissa and Syphax combate,
Syphax falls, Massinissa unclasps Syphax caske, and
as ready to kill him, speakes Syphax.

Sy. Vnto thy fortune, not to thee wee yeeld.

Mas. Lives Sophonisba yet unstain'd, speake just,
Yet ours unforc'd? Sy. Let my heart fall more low
Then is my body, if onely to thy glory
Shee lives not yet all thine. Mas. Rise, rise, cease strife.
Hearc a most deepe revenge, from us take life.

Cornets sounded a March, Scipio and Lælius enter; Scipio passeth to his throne, Massinissa presents Syphax to Scipio's feet, Cornets sounding a flourish.

To you all power of strength: and next to thee,
Thou spirit of triumph, borne for victory.
I heave these hands: March we to Cirta straight,
My Sophonisba with swift hast to winne
In honor and in loue all meane is sinne. Ex. Ma. & Iug.
Sci. As we are Romes great Generall thus we preffe
Thy captiuē necke: but as still Scipio,

And

of Sophonisba.

And sensible of just humanitie,
We weepe thy bondage : speake thou ill chanc'd man,
VVhat spirit tooke thee when thou wert our friend,
(Thy right hand given both to Gods and us,
With such most passionate vowes, and solemnne faith)
Thou fledst with such most foule disloyaltie,
To now weake *Carthage*, strengthening their bad armes,
VVho lately scorn'd thee with all loath'd abuse,
VVho never entertaine for loue, but use.

Sy. Scipio, my fortune is captiv'd, not I,
Therefore Ile speake bold truth : nor once mistrust
VVhat I shall say, for now being wholly yours,
I must not faine ; *Sophonisba*, 'twas shee,
Twas *Sophonisba* that solicited
My forc'd revolt, twas her resistlesse suite,
Her loue to her deare *Carthage* tic'd me breake
All faith with men : twas shee made *Syphax* false,
Shee that loues *Carthage* with such violence,
And hath such mooving graces to allure,
That shee will turne a man that once hath sworne
Himselfe on's fathers bones, her *Carthage* foe,
To be that *Cities* Champion, and high friend.
Her *Himeneall* torch burnt downne my house,
Then was I captiv'd, when her wanton armes
There moving claspt about my necke, O charmes,
Able to turne even Fate : but this in my true griefe
Is some just joy, that my loue-sotted foe
Shall seize that plague, that *Massinissa* breast
Her hands shall arme, and that ere long youle trie,
Shee can force him your foe as well as I.

Sci. Lelius, *Lelius*, take a choyce troupe of horse,
And spur to *Cirta*. To *Massinissa* thus,
Syphax palace, crownes, spoyle, cities sacke
Be free to him ; but if our new laugh'd friend
Possesse that woman of so moving art,
Charge him with no lessie waight then his deare vow,

Out

The Tragedie

Our love, all faith, that he resigne her thee,
As he shall answer Rome will give him up
A Roman prisoner to the Senates doome,
She is a Carthaginian, now our lawes
Wise men prevent not actions, but euer cause.

Sy. Good malice, so, as liberty so deare
Prove my revenge: what I cannot possesse
Another shall not; that's some happinesse.

Exeunt. Cornets flourishing.

The Cornets afar off sounding a charge: A souldier wounded at one doore, Enter at the other Sophonisba, two Pages before her with lights, two women bearing up her traine.

Soul. Princesse, O fly, Syphax hath lost the day,
And Captiv'd lyes, the Roman Legions
Have seizd the Towne, and with inveterate hate,
Make slaves, or murder all: Fire, and steele,
Fury, and night hold all; faire Queene, O fly,
We bleed for Carthage, all for Carthage dye. exit.

The Cornets sounding a March, Enter Pages with Lavelins and Targets, Massinissa and Jugurth, Massinissa's Baver shut.

Massinissa March to the Pallace. So What ere man thou art
Of Lybia, thy faire armes speake: give heart
To amazd weaknesse, heare her, that for long time
Hath scene no wished light. Sophonisba,
A name for misery much knowne, tis she
Intreats of thy grac'd sword this onely boone,
Let me not kneele to Rome, for though no cause
Of mine deservyes their hate, though Massinissa
Be ours to heart, yet Roman Generalls
Make proud their triumphs, with what ever Captives
O tis a Nation, which from soule I feare,
As one well knowing the much grounded hate,

They

of Sophonisba.

They beare to Asdruball and Carthage bloud;
Therefore with teares that wash thy feet, with hands
Vnusde to beg, I claspe thy manly knees,
O save me from their fitters and contempt,
Their proud insults, and more then insolence;
Or if it rest not in thy grace of breath
To grant such freedome, giue me long-wisht death:
For tis not now loath'd life that we doe craue,
Onely an unsham'd death, and silent graue,
VVee will now daine to bend for. *Mas.* Raritie,

Masinissa disarmes his head.

By thee and this right hand, thou shalt liue free.

So. We cannot now be wretched. *Ma.* Stay the sword.
Let slaughter cease; sounds soft as *Ledus* breast

Soft Musique.

Slide through all eares, this night be louses high feast.

So. Owhelme me not with sweets, let me not drink,
Till my breast burst, O *Ioue*, thy Nectar skinke.

Shee sinkes into Masinissas armes.

Ma. She is orecome with joy. *So.* Help, help to beare
Some happinesse ye powers; I haue joy to spare,
Inough to make a God: O *Masinissa*. *Mas.* Peace,
A silent thinking makes full joyes increase.

Enter Lelius.

Le. *Masinissa*. *Ma.* *Lelius*. *Le.* Thine eare.

Mas. Stand off.

Lel. From *Scipio* thus: By thy late vow of faith,
And mutuall league of endlesse amitie,
As thou respects his vertue, or Romes force,
Deliver *Sophonisba* to our hand.

Mas. *Sophonisba*? *Lel.* *Sophonisba*. *So.* My Lord
Lookes pale, and from his halfe burst eyes a flame
Of deepe disquiet breakes; the Gods turne false,
My sad presage. *Ma.* *Sophonisba*? *Lel.* Even she.

Ma. She kild not *Scipios* father, nor his uncle, (thage?
Great *Cneius*. *Ee.* Carthage did. *Ma.* To her whats Car-

The Tragedie

Let. Know twas her father *Asdruball* struck off His fathers head, giue place to faith and fate.

Mas. Tis crosse to honour. *Let.* But tis just to State, So speaketh *Scipio*, doe not thou detaine A Romane prisoner, due to this great triumph, As thou shalt ansWER Rome and him. *Mas.* *Lelius*, VVee now are in Romes power; *Lelius*, View *MasInissa* doe a loathed act, Most sinking from that state his heart did keepe. Looke *Lelius*, looke, see *MasInissa* weepe; Know I haue made a vow more deare to me, Then my soules endlesse being: shee shall rest Free from Romes bondage. *Le.* But dost thou forget Thy vow yet fresh thus breathd: When I desist To be commanded by thy vertue, *Scipio*, Or fall from friend of Rome, revenging gods, Afflict me with your torture. *Mas.* *Lelius*, enough: Salute the Roman, tell him wee will act What shall amaze him. *Let.* Wilt thou yeeld her then?

Ma. She shall arriue there staight. *Le.* Best fate of men To thee. *Mas.* And *Scipio*: Haue I liv'd, O heavens, To be inforcedly perfidious?

So. VVhat unjust griefe afflicts my worthy Lord?

Mas. Thank me ye gods, with much beholdingnesse, For marke I doe not curse you. *So.* Tell me sweet, The cause of thy much anguish. *Ma.* Ha, the cause? Let's see, wreath back thine armes, bend downe thy neck, Practise base prayers, make fit thy selfe for bondage.

So. Bondage? *Ma.* Bondage, Roman bondage. *So.* No,

Mas. How then haue I vow'd well to *Scipio*? (no.

So. How then to *Sophonisba*? *Ma.* Right, which way Runne mad impossible distraction.

So. Deare Lord thy patience; let it maze all power, And list to her in whose sole heart it rests

To keepe thy faith upright. *Ma.* Wilt thou be slau'd?

So. No free. *Ma.* How the keep I my faith? *So.* My death

Giuers

of Sophonisba.

Glues helpe to all : From Rome so rest we free ;
So brought to *Scipio*, faith is kept in thee.

Ma. Thou darst not die; some wine, thou darst not die.

Enter a Page with a boule of wine.

Se. How neere was I unto the curse of man ? Joy,
How like was I yet once to haue beene glad :
He that neere laught may with a constant face,
Contemne *loues* frowne. Happinesse makes us base.

She takes a hole into which Massinissa puts poysion:
Behold me *Massinissa*, like thy selfe,
A King and touldier, and I pree thee keepe
My last command. *Ma.* Speake sweet.

So. Deare doe not weepe,
And now with undismaid resolute behold,
To saue you, you, (for honour and just faith,
Are most true gods, which we should much adore)
With even disdaimefull vigour I giue up,
An abhord life. You haue beene good to me, *She draketh*:
And I doe thanke thee heaven, O my stars,
I blesse your goodnesse, that with breast unstain'd,
Faith pure : a Virgin wife, try'd to my glory,
I die of female faith, the long liu'd story,
Secure from bondage, and all servile harmes,
But more most happy in my husbands armes. *She shaketh*:

Iug. *Massinissa*, *Massinissa*. *Ma.* Covetous
Fame greedy Lady, could no scope of glory,
No reasonable proportion of goodnesse
Fill thy great breast, but thou must proue immense,
Incomprehence in vertue, what wouldest thou,
Not onely be admir'd, but even ador'd ?
O glory ripe for heaven ! Sirs helpe, helpe, helpe,
Let us to *Scipi*, with what speed you can.
For piety make haste, whilst yet we are man.

Exeunt bearing Sophonisba in a Chaire.

The Tragedie

Cornets a March. Enter Scipio in full state, triumphall ornaments carryed before him, and Syphax bound, at the other doore, Lælius.

Sci. What answers *Massinissa*, will he send
That *Sophonisba* of so moving tongues?

Læ. Full of dismayd unsteddiness he stood,
His right hand lockt in hers, which hand he gave
As pledge for Rome, she ever should live free :
But when I enter'd, and well urg'd this vow,
And thy command, his great heart sunke with shame,
His eyes lost spirit, and his heat of life
Sanke from his face, as one that stood benumm'd,
All maz'd, t'effect impossibilities,
For either unto her, or *Scipio*,
He must breake vow, long time he toss'd his thoughts ;
And as you see a snow-ball being rol'd
At first a handfull, yet long bowl'd about,
Insensibly acquires a mighty globe ;
So his cold griefe through agitation growes,
And more he thinks, the more of griefe he knowes ;
At last he seem'd to yield her. *Sy.* Marke *Scipio*,
Trust him that breaks a vow ? *Sci.* How then trust thee ?
Sy. O, misdoubt him not, when he's thy slave like me.

Enter Massinissa all in blacke.

Mass. *Scipio.* *Sci.* *Massinissa.* *Ma.* Generall. *Sci.* King.

Ma. Lives there no mercy for one soule of Carthage,
But must see basenesse ? *Sci.* Wouldst thou joy thy peace ?
Deliver *Sophonisba* straight and cease,
Do not graspe that which is too hot to hold,
We grace thy griefe, and hold it with soft sense.
Injoy good courage, but 'voyd insolence.
I tell thee Rome and *Scipio* daigne to beare
So low a brest, as for her say, we feare.

Ma. Doe not, doe not, let not the fright of Nations
Know so vile tearmes. She rests at thy dispose.

Sy.

of Sophonisba.

Sy. To my soule joy, shall *Sophonisba* then
With me goe bound, and wayt on *Scipio*'s wheele ?
When th'whole world's giddy one man cannot reele.

Ma. Starve thy leane hopes, and Romans now behold
A sight, would sad the Gods, make *Phæbus* cold.
Organe and Recorders play to a single voice : Enter in the
meane time, the mournefull solemnity of *Massinissa*'s pre-
senting *Sophonisba*'s body.

Looke *Scipio*, see what hard shift we make
To keep our vowes ; here, take I yield her thee,
And *Sophonisba*, I keep vow, thou art still free.

Sy. Burst my vext heart, the torture that most wrackes
An enemy, is his foes royall acts.

Sci. The glory of thy vertue live for ever,
Brave hearts may be obscur'd, but extinct never.

Scipio adorneſ Massinissa.

Take from the Generall of Rome this crowne,
This robe of triumph, and this conquests wreath,
This scepter, and this hand, for ever breath,
Romes very Minion : Live worth thy fame,
As farre from faintings, as from now base name.

Ma. Thou whom like sparkling steel the stroks of chance
Made hard and firme, and like to Wild-fire turn'd,
The more cold fate, the more thy vertue burn'd,
And in whole seas of miseryes didſt flame :
On thee, lov'd creature of a deathleſſe fame

[Massinissa adorneſ Sophonisba.

Rest all my honour : O thou for whom I drinke
So deep of griefe, that he must onely thinke,
Not dare to speake, that would exprefſe my woe,
Small rivers murmure, deep gulſes silent flow,
My griefe is here, not here, heave gently then,
Womens right wonder, and just shame of men.

Cornets a short flouriſh.

Manet Massinissa.

Exeunt.

EPILOGVS.

And now with lighter passion, though just fear
I change my person, and doe hither beare
Anothers voice, who with a phrase as weake
As his deserts, now will'd me for him speake :

If words well sens'd, best suting subject grave,
Noble true story may once boldly crave
Acceptance gracious : if he whose fires
Envy not others, nor himselfe admires :
If sceanes exempt from ribaldry or rage
Of taxings indiscreet, may please the Stage ;
If such may hope applause, he not commands,
Yet craves as due the justice of your hands :
But freely he protesteth how ere it is,
Or well, or ill, or much, not much amisse,
With constant modesty he doth submit
To all, save those that have more tongue then wit.

FINIS.

VV H A T
Y O V W I L L.
A
C O M E D I E.



L O N D O N,
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TAHVV.

YOKA MALL

A

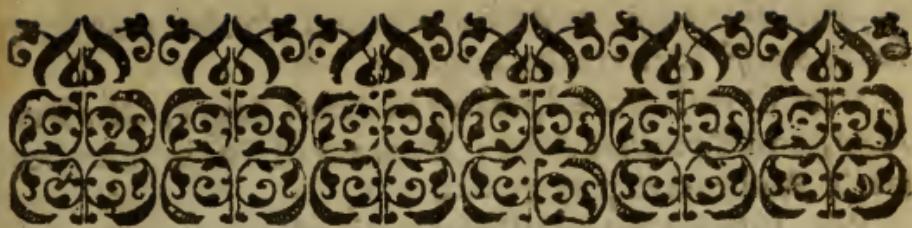
COMEDIE



London

MICHAEL SWANSON

1623



W H A T Y O V V V I L L.

Induction.

Before the Musick sounds for the Acte: Enter Atticus, Doricus, and Phylomuse, they sit a good while on the stage before the Candles are lighted, talking together, and on the sudden Doricus speakes.

Enter Tier-man with lights.

Dor.



Fie, some lights, sirs fie, let there bee no deeds of darknesse done among us — I so, so, preethe Tyer-man, set Sineor Snuffe on fire, hee's a chollerick Gentleman, hee will take Pepper in the nose instantly, feare not, fore heaven, I wonder they tolerate him so neere the Stage.

Phy. Faith Doricus, thy braine boyles, keele it, keele it, or all the fatt's in the fire: in the name of Phœbus, what merry Genius haunts thee to day? thy lippes play with feathers.

Dor. Troth they should pick straws before they should bee idle.

Atti. But

What you will.

Atti. But why, but why doest thou wonder they dare
suffer Snuffe so neere the Stage ?

Dor. O well recalld, marry sir Sineor Snuffe, Monsieur
Mew, and Cavaliero Blirt, are three of the most to bee
fear'd Auditors that ever —

Phy. Pish for shame, stint thy idle chat.

Dor. Nay dreame whatso'ere your fantasie sywms on
Philotomuse, I protest in the loue you haue procured me to
heare your friend the Author, I am vehemently fearefull,
this threefold halter of contempt that choaks the breath
of wit, these aforesaid *tria sunt omnia*, Knights of the
Meane will sit heavie on the skirts of his Sceanes, if —

Phy. If what ? beleue it Doricus his spirit,
Is higher blooded then to quake and pant,
At the report of Skoffes Artillery ;
Shall he be creast-falne, if some looser braine,
In flux of wit unciuily befilth
His slight composures ? shall his besome faint,
If drunken Censure belch out sower breath,
From Hatreds surfe on his labours front ?
Nay say some halfe a dozen rancorous breasts
Should plant themselues on purpose to discharge
Impostum'd malice on his latest Sceane,
Shall his resolute be struck through with the blirt,
Of a goose breath ? What imperfect borne ?
What short liv'd Meteor ? what cold hearted Snow
Would melt in dolour ? cloud his muddled eyes,
Sincke downe his jawves, if that some ju iccles huske,
Some boundlesse ignorance should on sudden shoothe
His grosse knob'd burbolt, with *that's not so good*,
Mew, blirt, ha, ha, light Chaffy stiffe ?
Why gentle spirits what loose waving fan ?
What any thing would thus be skru'd about
With each slight touch of odd Phantasmatas ?
No let the feeble palsied lamur joynts,
Leane on opinions crutches, let the —

Dor.

What you will.

Dor. Nay, nay, nay, Heavens my hope, I cannot smooth
this straine,

VVits death I cannot, what a leaprous humor
Breakes from ranke swelling of these bubbling wits?

Now out up-pont : I wonder what tite braine :

VVrung in this custome to mainetaine *Contempt*

'Gainst common *Censure* : to giue stiffe counter buffes
To cracke rude scorne even on the very face

Of better audience. Slight ist not odious,

Why harke you honest, honest *Philomuse*

(You that endeavour to indeere our thoughts,

To the composer's spirit) hold this firme :

Musick and *Poetry* were first approu'd

By common sense ; and that which pleased most,

Held most allowed passe : not rules of *Art*

Were shap't to pleasure, not pleasure to your rules ;

Thinke you if that his sceanes tooke stampe in min' ,

Of three or foure deem'd most juditious,

It must inforce the world to currant them,

That you must spit defiance on dislike ?

Now as I loue the light were I to passe

Trough publike verdit, I should feare my forme,

Least ought I offer'd were unsquar'd or warp'd,

" The more we know, the more we know we want

" VVhat *Bayard* bolder then the ignorant ?

" Beleeue me *Philomuse* : Ifaith thou must,

" The best be@ seale of wit, is wits distrust.

Phy. Nay gentle *Doricas*.

Dor. Ile heare no more of him, nay and your friend
the Author, the composer : the *What you will* : seemes
so faire in his owne glasse , so straight in his owne mea-
sure that hee talkes once of squinting *Critickes*, drunken
Censure, splay-footed *Opinion*, juicles huskes, I ha' done
with him, I ha' done with him.

Phy. Pew nay then——

Dor. As if any such unsanctified stiffe could find a
being

What you will.

being 'mong these ingenuous breasts.

At. Come, let passe, let passe, lets see what stuffe must cloath our eares : what's the playes name ?

Phy. *What you will.*

Dor. *Ist Comedy, Tragedy, Pastorall, Morall, Nocturnall or History.*

Phy. Faith perfectly neither, but even *What you will*, a slight toy, lightly composed, too swiftly finisht, ill plotted, worse written, I feare mee worst acted, and indeed *What you will*.

Dor. Why I like this vaine well now.

At. Come, wee straine the spectators patience in delaying their expected delights. Lets place our selues within the Curtaines, for good faith the Stage is so very little, wee shall wrong the generall eye else very much.

Phy. If youle stay but a little Ile accompany you, I haue engag'd my selfe to the Author, to giue a kind of inductive speech to his Comedy.

At. Away : you neglect your selfe, a gentleman—

Phy. Tut I haue vow'd it, I am double charg'd, goe off as't twill, Ile set fire to it.

Dor. Ile not stand it, may chance recoyle, an't bee not stuff'd with salt-peeter, well marke the report, marke the report.

Phy. Nay pree thee stay, slid the female presence ; the Genteletza, the women will put me out.

Dor. And they striue to put thee out, doe thou endeavour to put them.

At. In good faith, if they put thee out of countenance ; put thou them out of patience ; and hew their eares with hacking imperfect utterance.

Dor. Goe stand to it, shew thy selfe a tall man of thy tongue, make an honest legge, put off thy cap with discrete cariage : and so we leaue thee to the kind Gentlemen, and most respected Auditors.

Exeunt.

Remainet tantum philomusus.

Prologue.

What you will.

Prologue.

Nor labours hee the favour of therude,
Nor offers sops unto the Stigian Dogge,
To force a silence in his viperous tongues :
Nor cares he to insinuate the grace,
Of loath'd deiraction, nor pursues the lone
Of the nice criticks of this squeamish age,
Nor striues he to beare up with every saile
Of floting Censure : nor once dreads or cares,
What envious hand his guiltles Muse hath struck,
" Sweet breath from tainted stomacks who can
But to the faire proportion'd loues of wit, (suck ?
To the just skale of even paized thoughts :
To those that know the pangs of bringing forth
A perfect feature : to their gentle minds,
That can as soone slight of, as find a blemish,
To those as humbly low as to their feete
I am oblig'd to bend : to those his Muse,
Makes solemne honour, for their wish'd delight :
He vowes industrious sweat shall pale his cheeke,
But hee'le glase up sleeke objects for their eyes :
For those he is ashame'd, his best's too bad,
A silly subiect too too simply clad
Is all his present, all his ready pay,
For many many debts. Give further day,
Ile give a Proverbe, Sufferance giveth ease :
So you may once be pay'd, we once may please.

Exit.

ACT.

VVHAT YOV

V V H A T Y O V V V I L L.

A C T V S . I . S C E N A . I .

Enter Quadratus, Phylus following him with a Luce, a
Page going before Quadratus with a Torch.

Phy. O I beseech you sir reclaime his wits,
My Master's mad, starke mad, alas for love.

Qua. For love? nay and he be not mad for hate,
Tis amiable fortune; I tell thee yóouth
Right rare and geason: strange? mad for love?
O shew me him, Ile give him reasons straight,
So forcible, so all invincible,
That it shall drag love out: run mad for love?
What mortally exists, on which our hearts
Should be enamoured with such passion?
For love? come *phylus* come, Ile change his fate,
In stead of love, Ile make him mad for hate:
But troth say, what straine's his madnesse of?

Phy. Phantasticall

Qua Immure him, sconce him, barricadoe him in't,
Phantasticall mad, thrice blessed heart;
Why haue good *phylus*: (O that thy narrow sense
Could but containe me now) all, that exists,
Takes valuation from opinion:

A giddy minion now; pish, thy tast is dull,
And canst not relish me, come, where's *Iacomo*?

Enter *Iacomo* unbrai'd and carelesly drest.

Phy. Look where he comes: O map of boundles woe!

Iacomo.

What you will.

Iaco. Yon gleame is day, darknesse, sleep, and feare,
Dreames, and the ugly visions of the night
Are beat to hell by the bright palme of light,
Now romes the swaine, and whistles up the morne :
Deep silence breakes ; all things start up with light ;
Only my heart, that endlesse night and day
Lies bed-rid, crippled by coy *Lucia*.

Qua. There's a straine law.
Nay, now I see he's mad most palpable,
He speakes like a player, ha ! poeticall.

Iaco. The wanton spring lies dallying with the earth,
And powrs fresh blood in her decayed vaines,
Looke how the new sapt branches are in child
With tender infants, how the Sun drawves out,
And shapes their moysture into thousand formes
Of sprouting buds, all things that shew or breath
Are now instaur'd, saving my wretched brest,
That is eternally congeal'd with Ice
Of froz'd dispaire. *O Celia*, coy, too nice.

Qua. Still saunce question mad.

Iaco. O where doth piety and pitty rest ?

Qua. Fetch cords, he's irrecoverable, mad, rank mad ;
He calls for strange *Chymera*'s, fictions
That haue no being since the curse of death
Was throwne on man : Pitty, and Piety,
Who'l daigne converse with them ? alas vaine head,
Pitty and Piety are long since dead.

Iaco. Ruine to chance, and all that striue to stand,
Like swolne *Colasses* on her tottering *Base*.
Fortune is blind — *Qua.* You lye, you lye,
None but a mad man would terme fortune blind,
How can she see to wound desert so right ?
Iust in the speeding place : to girt lewd browes
With honour'd wreath ; ha ? Fortune blind ? away,
How can she hud-winkt then so rightly see
To starve rich worth, and glut iniquity.

Iaco. O

What you will.

Iaco. O Love!

Qua. Loue? hang love,
It is the abject out-cast of the world,
Hate all things, hate the world, thy selfe, al men,
Hate knowledge, strive not to be ouer-wise,
" It drew destruction unto Paradise.
Hate honour, Vertue, they are baites,
That tice mens hopes to sadder fates,
Hate beauty, every ballad-monger
Can cry his idle foppish humour;
Hate riches, wealth's a flattering Tacke,
Adores to face, mewes hind thy backe.
He that is poore is firmly sped,
He never shall be flattered,
All things are errour, durt, and nothing,
Or pant with ywant, or gorg'd to lothing.
Love onely Hate, affect no higher,
Then praise of heaven, wine, a fire.
Sucke up thy dayes in silent breath,
When their snusse's out, come *Signior* death.
Now sir adieu, run mad and t'wilt,
The worst is this, my rime's but spilt.

Iac. Thy rimes are spilt, who would not run rank mad,
To see a wandring Frenchman rivall, nay
Out-strip my sute? He kist my *Cælia*'s cheeke.

Qua. Why man, I saw a dog even kisse thy *Cælia*'s lips.

Iaco. To morrow morne they goe to wed.

Qua. Well then I know

Whether to morrow night they goe.

Iaco. Say quick.

Qua. To bed.

Iaco. I will invoke the triple *Hecate*,
Make charmes as potent as the breath of Fate,
But Ile confound the match.

Qua. Nay then good day,
And you be conjuring once, Ile slink away. Ex. Qua.
Iaco.

What you Will.

Iaco. Boy could not *Orpheus* make the stones to dance?

Phy. Yes Sir.

Iaco. Bir Lady a sweet touch: did he not bring *Euridice* out of hell with his Lute.

Phy. So they say Sir.

Iaco. And thou canst bring *Celias* head out of the window with thy Lute, well hazard thy breath: looke Sir here's a ditty.

Tis fowly writ, slight wit croſſ'd here and there,
But where thou findſt a blot, there fall a teare.

The Song.

Fie peace, peace, peace, it hath no passion in't.
O melt thy breath in fluent softer tunes,
That every note may seeme to tricle downe
Like ſad diſtilling teares and make: O God
That I were but a Poet now t'exprefſe my thoughts
Or a Muſitian but to ſing my thoughts,
Or any thing but what I am; ſing't ore once more,
My grieves a boundleſſe Sea that hath no ſhore.

*He ſings and is anſwered, from aboue a Willow garland
is flung downe and the ſong ceaſeth.*

Is this my favour? am I crown'd with ſcorne?
Then thus I manumit my flau'd condition.
Celias, but heare me execrate thy loue.
By heaven that once was conſcious of my loue,
By all that is, that knowes my all was thine,
I will pursue with deteſtation
Thwart without ſtretched vehemence of hate
Thy wiſhed *Hymen*: I will craze my braine
But all diſſever; all thy hopes vnite,
What rage ſo violent as loue turn'd ſpight?

Enter Randolfo and Andrea with a ſuſplication reading.

R.a. Humbly complaingning, kiſſing the hands of your ex-
cellence; your poore orators Randolfo and Andrea, beſeech-
eth

What you will.

eth forbidding of the dishonourd match of their Neece Celia, widow to their brother—

O twill do, twill do, it cannot chuse but doe. (umph.

And. What shoulde one say, vhat shoulde one do now,
If she do match with yon same wandring Knight,
Shee's but undone, her estimation, wealth—

Iaco. Nay sir, her estimation's mounted up,
She shall be Ladi'd, and sweet Madam'd now.

Ran. Be Ladi'd, ha, ha. O could she but recall
The honoured port of her deceased loue;
But thinke whose wife she was, God wot, no Knights,
But one (that title of) was even a Prince,
A *Sultane Solyma*: thrice was he made
In dangerous armes, *Venice Providetore*.

And. He was a Marchant, but so bounteous,
Valiant, wise, learned, all so absolute,
That naughts, was valedewd praisfull excellent,
But in it was he most praisfull, excellent.

Iaco. O I shall nere forget how he went cloath'd,
He would maintaint a base ill usde fashion,
To binde a Marchant to the sullen habit
Of precise blacke, chiefly in *Venice State*,
VVhere Marchants guilt the top,
And therefore should you haue him passe the Bridge
Up the *Rialto* like a Souldier,
(As still hee stood a *Potestate* at Sea)

Ran. In a blacke Bever felt, Ash colour plaine,
A *Florentine* cloth of silver Ierkin, sleeveus
White fattin cut on tinsell, then long stocke. (God!

Iaco. French panes embroider'd, Goldsmiths worke, O
Me thinks I see him now how he would walke:
VVith what a jolly presence hee would pace
Round the *Rialto*. Well, hee's soone forgot,
A stragling sir in his rich bed must sleepe,
VVhich if I cannot crosse, Ile curse and weepe.
Shall I be plaine as *Truth*? I loue your sister.

What you will.

My education, birth, and wealth deserues her,
I haue no crosse, no rub to stop my suite,
But *Lavardur's* a Knight, that strikes all mute.

Ran. I there's the devill, shee must be Ladi'd now.

Iaco. O ill nus'd custome, no sooner is the weakly
Marchant dead,
His wife left great in faire possessions,
But giddie rumour graspes it twixt his teeth,
And shakes it bout our eares. Then thither flock
A rout of crased fortunes whose crackt states
Gape to bee soderd up by the rich masse
Of the deceased labours, and now and then
The troupe of, *I beseech, and I protest.*
And beleue it sweet, is mix'd with two or thre.
Hopefull, well stockt, neat-clothed *Citizens.*

Ran. But as wee see the sonne of a Divine
Seldome prooues Preacher, or a Lawyers sonne
Rarely a Pleader, (for they striue to ruine
A various fortune from their Ancestors:))
So tis right geason for the Marchants widdow,
To be the *Citizens* lou'd second Spouse.

Iaco. Varietie of objects please us still,
One dish though nere so cookt doth quickly fill.
VVhen divers cates the pallates sense delight,
And with fresh taste creates new appetite.
Therefore my widdow shee cashiers the blacks
For swearers, turnes off the furd-gownes, and surveyes
The bedroule of her suitors, thinkes and thinkes,
And straight her questing thoughts springs up a Knight:
Haue after then a maine, the game's afoot,
The match clapt up, tut tis the Knight must doo't.

Ran. Then must my pretty peat be fan'd and coach'd:

Iaco. Muff'd, Mask'd, and Ladied, with my more then
most sweet Madam:

But how long doth this perfume of sweet Madam last?
Faith tis but a wasa sent. My riotous Sir.

What you will.

Begins to crack gests on his Ladies front,
Touches her new stamp't gentry, takes a glut.
Keepes out, abandons home, and spends and spends
Till stocke be melted, then sir takes up here,
Takes up there, till no where ought is left.
Then for the Low-countries, hay for the *French*,
And so (to make up rime) good night sweet wench.

Ran. By blessednesse weeble stop this fatall lot.

Iaco. But how? but how?

Ran. VVhy stay lets thinke a plot.

An. Was not *Albano Belerzo* honourable rich?

Ran. Not peer'd in *Venice*, for birth, fortune, loue.

An. Tis scarce three moneths since fortune gaue him

Ran. In the blacke fight in the *Venetian gulfe*. (dead.)

An. You hold a truth.

Ran. Now what a gigglet is this *Celia*?

An. To match so suddaine so unworthily?

Ran. VVhy she might haue —

An. VVho might not *Celia* haue?

The passionate inamor'd *Iacomo*.

Iaco. The passionate inamor'd *Iacomo*.

An. Of honord linage, and not meanely rich.

Ran. The sprightfull *piso*, the great *Florentine*,

Aurelius Tuber.

And. And to leaue these all,

And wed a wandring Knight Sir *Laverdure*,

A God knowes what?

Ran. Brother shee shall not, shall our blood be moun-
greld with the corruption of a stragling *French*?

And. Saint *Marke* she shall not.

Iaco. She shall not fathers by our brother soules.

Ran. Good day.

Iaco. Wish me good day? it stands in idle stead,
My *Celios* lost, all my good dayes are dead.

The Cornets sound a florish.

Marke Lorenzo Cels the loose *Venice Duke*,

What you will.

Is going to bed, tis now a forward morne
Fore he take rest. O strange transformed sight,
VVhen Princes make night day the day their night.

And. Come weeble petition him.

Iaco. Away away,
He scornes all plaints, makes jest of serious sute.

Ran. Fall out as't twill I am resolved to do't.

The Cornets sound.

Enter the Duke coupled with a Lady, two couples more with them, the men having tobacco pipes in their hands, the women fit, they daunce a round. The Petition is delivered up by Randolfo, the Duke lights his tobacco pipe with it, and goes out dauncing.

Ran. Saint Marke, Saint Marke.

Iaco. Did not I tell you, loose no more rich time,
VVhat can one get but mire from a Swine?

And. Lets worke a crosse, weeble fame it all about,
The French man's gelded.

Ran. O that's absolute.

Iaco. Fie ont away, shee knowes too well tis false,
I feare it too well. No no I hau't will strongly do't,
Who knowes *Francisco Soranza*?

Ran. Pish, pish, why what of him?

Iaco. Is hee not wondrous like your deseas'd kinsman
Albano.

And. Exceedingly, the strangest neerely like
In voice, in gesture, face in —

Ran. Nay he hath *Albanos* imperfection too,
And stuts when he is vehemently mou'd.

Iaco. Obserue me then, him would I haue disguis'd,
Most perfect like *Albano*: giving out,
Albano sau'd by swimming (as in faith,
Tis knowne he swome most strangely) rumour him,
This morne arriu'd in *Venice*, here to lurke.
As having heard the for-ward Nuptials,

What you Will.

T'observe his wifes most infamous lewd hast,
And to revenge —

Ran. I hav't, I hav't, I hav't, twill be invincible.

Iaco. By this meanes now some little time we catch,
For better hopes at least disturbe the match.

And. Ile to *Francisco*.

Ran. Brother *Adrian*,

You have our brothers picture, shape him to it.

And. Precise in each but *Tassell*, feare it not.

Ran. Saint *Mark* then prosper once our hopefull plot.

Iac. Good soules, good day, I have not slept last night,
Ile take a nap, then pell mell broach all spight. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

One knockes : Laverdure drames the curtaines fitting on his
Bed a parrelling himselfe, his Trunke of Aparrell stand-
ing by him.

Lave. HO Bidett Lackey.

Byd. H Signior.

Enter Bydett with water and a towell.

Lave. See who knocks, look you boy, peruse their ha-
bits, returne perfect notice, la la ly ro.

Exit Bydet, and returnes presently.

Byd. Quadratus.

Lave. Quadratus, mor dieu, ma vie : I lay not at my
lodging to night, Ile not see him now, on my soule hee's
in his old *Perpetuana* suite, I am not within.

Byd. He is faire, gallant, rich, neat as a Bridegroome,
fresh as a new-minted six-pence, with him *Lampatho Dori-
a*, *Symplicius Faber*.

Lav. And in good clothes ?

Byd. Accoutred worthy a presence.

Lave. Vds so : my gold wrought wastcoat, and night-
cap, open my Trunke, lay my richest lute on the top, my
Velvet

What you will.

Velvet slippers, cloth of gold Gamashes, where are my
cloth of silver hose, lay them —

Byd. At pawne sir.

Lave. No sir, I doe not bid you lay them at pawne sir.

Bod. No sir, you need not, for they are there already.

Lave. *Mer dieu garzone* : set my richest Gloves, Garters, Hatts, just in the way of their eyes, so let them in, observe me with all dutious respect, let them in.

Enter Quadratus, Lampatho Doria, and Symplicius Faber.

Quad. *Phœbus, Phœbe, Sunne, Moone, and seven Starres,* make thee the dilling of Fortune, my sweet *Laverdure*, my rich French blood, ha yee deere rogue, hast any pudding *Tobacco* ?

Lam. Good morrow *Signior*.

Sim. *Mounsieur Laverdure*, do you see that Gentleman, he goes but in blacke Sattin as you see, but by *Helicon* he hath a cloth of Tisue wit, he breakes a jest, ha, hee'l rayle against the Court, til the gallants — O god he is very *Nectar*, if you but syp of his love, you were immortall, I must needs make you knowne to him : Ile induce your love with deere regard. *Signior Lampatho*, here's a French gentleman *Mounsieur Laverdure* a Traveller, a beloved of heaven, courts your acquaintance.

Lam. Sir I protest I not onely take distinct notice of your deere rarities of exterior presence, but also I protest I am most vehemently inamour'd, and very passionately dote on your inward adornments and habilities of spirit, I protest I shall be proud to doe you most obsequious vassalage.

Qua. Is not this rare now : now by *Gorgons head*, I gape, and am struck stiffe with wonderment At sight of these strange Beasts. Yon *Chambler* youth, *Simplicius Faber* that *Hermaphrodite*, *Party par poote*, that bastard *Moungrell soule*, Is nought but admiration and applause,

What you will.

Of you *Lampatho Doria*, a fusty caske,
Devote to mouldy customes of hoar'd eld,
Doth he but speake, O tones of heaven it selfe,
Doth he once vwrite, O Iesu, admirable,
Cryes out *Simplicius* : then *Lampatho* spits,
And sayes faith tis good. But O to marke yon thing
Sweat to unite acquaintance to his friend,
Labour his praises, and indeere his worth
With titles all as formally trixt forth,
As the cap of a *Dedicatory Epistle*,
Then sir, to view *Lampatho*, he protestes,
Protests and vowes such suddain heat of love,
That O twere warmth enough of mirth to dry
The stintlesse teares of old *Heraclitus*,
Make *Niobe* to laugh.

Lam. I protest I shall be proud to give prooфе, I hold a
most religious affiance with your love.

Love. Nay gentle Signior.

Lam. Let me not live els, I protest I will straine my ut-
most sinewes in strengthning your pretious estimate, I
protest, I will do all rights in all good offices that friend-
ship can touch, or amplest vertue deserve.

Qua. I protest beleewe him not, Ile beg thee *Laverdure*
For a conceal'd ideot, if thou credite him,
He's a *Hyena*, and with *Civit* scent
Of perfum'd words drawes to make a prey
For laughter of thy credite. O this hot crackling love,
That blazeth on an instant, flames me out
On the least pufse of kindnesse, with protest, protest,
Catzo I dread these hot protests, that presse
Come on so fast, no no, away, away,
You are a common friend, or will betray.
Let me clip amity that's got with sute,
I hate this whorish love that's prostitute.

Love. Horne on my Tailor, could he not bring home
My Sattin, Taffata, or Tissue sute :

But

What you will.

But I must needs be cloath'd in wollen thus.
Bydeit, what sayes he for my silver hose ?
And prim-rose sattin doublet ? gods my life ,
Gives he no more observance to my body ?

Lam. O in that last sute gentle *Laverdure*,
Visite my lodging : by *Apollo*'s front
Doe but enquire my name ; O straight they'l say
Lampatho sutes himselfe in such a hose.

Sim. Marke that *Quadratus*.

Lam. Consorts himselfe with such a doublet.

Sim. Good,good,good, O Iesu admirable.

Lave. La la ly ro sir.

Lam. O *Pallas* ! *Quadratus*, harke,harke,a most compleat phantasma,a most ridiculous humour, prithee shoot him through and through with a jest, make him ly by the lee, thou *Basilisco* of wit.

Sim. O Iesu,admirably well spoken, Angelicall tongue.

Qua. *Gnathonicall* coxcombe.

Lam. Nay prithee feare not, he is no edge toole, you may jest with him.

Sim. No edge toole, oh !

Qua. Tones of heaven it selfe.

Sim. Tones of heaven it selfe.

Qua. By blessednesse I thought so.

Lam. Nay when, when ?

Qu. Why thou *Polehead*,thou *Ianus*,thou *poultron*,thou proteit, thou Eare-wig that wrigglest into mens braines, thou durty carre that bemyerst with thy fawning,thou—

Lam. Obscure me, or —

Qua. *Sinior Laverdure*,by the heart of an honest man, this *Iebusite*, this confusion to him, this worse then I dare name, abuseth thee most incomprehensibly ; is this your protest of most obsequious vassalage, protest to strain your utmost summe,your most —

Lam. So *Phœbus* warme my braine,Ile rime thee dead,
Looke for the Satyre,if all the sower juice

What you will.

Of a tart braine, can sowsse thy estimate,
Ile pickle thee.

Qua. Ha, he mount *Chirall* on the wings of fame,
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse,
Looke thee I speake play scraps. *Bydet* Ile downe,
Sing, sing, or stay weele quaffe, or any thing
Riuo, Saint Marke, lets talke as loose as ayre,
Vn-wind youths colours, display our selues,
So that you envy-starved Curre may ydalpe,
And spend his chaps at our Phantasticknesse.

sym. O Lord *Quadratus*.

Qua. Away Idolater, why you *Don Kinsayder*,
Thou *Canker earon* rusty curre, thou snaffle
To freer spirits.
Think'st thou a libertine, an ungiu'd breast
Scornes not the shackles of thy envious clogs,
You will traduce us unto publicke scorne.

Lam. By this hand I will.

Qu. A fuotra for thy hand, thy heart, thy braine,
Thy hate, thy malice, envie, grinning spight,
Shall a free-borne that holds *Antipathy*.

Lam. *Antipathy*.

Qua. I *Antipathy*.

(tude,

A natvie hate unto the curse of man, bare-pated servi-
Quake at the frownes of a ragg'd *Satyrist*,
A skrubbing rayler whose course hardn'd fortune,
Grating his hide, galling his starved ribs,
Sits howling at *Deserts* more battle fate,
Who out of dungeon of his blacke *Dispaires*,
Skoules at the fortune of the fairer *Merit*.

Lam. Tut *Via* let all run glib and square.

Qua. Vds furt hee cogs and cheats your simpler
thoughts.

My spleen's a fire in the heate of hate;
I beare these gnats that humme about our eares,
And sting-blister our credit's in obscured shades.

Lam.

What you will.

Lam. Pewte bougra, la, la, la, tit shaugh,

Shall I forbeare to caper, sing or vault,
To weare fresh clothes, or weare perfumed sweets,
To trick my face, or glory in my fate,
To abandon naturall propensitudes
My fancies humour, for a stiffe joynted,
Tattr'd nasty taber fac'd, puh. la, la, ly ro.

Qua. Now by thy Ladies cheeke I honour thee,
My rich free-blood, O my deare libertine,
I could suck the juice, the sirrop of thy lip,
For thy most generous thought. *My Elysium.*

Lam. O sir you are so square you scorne reproofe.

Qua. No sir should discrete *Mastigophores*,
Or the deare spirit acute *Canaidus*
(That *Aretine* ; that most of me below'd,
Who in the rich esteeme I prize his soule
I termie my selfe) should these once menace me,
Or curbe my humours with well govern'd check,
I should vwith most industrious regard,
Obserue, abstaine, and curbe my skipping lightnesse :
But vwhen an arrogant odd impudent,
A blushesse fore-head onely out of sense
Of his ovne vwantz, baules in malignant questing
At others meanes of waving gallantry ;
Pight foutra.

Lam. I raile at none you well squai'd *Senior*.

Qua. I cannot tell, tis now grovne fashion,
Whats out of rayling's out of fashion :
A man can scarce put on a tuckt up cap,
A button'd friz ado sute, scarce eate good meate,
Anchoues, caviare, but hee's *Satired*
And term'd *phantasticall* : by the muddy spawne
Of slimy Neughtes, vwhen troth *Phantasticknesse*,
That vwhich the naturall *Sophisters* teame,
Phantasia incomplexa, is a function,
Even of the bright immortall part of man.

What you will.

It is the common passe, the sacred dore,
Vnto the privie chamber of the soule,
That bar'd nought passeth past the baser Court
Of outward sense, by it th' inamorate,
Most liuely thinkes he sees the absent beauties
Of his lou'd mistresse.

By it we shape a new creation,
Of things as yet unborne, by it we feed
Our ravenous memory, our intention feast,
Slid he that's not Phantastical's a beast. (nesse.)

Lam. Most phantastical protection of phantastick-
Lau. Faith tis good.

Qua. So't be phantastical 'tis wits life blood.

Lau. Come Senior my legges are girt.

Qua. Phantastically.

Lau. After a speciall humour a new cut.

Qua. Why then tis rare, tis excellent. Vds fut
And I were to be hang'd I would be choakt,
Phantastically he can scarce be sau'd,
That's not phantastical, I stand firme to it.

Lau. Nay then sweet sir give reason, come on, when.

Qua. *Tis hell to runne in common base of men.*

Lau. Hast not run thy selfe out of breath bullie ?

Qua. And I haue not jaded thy eares more then I
haue tierd my tongue, I could run discourse, put him out
of his full pace.

I could powre speech till thou cryd'st ho, but troth,
I dread a glut, and I confessie much loue
To freer gentry, whose pert agill spirits
Is too much frost-bit, numb'd with ill staind snibs,
Hath tenter-reach'd my speech. By Brutus blood
He is a turfe that will be flauue to man ;
But he's a beast that dreads his mistresse fan.

Lau. Come all mirth and solace, capers, healths and
To morrow are my nuptials celebrate : (whisses,
All friends all friends.)

Lam.

What you will.

Lam. I protest ————— (pharbs.)

Qua. Nay leaue protests, pluck out your snarling
When thou hast meanes be phantasticall, and sociable ;
goe to, here's my hand, and you want fourtie shillings I
am your *Mecenas* though not *A tavis edite regibus*.

Lam. Why content and I protest —————

Qua. Ile no protest.

Lam. Well and I doe not leaue these fopperies doe not
lend me fourtie shillings, and ther's my hand, I embrace
you, loue you, nay adore thee ; for by the juice of worme-
wood, thou hast a bitter braine.

Qua. You *Simplicius* ! woulst leaue that staring fellow
Admiration, and *Adoration* of thy acquaintance, wilt ?
A scorne out tis odious, too eager a defence argues a
strong opposition, and too vehement a prayse, drawes a
suspition of others worthy disparagement.

Set tapers to bright day, it ill befits,
Good wines can vent themselues, and not good wits.

Sym. Good truth I loue you, and with the grace of
Ile be very civill and ————— (Heaven,

Qua. Phantasticall.

Sym. Ile be some thing, I haue a conceald humour in
me, and twere broach'd twold spurt Ifaith.

Qua. Come then Saint Marke, let's be as light as ayre,
As fresh and jocond as the brest of May :
I pree thee good *French* knight, good plump cheekt chub,
Runne some *French* passage, come lets see thy vaine,
Dances, Sceanes and Songs, royall entertaine.

Lau. *Petite, la que, page, page, Bydet sing*.
Giue it the *French* jerke, quicke spart, lightly, ha,
Ha, her's a turne unto my *Lucea*. (sure,

Qua. Stand stiffe, ho stand, take footing firme stand
For if thou fall before thy mistresse
Thy man-hood's dam'd ; stand firme — ho good, so, so.

The Daunce and Song.

Lau.

What you will.

Lau. Come now via aloune to Celia,

Qua. Stay, take an old rime first, though drie & leane,
Twill serue to close the stomacke of the Sceane.

Lau. This is thy humour to berime us still,
Never so lightly pleas'd, but out they flie.

Qua. They are mine owne, no gleaned Poetry;
My fashions knowne, out rime, tak't as you list:
A fico for the sowre brownd Zoilist.

Musicke, Tobacco, Sacke and Sleepe,
The tide of Sorrow backward keepe.
If thou art sad at others fate,
Rivo drinke deepe, giue care the mate.
On vs the end of time is come,
Fond feare of that we cannot shun,
Whilst quickest sense doth freshly last,
Clip time about, hug pleasure fast.
The Sisters ravell out our twine,
Hee that knowes little's most divine.
Errour deludes; whole beat this hence,
Nought knowne but by exterior sense.
Let glory blazon others deed,
My bloud then breath craues better nice.
Let swatling Fame cheat others rest,
I am no dish for Rumours feast.
Let Honour others hope abuse,
Ile nothing haue, so nought will loose:
Ile striue to bee nor great nor small,
To liue nor dye, fate helpeth all.
When I can breath no longer, then
Heaven take all; there put Amen

How ist, how ist?

Lau. Faith so, so, telamant, quelamant,
As't please Opinion to currant it.

Qua. VVhy then via lets walke.

Lau. I

What you will.

Lau. I must giue notice to an odd Pedant as we passe, of my Nuptials; I use him, for he is obscure, and he shall marry us in private: I haue many enemies, but secrecie is the best evasion from Envie.

Qua. Holds it to morrow?

Lau. I firme, absolute.

Lau. Ile say Amen, if the Priest be mute.

Qua. *Epythalamiums* will I sing my chucke,
Goe on, spend freely, out on drosse, tis mucke.

Exeunt.

Enter a Schoole-master, drawes the curtaines behinde, with Battus Nowes, Slip, Nathaniell, and Holofernes Pippo, schoole-boyes, sitting with Bookes in their hands.

All. Salve Magister.

Ped. *Salvete pueri, estote salvi, vos salvare exopto vobis salutem, Batte mi fili, fili mi Katte.*

Bat. Quid vis?

Ped. Stand forth, repeat your lesson without Beoke.

Bat. A nowne is the name of a thing that may bee seene, felt, heard or understood.

Ped. Good boy, on, on.

Bat. Of nownes, some be substantiues, and some bee substantiues.

Ped. Adiectiues.

Bat. Adiectiues; a nowne substantiue either is proper to the thing that it betokeneth.

Ped. VVell, to numbers.

Bat. In Nownes bee two numbers, the Singular and the Plurall; the Singular number speaketh of one, as *Lapis*, a stone, the Plurall speaketh of more then one, as *Lapides*, stones.

Ped. Good child, now thou art past *Lapides* Stones, — proceed to the cases *Nowes*, say you next *Nowes*, wher's your

What you will.

your lesson *Nous* ?

Nous. I am in a verbe forsooth.

Ped. Say on forsooth, say say.

Nous. A verbe is a part of speech, declined with mood and tense and betokneth doing, as *Amo* I loue.

Ped. How many kind of verbes are there ?

Nous. 2. Personall and impersonall.

Ped. Of verbes personals, how many kinds ?

Nous. Fiue, Actiue, Passiue, Neuter, Deponent and Common.

A Verbe Actiue endeth in O and betokneth to doe, as *Amo* I loue, and by putting to R it may bee a passiue as *Amor* I am loved.

Ped. Very good child, now learne to know the *Deponent* and *Common* : Say you slip.

Slip. Cedant arma togæ, concedant lauria lingue.

Ped. What part of speech is *lingua*, *infleete*, *infleete*.

Slip. Singulariter, nominatiuo, *hæc* *lingua*.

Ped. Why is *lingua* the Feminine gender ?

Slip. Forsooth because it is the Feminine gender.

Ped. Ha thou Asse, thou Dolt, *Idem per idem*, marke it : *lingua* is declined with *Hæc* the Feminine, because it is a household stusse particularly belonging, and most commonly resident under the roofe of womens mouthes. Come on you *Nathaniell*, say you, say you next, not too fast, say tretably, say.

Nath. *Mascula dicuntur Monosilaba nomina quedam.*

Ped. Faster, faster. (as, mas,

Nath. *Vi sal, sol, ren, & splen : car, ser, vir, vœs, vadis,*
Bes, cres, pres & pes, glis glirens habens genetiuo,
Mos, flos, ros & tros, muns, dens, mons, pons.

Ped. *Rup, tup, snup, slup, bor, hor, cor, mor : holla, holla,*
holla, you Holifernes Pippo, put him downe, wipe your
nose : fie on your sleeve, where's your Muckender, your
Grand-mother gaue you ? well say on, say on.

Hol. Prec master what words this ?

Ped.

What you will.

Ped. *Asse, asse.*

Hol. *As in presenti perfectum format in, in, in.*

Ped. In what sir?

Hol. *Perfectum format in what sir?*

Ped. In what sir? *in avi.*

Hol. In what sir, *in avi.*

Vt no, nas, navi, Vocito, vocitare, vocis, vocis, vocis,

Ped. What's next?

Hol. *Voci, what's next.*

Ped. Why thou ungracious child, thou simple animal, thou barnacle. *Nous* snare him, take him up, and you were my father, you should up.

Hol. Indeede I am not your father, O Lord now for God sake, let me goe out, my mother told a thing, I shall bewray all else. Harke you Master, my Grand mother intreats you to come to dinner to morrow morning.

Ped. I say untrusse, take him up, *Nous* dispatch, what not perfect in *Asse in presenti?*

Hol. In truth he be as perfect an *Asse in presenti*, as any of this company, with the grace of God law, this once, this once, and I doe so any more —

Ped. I say hold him up.

Hol. Ha, let mee say my prayers first. You know not what you ha done now, all the sirrup of my braine is run into my buttockes; and ye spill the juice of my wit, well, ha sweet, ha sweet, hunny barbary suger sweet master.

Ped. Sance tricks, trifles, delays, demurres, procrastinations, or retardations, mount him, mount him.

Enter Quadratus, Lampatho, Laverdure, and Simplicius.

Qua. Be mercifull my gentle *Signior*.

Lave. Wee'l sue his pardon out.

Ped. He is reprimed, and now *Apollo* blesse your brains, *Facundious* & *Elaborate* elegance make your presence gracious in the eyes of your *Mistris*.

What you will.

Lau. You must along with us, lend private eare.

Sim. what is your name?

Hol. Holifernes Pippo.

Sim. VVho gaue you that name? Nay let me alone
for sposing of a scholler.

Hol. My god-fathers and god-mothers in my baptisme.

Sim. Truly gallants I am inamord on thee boy, wilt
thou serue me?

Hol. Yes and please my grand-mother when I come to
yeares of discretion.

Ped. And you haue a propensitude to him, he shall be
for you: I was solicited to graunt him leaue to play the
Lady in Comedies presented by children, but I knew his
voice was too small, and his stature too low, sing, sing a
treble *Holifernes*; sing ——

The Song.

A very small sweet voice He assure you.

Qua. Tis smally sweete indeed.

Sim. A very pretty child, hold up thy head, there, buy
thee some plums.

Qua. Nay they must play, you goe along with us.

Ped. *Ludendi venia est petita & concessa.*

All. Gratias.

Sim. Pippo's my Page, how like you him, ha? has hee
not a good face, ha?

Lau. Exceeding amiable; come away,
I long to see my loue my *Celia*.

Sim. Carry my rapier hold up so, good child, stay gal-
lants umph a sweet face.

Lam. I relish not this mirth, my spirit is untwist,
My heart is raveld out in discontents,
I am deepe thoughtfull, and I shoote my soule
Through all creation of omnipotence. (humour,

Qua. What art melancholy *Lampo*? I'c feed thy
I'c give thee reason straight to hang thy selfe,

Mark't

What you will.

Mark't mark't: In heavens handy-worke ther's naught
Beleue it.

Lam. In heavens handy-worke ther's naught,
None more vile, accursed, reprobate to blisse
Then man, 'mong men a scholler most.
Things onely fleshly sensitiu, an Oxe or Horse,
They liue and eate, and sleepe, and drinke, and dye,
And are not toucht with recollectiōns
Of things ore-past or staggerd infant doubts,
Of things succēding: but leauē the manly beasts;
And giue but pence a peece to haue a sight
Of beatty man now.

Sim. VVhat so *Lamatho*, good truth I will not pay
your Ordinātē if you come not.

Lam. Dost heare that voice. Ile make a parrat now
As good a man as hee in fourteene nights,
I never heard him vent a fillable
Of his owne creating since I knew the use
Of eyes and eares. Well he's perfect bleſt,
Because a perfect beast. Ile 'gāe my heart
He knowes no difference essentiall
Twixt my dog and him. The hōreson sot is bleſt,
Is rich in ignorance, makes faire vſance on't,
And every day augments his barbarisme,
So loue me *Calmnes* I doe envy him fort.
I was a scholler: seven usefull springs
Did I deflōure in quotations,
Of croſſ'd opinions 'bout the soule of man;
The more I learnt the more I learnt to doubt,
Knowledge and wit faiths foes, turne faith about.

Sim. Nay come good Senior, I stay all the gentlemen
here, I wood faine giue my pretty Page a pudding pie.

Lam. Honest Epiture. (I baus'd leaves,
Nay māke list delight, delight my spaniell slept, whilst
Toſt'd ore the dunces, por'd on the old print
Of titled words, and still my spaniell slept.

What you will.

Whilst I wasted lampe oil, bated my flesh,
Shrunk vp my veines, and still my spaniell slept.
And still I held conuerse with Zabarell
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty *saw*
Of antick *Donate*, still my spaniell slept
Still on went I, first *an sit anima*,
Then and it wcre mortall, O hold, hold,
At that they are at braine buffets, feil by the eares,
A maine pell-mell together; still my spaniell slept.
Then whether twere Corporeall, Locall, Fixt,
Extraduce, but whether't had free will
Or no, ho Philosophers
Stood banding factons, all so strongly propt,
I staggerd, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observ'd and pryd,
Stufft noting Bookes, and still my spaniell slept.
At length he wakt, and yawnd, and by yon skie,
For ought I know he knew as much as I.

Sim. Delicate good *Lampatho*, come away.
I assure you ile giue but two pence more.

Lam. How twas created, how the soule exsists;
One talkes of motes, the soule was made of motes,
An other fire, tother light, a third a spark of star-like na-
Hippo water, *Anaximenes* ayre, (ture,
Aristoxenus Musick, *Critias* I know not what,
A company of odde phrenetici
Did eat my youth; and when I crept abroad,
Finding my numnesse in this nimble age,
I fell a rayling; but now soft and slow,
I know, I know nought, but I nought doe know,
What shall I doe, what plot, what course pursue?

Qua. Why turne a *Temporist*, row with the tide,
Puriue the cut, the fashion of the age,
Well heere's my Schollers course, first get a Schoole,
And then a ten-pound Cure, keepe both, then buy,
(Stay marry, I marry) then a farme or so.

What you will.

Serue God and Mammon, to the Devill goe,
Affect some Sect, I 'tis the sect is it;
So thou canst seeme, 'tis held the precious wit:
And, O if thou canst get some higher seat,
Where thou mayst sell your holy portion,
(Which charitable providence ordained
In sacred bountie for a blessed use)
Alien the Gleabe, intaile it to thy loynes,
Intombe it in thy graue
Past resurrection to his natuie use.
Now if there bee a hell, and such swine sav'd,
Heauen take all, that's all my hopes haue cray'd.

Enter Pippo.

Pip. My Simplicias Master.

Lam. Your Master Simplicius.

Pip. Has come to you to sent.

Lam. Has sent to me to come.

Pip. Ha,ha, has bought me a fine dagger, and a Hatt,
and a feather; I can say *As in presenti* now.

Company of Boyes within.

Quadratus, Quadratus, away, away.

Lam. We come sweet gallants; & grumbling hate lye
And turne Phantaſtike: he that climbs a hill, (still,
Must wheele about, the ladder to account
Is flye dissemblance; he that meanes to mount,
Must lye all levell in the prospective
Of eager sighted greatnessse, thou wouldest thriue,
The *Venice* state is young, loose and unkniſt,
Can rellish nōught but lushious vanities
Goe fit his tooth, O glaſſing flattery,
How potent art thou: front looke briske and ſleekē,
That ſuch base durt as you ſhould dare to reeke
In Princes nostrills. Well, my ſceane is long.

All within. Quadratus.

(ſwell,

Qua. I come hot bloods, thofe that their ſtate would

What you will.

Must beare a counter-face : the divell and hell
Confound them all, that's all my prayers exact,
So ends our chat, sound Musick for the Act. Exeunt.

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

Enter Francisco halse drest, in his black doublet and round cap, the rest rich, Iacomo bearing his hat and feather, Adrian his doublet and band, Randolfo his cloake and gaffe, they cloth Francisco, whilst Bydet creepes in and obserues them. Much of this don whilst the Act is playing.

Fran. For God-sake remember to take speciall markes of me, or you will never be able to know me.

Adri. Why man?

Fra. Why, good faith I scarce know my selfe already, me thinkes I should remember to forget my selfe, now I am so shining brave. Indeede *Francisco* was alwayes a sweet youth, for I am a perfumer, but thus brave? I am an alien to it, would you make me like the drown'd *Albano*, must I beare't manly up, must I be he?

Ran. What else man? O what else?

Iaco. I warrant you, give him but faire rich clothes, He can be tane, reputed any thing, Aparrell's growne a God, and goes more neat, Makes men of ragges, which straight he beares aloft, Like parched scar-crowes to affright the rout Of the Idolatrous vulgar, that worship Images, Stand aw'd, and bare-skalp't at the glosse of silkes, Which like the glorious *Ajax* of *Lincolnes Iane*, (Survey'd with wonder by me when I lay Factor in London) lappes up nought but filth, And Excrements, that beare the shape of men, Whose in-side every day would pecke and teare, But that vaine scar-crow clothes intreats forbearc.

Fran. You would have me take upon me *Albano*,

A valiant

What you will.

A valiant gallant *Venetian Burgomasco*,
Well, my beard, my feather, short sword, and my oth
Shall do't, feare not. What I know a number
By the sole warrant of a Lappy-beard,
A raine-beat plume, and a good chop-filling oath,
With an od French shrug, and by the Lord or so,
Ha leapt into sweet Captaine with such ease,
As you would fear't not, Ile gage my heart Ile do't,
How sits my Hat, ha, *Jacke*, does my feather wag ?

Iaco. Me thinkes now in the common sense of fashion,
Thou shouldest grow proud, and like a fore-horse view
None but before-hand gallants, as for sides,
And those that ranke in equall file with thee,
Study a faint salute, give a strange eye,
But as to those in rere-ward, O be blind,
The world wants eyes, and cannot see behind.

Fra. Where is the strumpet, where's the hotvaind French,
Lives not *Albano*, hath *Celia* so forgot
Albano's love, that she must forth-with wed
A run-about, a skipping Frenchman —

Iaco. Now you must grow in heat, and stut.

Fran. An od Phantasma, a beggar, a sir, a who who
who *what you will*, a stragling go go go gunds, f f f fut —

Adri. Passing like him, passing like him, O twill strike
all dead.

Pan. I am ravisht, twill be peerelesse exquisite,
Let him goe out instantly.

Iaco. O not till twy-light, meane time Ile prop up
The tottering rumour of *Albano*'s scape,
And safe arrivall, it beginnes to spread,
If this plot live, Frenchman thy hopes are dead. *Exeunt.*

Byd. And if it live, strike off this little head. *Exit.*

Enter *Albano* with *Slip his Page*.

Alba. Can it be ? is't possible ? is't within the bounds
of faith ? O villany. •

What you Will.

Slip. The clapper of rumour strikes on both sides, ringing out the *French* knight is in firme possession of my mistresse your wife.

Alba. Is't possible I should be dead so soone in her affects? how long ist since our shipwrack?

Slip. Faith I haue little arithmatique in me, yet I remember the storme made me cast up perfectly the whole summe of all I had receiu'd, three dayes before I was li-quord soundly, my guts were rinc'd for the heavens: I looke as pale ever since as if I had tane the diet this spring.

Alba. But how long ist since our ship-wrack?

Slip. Marry since wee were hung by the heeles on the batch of *Cicily*, to make a jayle delivery of the sea in our mawes 'tis just three moneths: shall I speake like a Poet? *Thrice hath the borned moone.*

Alba. Talke not of hornes. O *Celia* how oft (When thou hast lay'd thy cheeke upon my breast, And with lascivious petulancie scw'd For *Hymeneall* dalliance marriage fites) O then how oft with passionate protests, And zealous vowes haft thou oblig'd thy loue, In datelesse bands unto *Albanos* breast? Then did I but mention second Marriage, With what a bitter hate would she invaigh Gaints retaild wedlocks. O would she lispe If you should dye, (then would she slide a teare, And with a wanton languishment in-twist Her hands) O God and you should dye. Marry, Could I loue life? my deare *Albano* dead, Should any Prince possesse his widdowes bed? And now see, see, I am but rumord drown'd. crown'd,

Slip. Sheele make you Prince, your worship must bee O master you know the woman is the weaker creature, She must haue a prop: the maid is the brittle mettell, Her head is quickly crackt: the wife is queasie stomackt,

Shee

What you will.

She must be fed with novelties ; but then whats your
widdow,

Custome is a second nature ; I say no more but thinke you
Alba. If loue be holy, if that mysterie ; (the rest.

Of co-vnited hearts be sacrament ;

If the unbounded goodnesse haue infus'd

A sacred ardor, if a mutuall loue

Into our *Species*, of those amorous joyes,

Those sweets of life, those comforts even in death,

Spring from a cause aboue our reasons reach ;

If that cleare flame deduce his heate from heaven ?

Tis like his cause's eternall alwayes one,

As is th'instiller of divinest loue

Vnchang'd by time immortall mauger death.

But O tis growne a figment : loue a jest :

A commick Poesie : the soule of man is rotten

Even to the core no sound affection.

Our loue is hollow vaulted, stands on props,

Of circumstance, profit or ambitious hopes

The other tissue Gowne or Chaine of pearle,

Makes my coy minx to nussell twixt the breasts

Of her lull'd husband, rother Carkáner,

Deflowres that Ladies bed : one hundred more

Marries that loath'd blowze, one ten pound ods

In promis'd joynture makes the hard palm'd fire,

Inforce his daughters tender lips to start

At the sharpe touch of some loath'd stubbed beard,

The first pure time the golden age is fled,

Heaven knowyes I lye tis now the age of gold,

For it all marreth and even vertues sold.

Slip. Master will you truſt me and Ile.

Alba. Yes boy Ile trust thee, babes & fooles ile trust,
But servants faith, wiues loue, or females lust,
A Vſurer and the devill sooner. Now were I dead,
Me thinkes I ſee a hufſe-cap ſwaggering ſir,
Pawning my plate, my jewels morgage ; Nay

What you will.

Selling our right the purchase of my browes,
Whilst my poore fatherlesse leane totterd sonne,
My gentries reliques, my houses onely prop,
Is saw'd asunder, lyes forlorne all bleake,
Vnto the grieves of sharpe *Necessities*,
Whilst his father in law, his father in Devill, or d d d d
Devill, f f f father.

Or who who who who ; *What you will*,
When is the marriage morne ?

Slip. Even next rising Sunne.

Alba. Good, good, good, goe to my brother *Adrian*,
Tell him ile lurke, stay, tell him ile lurke, stay,
Now is *Albanos* mariage-bed new hung
With fresh rich Curtaines, now are my valence up,
Imbost with orient Pearle, my Gransires gift,
Now are the Lawne sheets fum'd with Violets,
To fresh the pawld lascivious appetite,
Now worke the Cookes, the pastry sweats with slaues,
The March-panes glitter, now now the musitions
Hover with nimble sticks o're squeaking crowds,
Ticling the dried guts of a mewring Cat,
The Taylors, Starchers, Semisters, Butchers, Pulterors,
Mercers, all, all, all, now, now now, none thinke a mee,
the f f f French is t e f f f fine man, d p p p pock man, de—

Slip. Peace, peace, stand conceald, yonder by all de-
scriptions is he woulde be husband of my mistresse : your
wife hath meate hah.

Alba. Vds so, so, so, soule that's my veluet cloake.

Slip. O peace, obserue him, hah.

Enter *Laverdure* and *Bidet* talking, *Quadratus*,
Lampatho, *Simplicius*, *Pedante*, and
Holifernes Pippo.

Bydet. Tis most true Sir, I heard all, I saw all, I tell
all, & I hope you beleue all, the sweet *Francisco Soranza*,
the

What you will.

the Perfumer is by your riddall *Iacomo*, and your two brothers that must be, when you haue married your wife, that shall be.

Ped. With the grace of heaven.

Eidet. Disguis'd so like the drown'd *Albano* to crosse your sute, that by my little honesty 'twas great consolation to me to obserue them, passion of joy, of hope. O excellent cry'd *Andrea*, passingly cry'd *Randalfo*; unparalleld lispes *Iacomo*, good, good, good, sayes *Andrea*, now stut sayes *Iacomo*, now stut sayes *Randalfo*, whilst the ravisht Perfumer had like to haue watered the seames of his breeches for extreame pride of their applause.

Lau. Sett ile to *Celia*, and mauger the nose of her friends, wed her, bed her: my first sonne shall be a *Captaine*, and his name shall bee what it please his Godfathers; the second if he haue a face bad enough, a *Lawyer*, the third a *Merchant*, and the fourth if he be maiemd, dul braimd, or hard shapt, a scholler, for that's your fashion.

Qua. Get them, get them man first; now by the wantonnesse of the night, and I were a wench I would not ha' thee, wert thou an heire, nay (which is more) a foole.

Lau. Why I can rise high, a straight legge, a plumpe thigh, a full vaine, a round cheeke, and when it pleaseth the fertilitie of my chinne to bee delivered of a beard, will not wrong my kissing, for my lips are rebels, and stand out.

Qua. Ho but thei's an old fustie Proverbe, these great talkers are never good doers.

Lam. VVhy what a babell arrogance is this? Men will put by the very stock of fate, Theile thwart the destiny of marriage, Strive to disturbe the sway of providence, Theile doe it.

Qua. Come youle be snarling now.

Lam. As if we had free-will in supernaturall Effects, and that our loue or hate

Depended

What you will.

Depended not on causes boue the reach
Of humane stature.

Qua. I think I shall not lend you forty shillings now.

Lam. Durt upon durt, feare is beneath my shooe,
Dreadlesse of rackinges, strappadoes, or the sword,
Mauger Informer, and flie Intelligence,
Ile stand as confident as *Hercules*,
And with a frightlesse resolution
Rip up and launch our times impieties.

Sim. Vdds so, peace.

Lam. Open a bounteous eare, for Ile be free,
Ample as *Heaven*, giue my speech more roome;
Let me unbrace my breasts, strip up my sleeues,
Stand like an executioner to vice,
To strike his head off with the keenest edge
Of my sharpe spirit.

Lau. Roome and good licence, come on, when, when.

Lam. Now is my fury mounted, fixe your eyes,
Intend your senses, bend your listning up,
For Ile make greatnesse quake, Ile taw the hide
Of thick-skinn'd *Hugenesse*.

Lau. Tis most gracious, weeble obserue thee calmly.

Qua. Hang on thy tongues end, come on, prithee doe.

Lam. Ile see you hang'd first, I thank you sir, Ile none,
This is the straine that choakes the Theaters:
That makes them cracke with full stuft Audience:
This is your humour onely in request,
Forsooth to rayle; this brings your eares to bed,
This people gape for; for this some doe stare,
This some would heare, to cracke the Authors necke,
This admiration and applause pursues,
Who cannot rayle, my humours chang'd, tis cleare,
Pardon Ile none, I prize my joynts more deare.

Bid. Master, Master, I ha descri'd the Perfumer in *Albanos* disguise; looke you, looke you, rare sport, rare sport.

Alba. I can containe my impatience no longer; you

Moun.

What you will.

Mounsieur Cavalier, Saint Dennis, you Caprichious Sir, Signior Caranto French Braule, you that must marry Celia Galanto, is Albano drovv'n'd now? Go wander, avant Knight errant, Celia shall be no Cuck-queane, my heyre no beggar, my plate no pawne, my land no mortgage, my vwealth no food for thy luxuries, my house no harbour for thy Comrades, my bedde no bootie for thy lustes, my any thing shall bee thy nothing; goe hence, packe, packe, avant, caper, caper, aloune, aloune, passe by, passe by, cloake your nose, away, vanish, wander, depart, flink by, away.

Lau. Harke you Perfumer, tell Iacomo, Randulfo, and Adrean, 'twill not doe, looke you say no more, but 'twill not doe.

Alba. What Perfumer? what Iacomo?

Qua. Nay assure thee honest Perfumer, good Francisco, we know all man, goe home to thy Civet-box, locke to the profit, commodity or emolument of thy Musk-cats taile; goe clap on your round cap, my what doe you lacke sir, for yfaith good rogue all s descri'd.

Alb. What Perfumer? what Musk-cat? what Francisco? what doe you lacke? ist not inough that you kiss'd my wife?

Lau. Inough.

Alba. I inough, and may be I feare me too much, but you must flout me, deride me, scoffe me; keepe out, touch not my porch: as for my wife—

Lau. Stirre to the doore: dare to disturbe the match, And by the —

Alb. My sword: menace Albano fore his owne dores.

Lau. No not Albano but Francisco, thus, Perfumer, Ile make you stink if you stir a; for the rest: well, via via.

Ex. Cest. Remane Alba. Slip. Simp. & Holif.

Alb. Iesu, Iesu, what intends this? ha?

Sim. O God sir, you lye as open to my understanding as a Curtezan, I know you as well —

Alb. Some

What you will.

Alb. Some body knowes me yet, praise heaven some body knowes me yet.

Sim. Why looke you sir, I ha payd for knowing men and women too in my dayes, I know you are *Francisco Soranza* the Perfumer, I maugre *Sinior Sattin I.*

Alb. Do not tempt my patience, go to, doe not.

Sim. I know you dwell in Saint Markes lane, at the signe of the Musck-cat as well —

Alb. Foole, or mad, or drunke, no more.

Sim. I know where you were drest, where you were —

Alb. Nay then take all, take all, take all —

He bishinadoes Simplicius.

Sim. And I tell not my father, If I make you not lose your office of gutter master-ship; and you bee Skavenger next year, well: Come *Holifernes*, come good *Holifernes*, come servant.

Exit Sim. & Holifer.

Enter Iacomo.

Alb. *Francisco Soranza*, and perfumer, and Muscat, and gutter master, hay hay hay, go go go gods f ff fur, Ile to the Duke, and Ile so ti ti ti tickle them.

Iaco. Pretious, what meanes he to goe out so soone, Before the duske of twi-light might deceive The doubtfull priers? what holla?

Alb. Whop, what divell now?

Iaco. Ile faigne I know him not, what businesse 'fore those doores?

Alb. What's that to thee?

Iac. You come to wrong my friend sir *Laverdure*, Confesse, or —

Alb. My sword boy, f f f f soule my sword.

Iaco. O my deare rogue, thou art a rare dissembler.

Alb. See, see.

Enter Adrian and Randolfo.

Iaco. Did I not helpe to cloth thee even now,

I would

What you will.

I would have sworne thee *Albano*, my good sweet slave.
Exit Iacomo.

Alba. See see, *Iesu*, *Iesu*, imposters, conny-catchers,
Santa Maria?

Ran. Look you, he walkes, he faignes most excellent.

Adri. Accost him first, as if you were ignorant
Of the deceipt.

Ran. O deare *Albano*, now thrice happy eyes,
To view the hopelesse presence of my brother.

Alba. Most loved kinsman, praise to heaven yet,
You know *Albano*, but for yonder slaves — well.

Adri. Successe could not come on more gratiouse.

Alb. Had not you come (deare brother *Adrian*)
I thinke not one would know me. *Vlisses* dog
Had quicker sense then my dull Countrey-men,
Why none had knowne me.

Ran. Doubt you of that? would I might dye,
Had I not knowne the guile, I would have sworne
Thou hadst bin *Albano*, my nimble counsing knave.

Alb. Whip, whip, heaven preserue all, S. *Mark* S. *Marke*.
Brother *Adrian*, be franticke, prithee be,
Say I am a Perfumer, *Francisco*, hay, hay,
Is't not a Feast-day? you are all rank drunke
Rrats ra ra rats, Knights of the be be be bell, be be bell.

Adri. Goe goe, proceed, thou dost it rare, farewell.

Exeunt *Adrian* & *Randolfo*.

Alb. Farewell? ha, is't even so? boy, who am I?

Slip. My Lord *Albano*.

Alb. By this brest you lye,
The *Samian* faith is true, true, I was drown'd,
And now my soule is skipt into a perfumer,
A gutter-master.

Slip. Beleeve me sir,

Alb. No no, Ile beleeeve nothing, no,
The disadvantage of all honest hearts

What you will.

Is quicke credulity, perfect state pollicy
Can cross-bite even sense, the world's turn'd Iugglet,
Casts mists before our eyes, *Haygh passe repasse*,
He creditc nothing.

Slip. Good sir.

Alba. Hence asse.

Doth not opinion stampe the currant passe
Of each mans value, vertue, quality ?
Had I ingrossd the choice commodities
Of heavens trafficke, yet reputed vile
I am a rascall ; O deere unbeliefe,
How wealthy dost thou make thy owners wit ?
Thou traime of knowledge, what a priviledge
Thou giv'st to thy possessor ; anchor'st him
From floting with the tide of vulgar faith ;
From being damn'd with multitudes deere unbeliefe,
I am a Perfumer. I, think'st thou my blood,
My brothers know not right *Albano* yet ?
Awaway tis faithlesse, if *Albano*'s name
Were liable to sense, that I could tast, or touch,
Or see, or feele it, it might tice beliefe,
But since tis voice and ayre, come to the Muscat boy,
Francisco, that's my name, tis right, I, I,
What doe you lacke ? what is't you lacke ? right, that's
my cry. Exeunt.

Enter Slip and Noose Trip with the Trunchion of a stiffe
torch, and Doite with a Pantofle, Bydet, Holyernes fol-
lowing. The cornets sound.

Byd. Proclaime our titles.

Doit. Bosphorus Cornelydon honorificacuminos Bydet.

Holyf. I thinke your Majestys a Welch-man, you haue
a horrible long name.

Byd. Death or silence proceed.

Doit. Honorificacuminos Bydet, Emperour of Crackes,
Prince of Pages, Marquesse of Mum-chance, and sole re-
gent

What you will.

gen over a bale of false due, to all his under Ministers health, Crownes, Sack, Tobacco, and stockings uncrakt aboue the shooe.

Ryder. Our selfe will giue them their charge: Now let me stroake my beard and I had it, and speake wisely if I knew how: most inconscionable, honest little, or little honest good subjects, informe our person of your severall qualities, and of the prejudice that is foisted upon you that our selfe may perview, prevent, and preoccupie the pestilent dangers incident to all your cases.

Doit. Here is a petition exhibited of the particular grievances of each sort of Pages.

Bydet. We will vouchsafe in this our publike Session to peruse them, plea eth your excellent wagship to be informed that the division of pages is tripartite (tripartite) or three-fold, of pages, some be Court pages, others ordinary gallants pages; and the third Apple-squiers, basket-bearers, or pages of the placket, with the last wee will proceed first, stand forth Page of the placket; what is your mistresse?

Slip. A kind of puritane.

Byd. How liue you?

Slip. Miserably complayning to your crackship though wee haue light Mistresses, wee are made the Children and servants of darkenesse; what prophane use wee are put to, all these gallants more feelingly know then wee can lively expresse; it is to bee commiserated, and by your royll insight onely to bee prevented, that a male Mounkey and the diminutiuе of a man should be *Synonyms* and no sense. Though wee are the drosse of your subjects, yet being a kind of Page, let us find your *Cel-
litude* kinde and respectiuе of our time-fortunes and births abuse, and so in the name of our whole tribe of empty Basket-bearers, I kisse your little hands.

Bider. Your case is dangerous and almost desperate.

What you will.

Stand foorth ordinary Gallants Page, what is the nature
of your Master?

Noose. He eates vwell and right slovenly, and vwhen
the Dice favour him goes in good cloathes, and scowers
his pinke-colour silke stockings: vwhen he hath any mo-
ney, he beares his crownes, vwhen he hath none, I carry
his purse; he cheates vwell, sweares better, but swaggers in
a vwantons chamber admirably; hee loues his Boy, and
the rumpe of a cramb'd Capon, and this summer hath a
passing thrifty humor to bottle ale: as contemptuous as
Lucifer, as arrogant as Ignorance can make him, as libi-
dinous as *Priapus*: hee keepes mee as his Adamant, to
draw metall after to his lodging; I curle his perrivvig,
paynt his cheekes, perfume his breath; I am his froterer
or rubber in a Hot-house, the prop of his lyes, the bea-
ter of his false dice; and yet for all this like the *Perfian*
Louse, that eats byting, and byting eats, so I say sighing,
and sighing say, my end is to paste up a *Si quis*. My Ma-
sters fortunes are forc'd to cashier me, and so fix to one I
fall to be a Pippin-squire. *Hic finis Priami*, this is the end
of Pick-pockets.

Bydet. Stand foorth Court-page, thou lookest pale
and vvan.

Trip. Most ridiculous Emperor.

Bydet. O say no more, I know thy miseries, vwhat be-
twixt thy Lady, her Gentlewoman, and thy Masters late
gaming, thou mayst looke pale. I know thy miseries, and
I condole thy calamities; thou art borne vwell, bred ill,
but dyest worst of all, thy bloud most commonly gentle,
thy youth ordinarily idle, and thy age too often misera-
ble. When thy first sute is fresh, thy cheekes cleare of
Court soyles, and thy Lord falne out with his Lady, so
long may be heele chucke thee under the chin, call thee
good pretty ape, and giue thee a scrap from his owne
trencher; but after hee never beholds thee, but vwhen
thou Squierst him vwith a Torch to a VWantons sheetes,

What you will.

or lights his Tobacco pipe : Never useth thee but as his Pander , never regardeth thee , but as an idle burr that stickest upon the nap of his fortune ; and so naked thou cam'st into the vworld , and naked thou must returne : whom serue you ?

Holy. A foole.

Bydet. Thou art my happiest Subject ; the service of a foole , is the onely blessedst slavery that ever put on a Chaine and a Blew coate : they know not vwhat , nor for vwhat they giue , but so they giue tis good , so it bee good they giue : fortunes are ordain'd for fooles , as fooles are for fortune , to play vwithall , not to use , hath hee taken an oath of Allegiance ? is he of our brother-hood yet ?

Holi. Not yet right *venerable Honorificac cac cac cacu-*
minos Bidet : but as little an infant as I am , I will , and with the grace of wit I will deserue it .

Bydet. You must performe a valourous , vertuous , and religious exploit first in desert of your order .

Holi. VVhat ist ?

Byd. Cozen thy master , he is a foole , and was created for men of wit such as thy selfe to make use of .

Holi. Such as my selfe . Nay faith for wit I thinke for my age , or so ; but on , sir .

Bydet. That thou maist the easier purge him of superfluous bloud , I will describe thy Masters constitution , hee loues and is beloved of himselfe and one more , his dog . There is a company of unbrac'd , untruss'd rutters in the towne , that crinkle in the hammes , swearing their flesh is their onely living , and vwhen they haue any crownes , cry god a mercy *Moll* , and shrugging let the Cuckolds pay fort : Intimating , that their maintenance flowes from the wantonnesse of Merchants wiues , when introth the plaine troth is , the plaine and the stand , or the plaine stand and deliver , delivers them all their living . These comrades haue perswaded thy Master , that there's no

What you will.

vvay to redeeme his peach coloured Satten sute from
pavne, but by the loue of a Citizens vwife ; hee be-
lieues it ; they flowt him , hee feedes them : and now
tis our honest and religious meditation that hee feed us ,
Holyfernes Puppi.

Holy. *Pippo* and shall please you.

Bydet. *Pippo*, tis our will and pleasure thou sute thy
selfe like a Marchants vwife , leaue the managing of the
sequence unto our prudence.

Holy. Or unto our *prudence*, truly shée is a very vittie
wench, and hath a stammell petticoate with three gards
for the nonce; but for your Marchants wife, alas I am too
little, speak too small, go too ginerly, by my troth I feare
I shall looke too faire.

Bydet. Our Majestie dismounteth , and vvee put off
our Greatnesse ; and now my little Knaues I am plaine
Cracke , as I am *Bosphorus Carmelidon Honorificacu-
minos* *Bydet* , I am imperious : honour sparkles in mine
eyes ; but as I am *Cracke*, I vvill convey, cros-bite , and
cheate upon *Simplicius* , I vvill feed , satiate , and fill
your paunches , replenish , stusse , or furnish your purses ;
vvee will laugh vwhen others weepe , sing vwhen others
sigh , feed vwhen others starue , and bee drunke vwhen
others are sober : this my charge at the loose , as you
loue our Brother-hood , avoyd true speech , square dice ,
small liquour , and aboue all , those too ungentleman-
like protestations of indeed and verily , and so gentle
Apollo , touch thy nimble string, our Sceane is done ; yet
fore we cease, we sing .

The Song, and Exeunt.

ACT.

What you will.

ACTVS. IIII. SCENA. I.

Enter Celia, Meletza, Lyzabetta, and Lucea.

Cel. Faith sister, I long to play with a fether,
Pree-thee Lucia bring the shuttle-cock.

Mel. Out on him light pated Phantasticke, hee's like
one of our gallants at —

Lyz. I wonder who thou speake'st well of?

Mel. Why of my selfe, for by my troth I now none
else will.

Cel. Sweet sister Meletza, lets sit in judgement a little,
faith of my servant Laverdure.

Mel. Troth well for a servant, but for a husband (sigh) I.

Lyz. Why, why.

Mel. Why hee is not a plaine foole, nor faire, nor fat,
nor rich, rich foole. But he is a knight, his honor will giue
the passado in the presence to morrow night, I hope hee
will deserue: All I can say is, as the common Fidlers wil
say in their God send you well to doe.

Lyz. How thinkst thou of the amorous, Iacomo?

Mel. Iacomo, why on my bare troth.

Cel. Why bare troth?

Mel. Because my troth is like his chin, 't hath no haire
on't; gods me, his face looks like the head of a taber, but
trust me he hath a good wit.

Lyz. Who told you so?

Mel. One that knowes, one that can tell.

Cel. VVho's that?

Mel. Himselfe.

Lyz. Well wench, thou hadst a servant, one *Fabius*,
what hast thou done with him?

Mel. I done with him? out of him puppy; by thisfea-
ther his beard is directly bricke colour, and perfectly fa-
shion'd like the huske of a chessnut; hee kisst with the
dryest lip; figh on him.

What you Will.

Celia. O, but your servant *Quadratus* the absolute Courtier.

Mellet. Fie, fie, speake no more of him, hee liues by begging:

He is a fine Courtier, flatters admirable, kisse's Faire Madam, smells surpassing sweet, vveares And holds up the Arras, supports the Tapistrie When I passe into the Preleunce very gracefullly, And I assure you:

Lucea. Madam, here is your shuttle-cocke.

Mellet. Sister, is not your wayting vvench rich?

Celia. Why sister, vvhys?

Mel. Because she can flatter; prithee call her not, She has twenty foure houres to Madam yet; come you, You prate ifaith, Ile tosse you from post to pillar.

Cel. You post and I pillar.

Mel. No, no, you are the onely post, you must support, proue a vvench, and beare, or else all the building of your delight will fall —

Celia. Downe:

Lyza. What must I stand out?

Mel. I by my faith till you be marryed.

Ly. Why doe you tosse then?

Mel. Why I am vved vvench.

Celia. Prithee to whom?

Mel. To the trae husband right head of a vwoman, my will, which vowes never to marry till I meane to bee a foole, a flauue, starch cambricke ruffes, and make candells, (pur) tis downe; serue againe good vvench.

Lue. By your pleasing cheeke you play well.

Mellet. Nay good creature, prithee doe not flatter me, I thought twas for something you goe cas'd in your velvet skabberd; I vwarant these laces were nere stitch'd on vwith true stitch; I haue a plaine waiting vvench, shee speaks plaine, and faith shee goes plaine, shee is vertuous, and because she should goe like Vertue, by the consent of my

What you will.

my bountie, shee shall never haue aboue two smockes to her back, for that's the fortune of desert, and the maine in fashion or reward of merit(pur:) just thus doe I use my servants, I striue to catch them in my racket, and no sooner caught, but I tosse them away; if he flie well and haue good feathers, I play with them till he be down, and then my mayd serues him to me againe; if a slug and weake wing'd, if he be downe, there let him lie.

Celia. Good *Mell*, I wonder how many servants thou haft.

Mel. Troth so doe I; let me see *Dupatzo*.

Lyz. *Dupatzo*, vwhich *Dupatzo*?

Melet. *Dupatzo* the elder brother, the foole, hee that bought the halfe penny ribband, wearing it in his eare, swearing twas the Duches of *Millans* favour; hee into whose head a man may travell ten leagues before he can meet with his eyes; then ther's my chub, my *Epicure Quadratus*, that rubs his guts, claps his paunch, and cries *Rivo*, intretaining my eares perpetually with a most strong discourse of the praise of bottle-ale and red herrings; then there's *Simplicius Faber*.

Lyz. VVhy, he is a foole.

Melet. True, or else hee vwould nere bee my servant; then there's the Cap Cloak'd Courtier *Baltazar*, hee vveares a double treble quadruple Ruffe, I in the Summer time: faith I ha servants enow, and I doubt not, but by my ordinary pride, and extraordinary cunning to get more. *Mounseur Laverdure* with a troupe of Gallants is entring.

Lyz. He capers the lascivious bloud about, Within heart pants, nor leaps the eye, nor lips: Prepare your selues to kisse, for you must be kist.

Mel. By my troth tis a pretty thing to be tovwards mariage, a prettie loving: looke where he comes, ha ha.

Lav. Good day sweet loue.

Mel. Wish her good night man.

What you will.

Lau. Good morrow sister.

Mel. A cursie to your caper, to morrow morne ile call you brother.

Lau. But much much fals betwixt the cup and lip.

Mel. Be not too confident, the knot may slip.

Qua. Bounty, blessednesse, and the spirit of wine attend my mistresse.

Mel. Thankes good chub.

Sim. God yee good morrow heartily mistresse, and how doe you since last I saw you?

Qua. Gods mee you must not inquire how she does, that's privie counsell, fie, ther's manners indeed.

Sim. Pray you pardon my incivility, I was somewhat bold with you, but beleue mee ile never bee so savcie to aske you how you doe againe, as long as I liue la-

Mel. Square chub, what sullen blacke is that?

Qua. A tassell that hangs at my purse strings, he dogs me and I giue him scraps and pay for his ordinary, feede him, hee liquors himselfe in the juice of my bounty, and when he hath suckt up strength of spirit hee squeezeth it in my owne face, when I haue refind and sharp'd his wits with good food, he cuts my fingers, and breakes jests upon me, I beare them, and beate him: but by this light the dull eyed thinkes he do's well, do's very well, & but that he and I are of two faiths—I fill my belly, and feeds his braine, I could find in my heart to hug him, to hug him.

Melet. Pree thee perswade him to assume spirit and salute us.

Quad. Lampatho, Lampatho, art out of countenance? for wits sake salute these beauties, how doest like them?

Lam. Vds fut, I can liken them to nothing, but great mens great horse upon great dayes, whose tailes are trust up in silke and silver. *Quad.* To them man, salute them.

Lam. Bless you faire Ladies, God make you all his

Melet. God make you all his servants. (servants.

Qua. Hee is holpen well had need of you, for bee it
spoken

What you will.

spoken without prophanisme he hath morē in this traine,
I feare me you ha' more servants then he, I am sure the
Devill is an Angell of darkenesse.

Lam. I but those are Angels of light.

Qua. Light Angels, pree thee leauē them, with-draw
a little and heare a Sonnet, pree thee heare a Sonnet.

Lamp. Made of *Albanos* widdow that was, and
Mounſieur *Lauerdures* wife that must be.

Qua. Come leauē his lips and command some liquor,
if you haue no Bottle-alc, command some Claret-wine
and Bourrage, for that's my predominante humour sleeke
bellid *Bacchus*, lets fill thy guts.

Lamp. Nay heare it, and relish it judiciously.

Qua. I doe relish it most juditiually. *Qua* *drinkeſ*.

Lamp. Adored excellēce, delicious sweet.

Qua. Delicious sweet, good, very good.

Lamp. If thou canſt taste the purer juice of Ioue.

Qua. If thou canſt taste the purer juice, good still, good

Qua. I doe relish it, it tastes sweet. (still.)

Lamp. Is not the metaphor good, iſt not well fol-
lowed?

Qua. Passing good, very pleasing.

Lamp. Iſt not sweete?

Qua. Let me ſee't Ile make it sweete,
Ile ſoake it in the juice of *Helicon*.

Bir Lady, passing sweet, good, passing sweete.

Lamp. You wrong my Muse.

Qua. The Irish flux upon thy Muse, thy whorish muse,
Here is no place for her loose brothelry ;
We will not deale with her, goe, away, away.

Lamp. Ile be reveng'd.

Qua. How pree thee in a play? come, come, be ſociable
In private ſeverance from ſocietie,
Here leaps a vaine of blood inflam'd with loue,
Mounting to pleasure, all addiſt to mirth
Thoult read a *Satyre* or a Sonnet now,

Clagging

What you will.

Clagging their airy humour with— (juice,

Lam. Lamp-oyle, Watch-candles, Rug-gownes, & small
Thin commons, foure a clock rising, I renounce you all,
Now may I eternally abandon meate,
Rust rustie you which most embrac'd disuse,
You a made me an Asse, thus shapt my lot,
I am a meere Scholler, that is a meere sot. thec,

Qua. Come then Lampe, ile powre fresh Oyle into
Apply thy spirit that it may nimblly turne,
Vnto the habit, fashion of the age,
Ile make thee man the Scholler, in able thy behaviour,
Apt for the entertaine of any presence :
Ile turne thee gallant, first thou shalt haue a Mistresse,
How is thy spirit ray'd to yonder beauty ?
She with the sanguine cheeke, that dimpled chinne,
The prettie amorous smile that clips her lips,
And dallies bought her cheeke—
She with the speaking eye,
That casts out beames as ardent as those flakes,
Which sing'd the world by rash braind *Phaeton*,
She with the lip, O lips ! she for whose sake,
A man could find in his heart to in-hell himselfe,
Ther's more Philosophy, more theoremes,
More demonstrations, all invincible,
More cleare divinity drawne on her cheeke,
Then in all volumes tedious paraphrase,
Of musty eld : O who would staggering doubt,
The soules eternity, seeing it hath
Of heavenly beauty, but to case it up,
Who would distrust a supreame existence,
Able to confound when it can create,
Such heaven on earth able to intrance,
Amaze : O I'tis providence, not chance.

Lam. Now by the frent of Ioue me thinkes her eye
Shoots more spirit in me, O beautie feminine !
How powerfull art thou, what deepe magicke lyes

Within

What you will.

Within the circle of thy speaking eyes.

Qua. Why now could I eate thee, thou dost please mine appetite, I can digest thee, God made thee a good foole, and happy and ignorant, and amorous, and rich & fraile, and a Satyrist, and an *Essayest*, and sleepy, and proud, and indeed a foole, and then thou shalt bee sure of all these. Doe but scorne her she is thine owne, accost her carelesly, and her eye promiseth shee will bee bound to the good abbearing.

Celia. Now sister *Meletza* dost marke their craft, some straggling thoughts transport thy attentiuenesse from his discourse, wast *Iacomo* or our brothers plot?

Lau. Both, both sweet Lady, my Page heard all, wee met the roague, so like *Albano*, I beate the roague.

Sim. I but when you were gone, the roague beat me.

Lau. Now take my counsell, listen.

Melet. A pretty youth, a pretty well shapt youth, a good leg, a very good eye, a sweet ingenuous face, & I warrant a good wit, nay which is more, if he be poore I assure my soule he is chaste and honest, good faith I fancie, I fancie him, I and I may chance, well ile thinke the rest. (spirit.

Q. I say be careles stil, court her without complemet, take

Lau. Wert not a pleasing jest for me to cloath

Another rascall like *Albano*, say—

And rumour him return'd without all deceit,

Would it not beget errors most ridiculous?

Qua. *Meletza bella belletza, Madonna, bella bella genteletza*, pree thee kisse this initiated gallant.

Melet. How would it please you I should respect yee.

Lamp. As any thing, *What you will* as nothing.

Molet. As nothing, how will you valew my loue?

Lam. Why just as you respect me, as nothing, for out of nothing, nothing is bred, so nothing shall not beget any thing, any thing bring nothing, nothing bring any thing, any thing and nothing shall be *What you will*, my speech mounting to the valew of my selfe, which is—

Melet.

What you will.

Melet. What sweet —

Lam. Your nothing light as your selfe, sensesse as your sexe, and just as you would ha' me, nothing.

Melet. Your wit skips a Morisco, but by the brightest spangle of my tyer, I vouchsafe you intire unaffected favour, weare this gentle spirit, be not proud.

Believe it youth, slow speech swift love doth often shroud

Lam. My soule's intranc'd, your favour doth transport My sense past sense, by your adored graces, I doat, am rapt.

Melet. Nay if you fall to passion, and past sense, My brest's no harbour for your love, go pack, hence.

Quadra. Vds foot, thou gull, thou inky scholler, ha, thou whorson fop :

Willt not thou clap into our fashion'd gallantry, Couldst not be proud and scornefull, loose and vaine ? Gods my hearts object, what a plague is this : My soule's intranc'd, fut, couldst not clip and kisse ? My soules intranc'd, ten thousand crownes at least Lost, lost, my soule's intranc'd loves life, O beast !

Alb. Celia open, open *Celia*, I would enter, open *Celia*.

Fra. Celia open, open *Celia*, I would enter, open *Celia*.

Alb. What *Celia*, let in thy husband *Albano*, what *Celia*.

Fra. What *Celia*, let in thy husband *Albano*, what *Celia*.

Alb. Vds f f f fut, let *Albano* enter.

Fran. Vds f f f fut, let *Albano* enter.

Cel. Syeet brest you ha playd the wag ifaith.

Qua. Beleeve it sweet not I.

Mel. Come, you have attired some fidler like *Albano* to fright the Perfumer, there's the jest.

Lan. Good fortunes to our sister.

Mel. And a speedy marriage.

Adri. Then we must wish her no good fortunes.

Iaco. For shame, for shame straight cleere your house, sweep out this dust, fling out this trash, returne to modesty, your husband I say your husband *Albano*, that was supposed

What you will..

supposed drownd, is returned, I, and at the doore.

Cel. Ha, ha, my husband, ha, ha.

Adri. Laugh you shamelesse ? laugh you ?

Cel. Come, come, your plot's discover'd, good faith
kinsemen, I am no skold : to shape a Perfumer like my
husband, O sweet jest !

Iaco. Last hopes all knowne ?

Cel. For pennance of your fault will you maintaine a
jest now ? my Love hath tired some fidler, like *Albano*,
like the Perfumer.

Lau. Not I, by blessednesse, not I.

Mel. Come, tis true, doe but support the jest, and you
shall surfeit with laughter.

Iaco. Faith we condiscend, twill not be croft I see,
Marriage and hanging goe by destiny.

Alb. B b b barre out *Albano*, O adulterous impudent !

Fran. B b b barre out *Albano*, O thou matchlesse ggg
gigglet !

Enter Albano and Francisco.

Qua. Let them in, let them in, now, now, now observe,
observe, looke, looke, looke.

Iac. That same's a fidler, shap't like thee, feare nought,
be confident, thou shalt know the jest hereafter, be confi-
dent, feare nought, blush not, stand firme.

Alb. Now brothers, now gallants, now sisters, now
call a Perfumer a gutter-master, barre me my house, beat
mee, baffle mee, scoffe mee, deride mee, ha, that I were
a young man againe, by the masse I would ha you all by
the eares, by the masse law ; I am *Francisco Soranza*, am
I not, gigglet, strumpet, cutters, swaggerers, brothell-
haunters, I am *Francisco*, O god, O slaves, O dogges,
dogges, cures.

Iaco. No sir, pray you pardon us, wee confesse you are
not *Francisco*, nor a Perfumer, but even —

Alb. But even *Albano*.

Iaco. But even a fidler, a minikin tickler, a pum, pum.

Fran.

What you will.

Fran. A scraper, a scraper.

Art not ashamed before Albano's face?

To clip his spouse, O shamelesse impudent!

Iaco. Well sayd Perfumer.

Alb. A fidler, a scraper, a minikin tickler, a purn, a purn, even now a Perfumer, now a fidler, I will be even *What you will*, do do do, k k k kissè my wife be be be before—

Qua. Why wouldest have him kissè her behind?

Alb. Before my owne f f f face.

Iaco. Well done fidler.

Alb. Ile f f f fiddle yee.

Fran. Dost f f f flout me?

Alb. Dost m m m mocke me?

Fran. Ile to the Duke, Ile p p p past up infamies on every post.

Iac. Twas rarely done, rarely done, away, away.

Exit Francisco.

Alb. Ile f f f follow, thou I st st st stut, Ile stumble to the Duke in p p plaine language, I pray you use my wife well, good faith she was a kind soule, and an honest woman once, I was her husband, and was called Albano, before I was drown'd, but now after my resurrection I am I know not what indeed brothers, and indeed sisters, and indeed wife I am, *What you will*; dost thou laugh, dost thou ge ge ge gerne? a p p p perfumer, a fidler, a Diabolo, matre de Dios: Ile f f f firke you by the Lord now, now now I will.

Exit Albano.

Qua. Ha. ha, tis a good rogue, a good rogue.

Lav. A good rogue, ha, I know him not.

Cel. No, good sweet love, come, come, dissemble not.

Lav. Nay if you dread nothing, happy be my lot, Come *Via fest*, come faire cheeke, come lets dance; The sweets of love is amorous dalliance.

Cel. All friends, all happy friends, my veines are light.

Ly. Thy pray'rs are now, God send it quickly night.

Melet. And then come morning.

Ly. I

What you will.

Ly. I, that's the hopefull day.

Mel. I, there thou hitst it.

Qua. Pray God he hit it.

Lav. Play.

The Dance.

Iac. They say there's Revells, and a play at Court.

Lav. A Play to night?

Qua. I, tis this gallants wit.

Iac. Is't good, is't good?

Lam. I feare twill hardly hit.

Qua. I like thy feare, well, twill have better chance,
There's nought more hatefull then rank ignorance.

Ce. Come gallants, the tabl's spread, will you to dinner

Qua. Yes first a maine at dice, and then wee'l eat.

Sim. Truly the best wits have the bad'st fortune at dice
still.

Qua. Who'l play, who'l play?

Sim. Not I, in truth I have still exceeding bad fortune
at dice.

Cel. Come, shall we in? in faith thou art sudden sad,
Dost feare the shaddow of my long dead Lord?

Laver. Shadow, ha, I cannot tell,
Time tryeth all things, well, well, well.

Qua. Would I were time then, I thought 'twas for
some thing that the old fornicator was bald behind, goe
passe on, passe on.

Exeunt.

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

The Curtaines are drawne by a Page, and Celia and Laver-
dure, Quadratus and Lysabetta, Lampatho and Meletza
Simplicius and Lucea displayed fitting at Dinner. The
Song is sung, during which time a Page whispers with
Simplicius.

Qua. Feed, and be fat, my faire Calipolis.

Rivo here's good juice, fresh burrage boy.

Lam. I

What you will.

Lam. I commend, commend my selfe to yee Lady.

Melet. In troth Sir you dwell farre from neighbours
that are inforc'd to commend your selfe.

Qua. Why *Simplicius*, whether now man? for good
fashions sake stirre not, sit still, sit still.

Sim. I must needs rise, much good doe it you.

Qua. Dost thou thinke thy rising will doe them much
good? sit still, sit still, carue me of that good *Mellerza*:
fill *Bacchus* fill.

Sim. I must needs bee gone, and youle come to my
Chamber to morrow morning, Ile send you a hundred
crownes.

Qua. In the name of prosperitie, what tide of happi-
nesse so suddenly is flow'd upon thee.

Sim. Ile keepe a horse and foure boyes with grace of
fortune now.

Qua. Now then ifaith get up and ride.

Sim. And I doe not? Ile thwack a Ierkin till hee
groane againe with Gold lace: let me see, what should I
desire of God, mary a Cloake lindc with rich Taffata,
white Sattin sute, and my gilt Rapier from pawne; nay
she shall giue me a Chaine of pearle that shall pay for
all; good boy, good Senior, good boy, good Senior.

Qua. Why now, thou speakest in the most imbrag'd
fashion that our time hug's, no sooner a good fortune, or
a fresh sute fals upon a fellow, that would ha beene guld
to ha shou'd into your societie, but and he met you hee
fronts you with a faint eye, throwes a squint glaunce
over wried shoulder and cryes twixt the teeth, as very
parsimonious of breath, good boy, good Senior, good
boy, good Senior death: I will search the life blood of
your hopes.

Sim. And a fresh Pearle-colour silke stocking o IIII,
Ile goe to the halfe crowne ordinary every meale, Ile
haue my Iuory box of Tobacco, Ile converte with none
but Counts and Courtiers, now good boy, good Senior a
paire

What you will.

paire of massie silver Spurrs, to a hatch short sword, and then your embrodered hanger, and good Senior.

Qua. Shut the windowes, darken the roome, fetch whips, the follow is mad, hee raues, hee raues, talkes idly, lunatique, who procures thy —

Sim. One that has eate fat Capon, suckt the boild Chicken, and let out his wit with the foole of bounaty, one *Fabius*, ile scorne him, hee goes upon Fridayes in blacke Satten.

Qua. *Fabius*, by this light a cogging Cheator, he liues on loue of Merchants wiues, hee stands on the base, of maines he furnisheth your ordinary, for which hee feeds scot-free, keepes faire gold in his purse, to put on upon maines, by which hee liues and keepes a faire boy at his heeles, he is dam'd *Fabius*.

Sim. He is a fine man law, and has a good wit; for when hee list hee can goe in blacke Sattin, Land in a Cloake linde with unshorne Velvet.

Qua. By the salvation of humanity he's more pestilential then the plague of Lice that fell upon Egypt, thou hast beene knaue if thou credit it, thou art an Asse if thou follow it, and shalt bee a perpetuall Ideot if thou pursue it, renounce the world, the flesh, the Devill, and thy trust in mens wiues for they will double with thee, and so I betake my selfe to the sucking of the juice Capon, my ingle bottle-ale, and his Gentleman Vsher that squires him red herring; a foole I found thee and a foole I leaue thee; beare record heaven, 'tis against the providence of my speech, good boy, good Senior. *Exit.*

Enter Slip, Nows, Doite, and Bydet.

Sim. Ha,ha,ha, Good boy, good Senior, what a foole 'tis, ha,ha,ha, what an Asse 'tis, sauç you young Gentlemen is shee comming? will shee meeete me, shal's encounter ha?

Byd. You were not Iapt in your Mothers smock, you ha' not a good cheeke, an inticing eye, a smooth skinne, a well shapt leg, a faire hand; you cannot bring a wench

What you will.

into a fooles Paradice for you ?

Sim. Not I by this garter, I am a foole, a very Ninny I, how call you her ? how call you her ?

Byd. Call her ? you rise on your right side to day marry, call her her name is Mistresse *Perpetuana*, she is not very faire, nor goes extraordinary gay.

Sim. She has a good skinne ?

Byd. A good skinne ? shee is wealthy, her husband's a foole, shee make you, shee weares the breeches : shee make you —

Sim. Ile keepe two men and they shal be Taylors, they shal make sutes continually, & those shal be cloth of silver.

Byd. You may goe in beaten pretious stones every day, marry I must acquaint you with some observances which you must pursue most religiously ; she has a foole, a naturall foole waites on her, that is indeed her Pander, to him at the first you must bee bounteous, whatsoere he craues, bee it your Hat, Cloake, Rapier, Purse, or such trifles, giu't, giu't, the night will pay all : and to draw all suspect from pursuing her loue for base gaine sake.

Sim. Giu't ? by this light Ile giu't wvert, gaine ? I care not for her Chaine of Pearle, onely her loue ; gaine ? the first thing her bounty shall fetch is my blush colour Satten sute from payne : gaine ?

Byd. When you heare one winde a Cornet, she is coming downe *Saint Markes streete*, prepare your speech, suck your lips, lighten your spirits, fresh your blood, sleeke your cheeks, for now thou shalt be made for ever (a perpetuall and eternall gull.)

Exit Byder.

Sim. I shall so ravish her with my court-ship, I haue such variety of discourse, such copy of phrase to begin, as this ; sweete Lady *Vlisses* Dog after his Masters ten yeares travell, I shall so tickle her ; or thus, Pure beauty there is a stone.

Slip. Two stones man.

Sim. Called, 'tis no matter what ; I ha' the eloquence, I am

What you will.

I am not to seeke I warrant you.

The Cornet is winded, Enter Pippo, Bydet, Pippo attired like a Merchants wife, and Bydet like a foole.

Sweet Lady *Vliffes* dog, there's a stone called— O Lord what shall I say?

Slip. Is all your eloquence come to this?

Sim. The glorious radient of your glimmering eyes, your glittering beauties blind my wit, and dazled my—

Pippo. Ile put on my maske and please you, pray you winke, pray you.

Bydet. O fine man, my mistresse loues you best, I dreamt you ga' mee this fword and dagger, I loue your Hat and Feather, O—

Sim. Doe not cry man, doe not cry man, thou shalt ha them I and they were—

Bydet. O that purse with all the white pence in it, fine man I loue you, giue you the fine red pence soone at night, he, I thanke you, where's the foole now?

Sim. He has all my money, I haue to keepe my selfe,

Slip. Poght. and—

Pippo. Sir the foole shall lead you to my house, the foole shall not, at night I expect you, till then take this seale of my affection. *Within Qua.* What *Simplicius*?

Sim. I come *Quadratus*, Gentlemen-as yet I can but thanke you, but I must be trusted for my ordinary soone at night, or stay Ile—the foole has unfurnisht me, but 'twill come againe, good boy.

Within Quadratus What ho *Simplicius*?

Sim. Good boy, good boyes, I come, I come, good boyes, good boyes.

Byd. The foole shall waite on thee. Now doe I merit to be yclipped, *Bosphorus Carmelydon Honori ficacum inos*
Bydet, who, who has any square Dice?

Pippo. Marry Sir that haue I.

Byd. Thou shalt loose thy share for it in our purchase.

Pippo. I pray you now, pray you now.

What you will.

Byd. Sooner the whistell of a Martiner,
Shall fleeke the rough curbes of the Ocean back,
Now speake I like my selfe thou shalt loose thy share.

*Enter Quadratus, Laverdure and Celia, Simplicius,
Meletza, Lyzabetta, Lucea, and Lampatho.*

Pip. Ha, take all then, ha.

Qua. VVithout cloake or hat or rapier figh.

Sim. Gods me, looke yonder, who gaue you these things?

Byd. Mistresse Perpetuanos foole.

Sim. Mistresse Perpetuanos foole, ha, ha, there lyes a jest, Senior the foole promised me hee would not leaue me.

Byd. I know the foole well, he will sticke to you, does not use to forsake any youth that is inamord on an other mans wife, hee striues to keepe company with a crimson satten suite continually, hee loues to bee all one with a Critique, a good wit selfe conceited, a hauke bearer, a dogge keeper, and great with the nobility, he doats upon a meere scholler, an honest flat foole; but aboue all hee is all one with a fellow whose cloake hath a better inside then his out-side, & his body richer lin'd then his braine.

Sim. Vds so I am cosoned.

Pip. Pray you master pardon me, I must loose my share.

Sim. Giue me my purse againe.

Byd. You gaue it me and Ile keep't.

Qua. Well done my honest crack thou shalt bee my ingle fort.

Lau. He shall keepe all maugre thy beardlesse chin thy eyes.

Sim. I may goe starue till Mid-sommer quarter.

Qua. Foole get thee hence.

Pip. Ile to schoole againe that I will, I left in *Affe in presenti*, and Ile begin in *Affe in presenti*, and so good night faire gentry.

Exit Pippo.

Qua.

What you will:

Qua. The triple Ideots coxcombe crownes thee,
Bitter epigrames confound thee,
Cucold be when ere thou bride thee,
Through every comicke Sceane be drawne,
Never come thy cloaths from pawne.
Never may thy shame be sheathed,
Never kisse a wench sweet breathed.

Cornets sound.

Enter as many Pages with torches as you can, Randolpho
and Adrian, Iacomo bore, the Duke with atten-
dance.

Ran. Cease the Duke approacheth, tis almost night,
For the Dukes up, now begins his day,
Come grace his entrance; lights lights now gins our play.

Duke. Still these same bauling pipes, sound softer
Slumber our sense, but these are vulgar straines, (straine,
Cannot your trembling wiers throw a Chaine
Of powerfull rapture 'bout our mazed sense?
Why is our chaire thus cushion'd tapistry?
Why is our bed tired with wanton sports?
Why are we cloath'd with glistring attires?
If common bloods can heare, can feele,
Can sit as soft, lye as lascivious,
Strut all as rich as the greatest Potentate,
Soule, and you cannot feast my thirsting cares
With ought, but what the lip of common birth can taste,
Take all away your labour is idly waste,
What sport for night?

Iam. A Comedy, intitled Temperance.

Duk. What set elects that subject for the Court,
What should dame Temperance doe here, away,
The itch on Temperance your mortall play.

Qua. Duke, Prince, royall blood, thou that hast the best
meanes to be damn'd of any Lord in Venice, thou great
man, let me kisse thy flesh, I am fat and therefore faith-
full, I will doe that which few of thy subjects doe, loue

What you will.

thee, but I will never doe that which all thy subiects do ;
flatter thee, thy humours reall, good, a Comedy ?
No and thy sense would banquet in delights,
Appropriate to the blood of Emperours,
Peculiar to the state of Majesty,
That none can relish but dilated greatnessse.
Vouchsafe to view the structure of a Scene
That stands on tragike sollid passion,
O thats fit trafficke to commerce with birthes
Straind from the mud of base unable braines,
Give them a Scene may force their struggling blood,
Rise up on tiptoe in attention,
And fill their intellect with pure elixed wit,
O thats for greatnessse apt, for Princes fit.

Duke. Darst thou then undertake to sute our cares
With such rich vestment ?

Qua. Dare ? yes my Prince I dare, nay more, I will,
And Ile present a subiect worth thy soule :
The honor'd end of *Cato Utican.*

Duke. Wh^cie personate him ?

Qua. Marry that will I on suddaine without change.

Duke. Thou want'st a beard.

Qua. Tush a beard were made *Cato*, though many
mens *Cato* hang onely on their chin.
Suppose this flower the *Citie Utica*,
The time the night that prolong'd *Catos* death ;
Now being plac'd 'mong his Philosophers,
These first discourse the soules eternity.

Iaco. *Cato* grants that I am sure, for he was valiant and
honest, which an Epicure were was, & a coward never will

Qua. Then *Cato* holds a distinct notion (be.
Of individuall actions after death :
This being argu'd, his resolute maintaines
A true magnanimous spirit should give up durt
To durt, and with his owne flesh dead his flesh,
Fore chance should force it crouch unto his foe :

What you will.

To kill ones selfe some I, some hold it no;
O these are poynts would entice away ones soule
To break's indenture of base prentisage, Enter *Francisco*.
And run away from's body in swift thoughts,
To melt in contemplation's lushious sweets ;
Now my voluptuous Duke ile feed thy sense,
Worth his creation : giue me audience.

Fran. My liege, my royll leidge, heare, heare my sute.

Qua. Now may thy breath nere smell sweet as long
as thy lungs can pant for breaking my speech, thou Mus-
covite, thou stinking Perfumer.

Enter *Albano*.

Duke. Is not this *Albano* our some times Courtier ?

Fran. No troth but *Francisco* your alwayes Perfumer.

Alba. *Lorenzo Celsõ* our braue *Venice Duke*, *Albano Bellerzo*, thy Merchant, thy Souldier, thy Courtier, thy slave, thy any-thing, thy *What thou wilt*, kissteth thy no-
ble blood ; doe mee right or else I am canonized a Cuc-
kold, canonized a Cuckold, I am abus'd, I am abus'd, my
wife's abus'd, my cloaths abus'd, my shape, my house, my
all abus'd ; I am sworne out of my selfe, beaten out of
my selfe, blaffled, geird at, laught at, bard my owne house,
debard my owne wife, whilst others swill my wines, gur-
mandize my meate, kisse my wife ; O gods, O gods, O
gods, O gods, O gods.

Lau. Who ist ? who ist ?

Celia. Come sweet this is your waggery ifaith, as if
you knew him not.

Lau. Yes I feare I doe too well, would I could slide
away invisible.

Duke. Assured this is he.

Iaco. My worthy liege the jest comes onely thus.
Now to stop and crosse it with meere like deceit :
All being knownen the *French Knight* hath disguis'd
A fidler like *Albano* too, to fright the Perfumer, this is al.

Duke. Art sure tis true ?

What you Will.

Melet. Tis confess tis right.

Alba. I tis right, tis true, right, I am a fidler, a fidler, a fidler, uds fut a fidler; Ile not beleue thee thou art a woman, and tis knowne *veritas non querit angulos*, truth seekes not to lurke under farthingals, *veritas non querit angulos*, a fidler?

Lau. Worthy sir pardon, and permit me first to confess your selfe, your deputation dead hath made my loue liue, to offend you.

Alba. I, mock on, scoffe on, flout on, doe, doe, doe.

Lau. Troth sir in serious.

Alba. I good, good, come hither *Celia*,
Burst breast, rive heart asunder: *Celia*
Why startest thou backe? seest thou this *Celia*,
O me how often with lascivious touch thy lip,
Hath kiss'd this marke? how oft this much wrong'd
breast!

Hath borne the gentle waight of thy soft cheeke?

Celia. O me my dearest Lord, my sweet, sweet loue.

Alba. What a fidler, a fidler? now thy loue.
I am sure thou scorn'st it; nay *Celia* I could tell;
What on the night before I went to sea,
And tooke my leaue with *Himeneall* rites,
What, thou lispsd
Into my eare, a fidler and perfumer now.

Adri. And —

Ran. Deare brother.

Iaco. Most respected Senior,
Beleue it by the sacred end of loue,
What much, much wrong hath forc'd your patience
Proceeded from most deare affied loue,
Devoted to your house.

Adri. Beleue it brother.

Iaco. Nay your selfe when you shall heare the occurrances will say tis happy, comicall.

Ran. Assure thee brother.

Alba.

What you will.

Alba. Shall I be braue, shall I be my selfe now, loue,
giue me thy loue, brothers giue me your breasts, *French*
knight reach me thy hand, perfumer thy fist. Duke I in-
vite thee, loue I forgiue thee; *French-man* I hug thee, Ile
know all, ile pardon all, and ile laugh at all.

Qua. And ile curse you all:

○ yee ha' interrupt a Sceane.

Duke. *Quadratus* we will heare these poynts discuss'd,
With apter and more calme affected houres.

Qua. Well,good,good.

Alba. Wast even so ifaith? why then caprichious mirth,
Skip light moriscoes in our frolick blood,
Flagg'd veines, sweete, plump with fresh infused joyes:
Laughter pucker our cheeks, make shoulders shog,
With chucking lightnesse, loue once more thy lips,
For ever claspe our hands, our hearts, our creasts,
Thus front, thus eyes, thus cheeke, thus all shall meeete:
Shall clip, shall hug, shall kisse, my deare, deare sweete;
Duke wilt thou see me revell, come loue daunce,
Court gallants court, sucke amorous dalliance.

Lam. Beauty your heart.

Melet. First sir accept my hands,
Shee leaps too rafh, that fals in sudden bands.

Lam. Shall I despaire? never will I loue more.

Melet. No sea so boundlesse vast but hath a shore.

Qua. Why marty me.
Thou canst have but soft flesh, good blood, soend bones,
And that which fils up all your bracks, good stones.

Lyzabet. Stones, Trees and beasts in loue still firmer
proue

Then man, ile none no hold-fasts in your loues.

Lau. Since not the Mistresse, come on faith the maid.

Alba. Ten thousand Duckets too to boote are laid.

Lau. Why then wind Cornets, lead on jolly lad.

Alba. Excuse me gallants though my legs lead wrong.
Tis my first footing, winde out nimble tongue.

Duke.

What you will.

Duke. Tis well, 'tis well, how shall wee spend this night?

Qua. Gulpe Rhenish wine my liege, let our panch
rent,
Suck merry Gellies; perview, but not prevent
No mortall can the miseries of life.

Alba. I home invite you all, come sweete, sweete wife,
My liege vouchsafe thy presence, drinke till the ground
looke blew, boy.

Qua. Liue still springing hopes, still in fresh new joyes,
May your loues happy hit in faire cheeckt wiues,
Your flesh still plumpe with sap'd restoratiues,
That's all my honest frolick heart can wish,
A Fieo for the mew and envious pish;
Till night, I wish good food, and pleasing day,
But then sound rest, so ends our slight wrt play.

Exeunt.

Deo op. max. gratias.

FINIS.

PARASITASTER,

OR,

THE FAVVNE.

As it hath been divers times
Presented at the Black Fryers,
by the Children of the Queens
Majesties Revels.



LONDON,

Printed for WILLIAM SNEARES.

1633.

PARASITASITER
OR
THE FIZZY MANE.

BY
PREGUCED IN THE BLACK FIZZERS
BY THE CITY FIZZ OF THE GURU
WALDELLIN COOK.



LONDON
PRINTED FOR WALTER SHEDWELL
1633.

To my equall Reader.

Hauē ever more endeavoured to know my selfe, then to bee knownen of others: and rather to be unpartially beloved of all, then factiously to bee admired of a few: yet so powerfully haue I bin enticed with the delights of Poetry, and (I must ingenuously confess) aboue better desert so fortunate in these stage-pleasings, that (let my resolutions bee never so fixed to call mine eyes into my selfe,) I much feare that most lamentable death of him,

Quia nimis notus omnibus,

Ignotus meritur sibi *Senece.*

But since the over-vehement pursute of these delights hath bin the sicknesse of my youth, and now is growen to be the vice of my firmer age, since to satisfie others, I neglect my selfe; let it be the curtesie of my peruser, rather to pitie my selfe-hindring labours, then to malice me, and let him be pleased to be my reader, & not my Interpreter, since I would faine reserue that office in my owne hands, it being my daily prayer, *Abfit a jocorum nostrorum similitate malignus interpres.* *Martial.*

If any shall wonder why I print a Comedy, whose life is much in the Actors voice. Let such know, that it is not aroyd publishing: let it therefore stand with good excuse, that I haue beene my owne settor out.

If any desire to understand the scope of my Comedy, know it hath the same limits, which *Invenal* giues to his Satyres.

Quicquid

To the Reader.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli est.* *Iuvenal.*

As for the factious malice, and studied detractions of some few that tread in the same path with me, let all know, I most easily neglect them, and (carelessly slumbering to their vicious endeavours) smile heartily at their selfe-hurting basenesse. My bosome friend good *Epictetus* makes mee easily to contemne all such mens malice: since other mens tongues are not within my teeth, why should I hope to governē them? For mine owne interett for once let this be printed, that of men of my owne addiction, I loue most, pitie some, hate none: For let mee truly say it, I once only loved my selfe, for loving them, and surely I shall ever rest so constant to my first affectiōn, that let their ungentle combinings, discourteous whisperings, never so treacherously labour to undermine my unfenced reputation, I halē (as long as I haue being) loue the least of their graces, and onely pitie the greatest of their vices.

And now to kill envy, know you that affect to be the only minions of *Phæbus*, I am not so blusheſſly ambitious as to hope to gaine any the least supreame eminencie among you; I affect not only the *Eugenium, & Bellè*! tis not my fashion to thinke no write, vertuously confident, that is not swellingly impudent. Nor doe I labour to bee held the onely spirit, whose Poems may be thought worthy to be kept in Cedar chests,

*Heliconidasq; Pallidamq; Pyrenen,
Illiis relinqio quorum imagines lambunt
Hederæ sequaces.*

Pers.

He that pursues fame, shall for mee without any rivall haue breath enough, I esteeme felicity to bee more solide contentment, onely let it bee lawful for me with unaffeted modesty, and full thought, to ead boldly with that of *Persias*. *Ipse semipaganus*

Ad sacra vatum carmen afferro nostrum.

Io: Marſton.

P R O-

Prologus.

Let those once know that here with malice lurke,
Tis base to be too wise in others worke.
The rest sit thus saltited :
Spectators know, you may with freefe faces
Behold this Scene, for here no rude disgraces
Shall taint a publicke, or a private name ;
This pen at viler rate doth value fame,
Then at the price of others infamy ,
To purchase it : Let others dare the rope,
Your modest pleasure is our Authors scope.
The hurdle and the racking to them he leaues
That haue nought left to be accounted any ,
But by not being : Nor doth he hope to win
Your Laud or hand, with that most common sinne
Of vulgari pens, ranke bandrie, that smels .
Even thorow your maskes, Vsque ad nauseam :
The venus of this Scene doth loath to weare
So vile, so common, so immodest clothings :
But if the nimble forme of Comedy,
Meere spectacle of life, and publicke manners,
May gravellly arriu to your pleased eares,
We boldly dare the utmost death of feares,
For we doe know that this most faire fill'd roome
Is loaden with most Atick judgements, ablest spirits,
Then whom there a'e none more exact, full, strong,
Yet none more soft, benigne in censuring.
I know ther's not one affe to all this presence,
Not one callumnious rascall or ba'e villaine
Of emptiest merit that would taxe and slander
If Innocencie her selfe should write, not one we know't.
O you are all the very breath of Phœbus,
In your pleas'd gracings all the true life blood
Of our poore Author liues, you are his very grace,
Now if any wonder why hee's drawne
To such base soothings, know his play's the Fawne.



Interlocutores.

Hercules
disguised, } Duke of Ferrara.
Faunus.

Gonzago Duke of *Urbino*.
Tiberio, Sonne to *Hercules*.
Dulcimel, Daughter to *Gonzago*.

Philocalia, } An honourable learned Lady compa-
nion to the Princesse *Dulcimel*.

Granuffo, A silent Lord.
Don Zuccone, A causlesly jealous Lord.
Donna Zoya, A vertuous faire witty Lady, his wife.
S. Amorofo debile-dosso, A sickly Knight.
Donna Garbetza, His Lady.

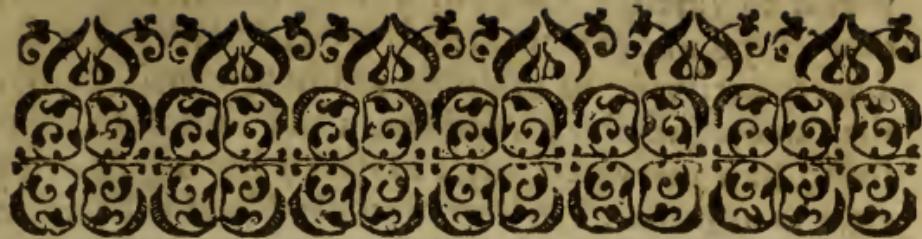
Herod Frappatore, } Brother to Sir *Amorofo* and a viti-
ous Bragart.

Nimphadore, A young Courtier, and a common Lover.
Dondolo, A bald foole.
Renaldo, Brother to *Hercules*.

Poveia } Two Ladies attendants on *Dulcimel*.
Donnetta, }

Puttotta, } A poore Laundresse of the Court that
Pages. } washeth and diets footemen.

THE



THE FAVVNE.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Enter Hercules and Renaldo.

Hercules.



EE yonder's *Virbin*, those farre appearing
Spyres rise from the Citie, you shall con-
duet mee no further, returne to *Ferrara*,
my Dukedom by your care in my ab-
sence shall rest constantly vntited, & most
religiously loyall.

Re. My Prince and brother, let my blood and loue
challenge the freedome of one question.

Her. You hau't.

Re. Why in your stedier age in strength of life,
And firmest wit of time, will you breake forth
Those stricter limits of regardfull state?
(Which with severe distinction you still kept)
And now to unknowen dangers you'le give up
Your selfe *Ferrara*s Duke; and in your selfe
The state, and us. O my lou'd brother
Honour avoids not onely just defame,
But flies all meanes that may ill voice his name.

Her. Busie your selfe with no feares, for I shall rest
most wary of our safetie, only some glimpses I will give
you for your satisfaction why I leaue *Ferrara*, I haue
S vov'd

The Fawne.

vow'd to visit the Court of *Vrbin* in some disguise as thus: my sonne as you can well witnesse with me, could I never perswade to marriage, although my selfe was then an ever resolved widdower; and though I proposed to him this very Lady, to whom hee is gone in my right to negotiate: now how his cooler blood will behaue it selfe in this busines, would I haue an onely testimony, other contents shall I giue my selfe, as not to take loue by attorney, or make my election out of tongues; other suffisings there are, which my regard would faine make sound to mee: something of much you know, that, and what else you must not know, bids you excuse this kind of my departure.

(wifest.

Re. I commend all to your wisedome, and yours to the *Her.* Thinke not but I shall approue that more then folly, which even now appeares in a most ridiculous expectation: bee in this assured, The botome of gravitie is nothing like the top, once more fare you well.

Exit *Ren.*

And now thou ceremonious Soveraignty,
Yee proud severer statefull complements,
The secret arts of *Rule*, I put you off;
Not ever shall those manacles of forme,
Once more locke up the appetite of blood.
Tis now an age of man,whilst we all strickt
Haue liu'd in awe of cariage regular
Apted unto my place; nor hath my life
Once tasted of exorbitant affects,
Wilde *Longings*,or the least of *distract shapes*,
But we must once be wild,tis ancient truth,
O fortunare, whose madnesse fals in youth!
Well, this is text,who ever keepes his place
In servile station,is all low and base.
Shall I because some few may cry,light,vaine,
Beat downe affection from desired rule,
He that doth striue to please the world's a foole:

To

The Fawne.

To haue that felow cry, O marke him, graue,
See how austerely hee doth giue example
Of repressed heate and steddy life,
Whilst my forc'd life against the stremme of blood
Is lugg'd along, and all to keepe the God
Of fooles and women, *Nice opinion* :
Whose strict preserving makes oft great men fooles,
And fooles of great then : no thou world know thus,
Ther's nothing free but it is genetous.

Exit.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Nymphadoro and Herod.

Her. How now my little more then nothing, what newes is stirring?

Pag. All the Citie's afire. *Nimp.* On fire?

Page. With joy of the Prince *Dulcimels* birth day,
there's shew upon shew, sport upon sport.

Hero. What sport, what sport?

Page. Marry sir to solemnize the Princes birth-day ;
ther's first Crackers which run into the ayre, and when
they are at the top, like some ambitious strange heretike,
keepe a cracking, and a cracking, and then breake, and
downe they come.

Hero. A pretty crab, he would yeeld tart juyce and he
were squeez'd.

Nym. What sport else?

Page. Other fire-workes.

Hero. Spirit of wine, I cannot tell how these fire-
workes should bee good at the solemnizing the birth of
men or women, I am sure they are dangerous at their be-
getting ; what more fire-workes sir?

Page. There be squibs sir, which squibs running upon
lines like some of our gawdy gallants sir, keepe a smother
fire, with flishing and flashing, and in the end sir, they doe
sir—

Nym. What sir?

The Fawne.

Page. Stinke sir.

Hero. Fore heaven, a most sweete youth.

Enter Dondolo.

Don. Newes, newes, newes, newes.

Hero. What in the name of prophesie?

Nym. Art thou growne wise?

Hero. Doth the Duke want no money?

Nym. Is there a maid found at 24?

Hero. Speake thou three leg'd *Tripos*, is thy ship of
Foole's afloote yet?

Don. I haue many things in my head to tell you.

Hero. I, thy head is alwayes working, it roles, and it
roles *Dondolo*, but it gathers no mosse *Dondolo*.

Don. *Tiberio* the Duke of *Ferrara*'s sonne excellently
horsed, all upon *Flaunders Mares*, is arrived at the Court
this very day, somewhat late in the night time.

Hero. An excellent nuntius.

Don. Why my gallants? I haue had a good wit.

Hero. Yes troth, but now tis growne like an Alma-
nacke for the last yeare, past date, the marke's out of thy
mouth *Dondolo*.

Nym. And what's the Princes Ambassage? thou art
private with the Duke, thou belongest to his close stoole.

Don. Why? every foole knowes that, I know it my
selfe man as well as the best man, he is come to solicite a
marriage betwixt his Father the Duke of *Ferrara*, and
our Duke of *Vrbins* daughter *Dulcimele*.

Nym. Pitie of my passions, *Nymphadoro* shall loose
one of his Mistresses.

Hero. Nay, if thou hast more then one, the losse can
nere be grievous, since tis certaine, hee that loues many
formally, never loues any violently.

Nym. Most trusted *Frappatore*, is my hand the weaker
because it is divided into many fingers? no, tis the more
strongly nimble. I doe now loue threescore and nine
Ladies, all of them most extreamely well, but I doe loue
the

The Fawne.

the Princes most extreamely best: but in very sighing
sadnesse, I ha' lost all hope, and with that hope a Lady
that is most rare, most faire, most wise, most sweet, most--

Her. Any thing true, but remember still this faire, this
wise, this sweete, this all of excellencie has in the tayle of
all, a Woman.

Nym. Peace, the presence fils against the Prince ap-
proacheth: Marke who enters.

Her. My Brother, sir *Amorofo debilidocco*.

Nym. Not he?

Her. No, not he.

Nym. How is he chang'd?

Her. Why, growne the very dregs of the drabs cup.

Nym. O *Babylon* thy wals are fallen: Is he married?

Her. Yes, yet still the Ladies common, or the com-
mon Ladies servant.

Nym. How do's his owne Lady beare with him?

Her. Faith like the Romane *Milo*, bore with him
when hee was a Calfe, and now carries him when hee's
growne an Oxe.

Nym. Peace the Duke's at hand.

Cornets. Enter *Granuffo*, *Gonzagò*, *Dulcimell*,
Philocalia, *Loia*.

Gon. Daughter, for that our last speech leaues the fir-
mest poynt, be thus advis'd: when young *Tiberio* nego-
tiates his fathers loue, hold heedie guard over thy passi-
ons, and still keepe this full thought firme in thy reason,
tis his old Fathers loue the young man moves; (is't
not well thought my Lord, wee must beare braine,) and
when thou shalt behold *Tiberios* life-full eyes, and well
fild vaines, complexion firme, and haires that curle
with strength of lustie moisture, (I thinke wee yet can
speake, wee ha' beene eloquent) thou must shape thy
thoughts to apprehend his father well in yeares,

The Fawne.

A graue wisc Prince, whose beauty is his honour,
And well past life, and doe not giue thy thoughts,
Least liberty to shape a divers scope,
(My Lord Granuffo pray yee note my phrase)
So shalst thou not abuse thy younger hope,
Nor afflēt us, who onely joy in life,
To see thee his.

Dul. Graticus my father feare not, I rest most dutious
to your dispose. *Consort of musickē.*

Gon. Set on then, for the Musickē giues us notice the
Prince is hard at hand.

Tiberio with his traine with Hercules disguised.

Dul. You are most welcome to our long desiring Fa-
ther, to us you are come?

Tib. From our long desiring Father.

Dul. Is this your Fathers true proportion?

Shewes a Picture.

Tib. No Lady, but the perfect counterfeit.

Dul. And the best grac't.

Tib. The Painters art could yeeld.

Dul. I wonder hee would tend a counterfeit to moue
our loue, Gon. Heare, that's my wit, when I was
eighteene such a pretty toying wit had I, but age hath
made us wise (hast not my Lord?)

Tib. Why fairest Princesse if your eye dislike that dea-
der peecē, behold mee his true forme and liuelier Image,
such my Father hath beeene.

Dul. My Lord, please you to scent this flower.

Tib. Tis withered Lady, the flowers scent is gone.

Dul. This hath beeene such as you are, that hath beeene sir
they say in England, that a farre found Frier had guirt
the Iland round with a brasse wall, if that they could
haue catched *Time is*, but *Time is past*, leſt it ſtill clipt
with aged Neptunes arme.

Tib. Aurora yet keepes chaste old Tithons bed.

Dul. Yet bluſhes at it when ſhe riſes.

The Fawne.

Gon. Pretty, pretty, just like my younger wit: you know it, my Lord?

Dul. But is your Fathers age thus fresh, hath yet his head so many haire?

Tib. More, more, by many a one.

Dul. More say you?

Tib. More.

Dul. Right sir, for this hath none, is his eye so quicke
as this same peece makes him shew?

Tib. The curtesie of art hath given more life to that
part, then the sad cares of state would grant my Father.

Dul. This modell speakes about fourtie.

Tib. Then doth it so newhat flatter, for our father
hath seene more yeares, and is a little shrunke from the
full strength of time.

Gon. Somewhat coldly pray'd.

Dul. Your father hath a faire Solicitor,
And be it spoke with virgin modesty,
I would he were no elder, not that I doe fly
His side for yeares, or other hopes of youth,
But in regard the malice of lewd tongues,
Quicke to deprave on possibilities,
(Almost impossibilities) will spread
Rumors to honour dangerous.

Gon. What whisper? I, my Lord *Granuffo* twere fit
To part their lips: men of discerning wit
That haue read *plinie* can discourse, or so,
But giue me practice: well experienc't age
Is the true *Delphos*. I am no *Oracle*
But yet Ile prophesie: well my Lord *Granuffo*,
Tis fit to interrupt their privacie,
Is't not my Lord? now sure thou art a man
Of a most learned silence, and one whose words
Haue beene most pretious to me, right, I know thy heart,
Tis true, thy legs discourse with right and grace,
And thy tongue is constant. Faire my Lord,

The Fawne.

Forbeare all private closer conference,
What from your father comes, comes openly,
And so must speake: for you must know my age
Hath seene the beings, and the quide of things,
I know Dimensions and the terminy
Of all existens: Sir I know what shapes
Appetite formes; but policie and states
Haue more elected ends: your fathers sute
Is with all publike grace received, and private loue
Imbraced, as for our daughters bent of mind
She must seeme somewhat nice, tis Virgins kind
To hold long out, if yet she chance deny,
Ascribe it to her decent modesty:
We haue beene a Philosopher and spoke
With much applause; but now age makes us wise,
And drawes our eyes to search the heart of things,
And leauie vaine seemings, therefore you must know,
I would be loath the gaudy shape of youth
Should one provoke, and not allow'd of heate,
Or hinder, or, for sir I know and so,
Therefore before us time and place affords
Free speech, else not: wise heads use but few words
In short breath, know the Court of *Yrbin* holds
Your presence and your embassage so deare,
That wee want meanes once to expresse our heart
But with our heart: plaine meaning shunneth art;
You are most welcome (Lord *Granuffe* a tricke,
A figure note) wee use no *Rhetoricke*. *Exit Gon.*

Remenant Hercules, Nymphadore and Herod.

Hero. Did not *Tiberio* call his father foole?

Nym. No, hee said yeares had weakened his youthfull

Hero. Hee swore hee was bald. (quickness.)

Nym. No; but not thicke hair'd.

Hero. By this light, Ile sweare hee said his father had
the higgiout, the strangury, the fistula, in *anno*, and a most
unbidable breath, no teeth, lesse eyes, great fingers, little
legges,

The Fawne.

legges, an eternall fluxe, and an everlasting cough of the longues.

Nym. Fie, fie, by this light he did not.

Hero. By this light he should ha' done then : horne on him, threescore and fise, to haue and to hold, a Lady of fifteene. O *Misenzius* a tyrannie equall if not aboue thy torturing ; thou didst bind the living and the dead bodies together, and forced them so to pine and rot ; but this cruelty binds breast to breast, not onely different bodies, but if it were possible most unequall minds, together with an inforcement even scandalous to *Nature*. Now the Layle deliver me, an Intelligencer ; be good to me yee Cloysters of bondage ; of whence art thou ?

Her. Of Ferrara.

Hero. A *Ferraraes*, what to me, cameſt thou in with the Prince *Tiberio* ?

Her. With the Prince *Tiberio*, what a that, you will not rayle at me, will you ?

Hero. Who I ? I rayle at one of *Ferrara*, a *Ferazees*, no ? didſt thou ride ?

Her. No.

Hero. Hast thou worne socks ?

Her. No.

Hero. Then blessed bee the most happy grauell betwixt thy toes, I doe prophesie thy tyrannising itch shall be honourable, and thy right worshipfull soule ſhall appeare in full presence; art thou an officer to the Princesse ?

Her. I am, what a that ?

Hero. My cap, what officer ?

Her. Yeoman of his bottles, what to that ?

Hero. My lip, thy name good yeoman of the bottles ?

Her. Faunus.

Nym. Faunus an old Courtier, I wonder thou art in no better cloaths and place *Faunus* ?

Her. I may bee in better place sir, and with them of more regard, if this match of our Dukes intermarriage with the heire of *Vrbin* proceed, the Duke of *Vrbin* dying, and

The Fawne.

and our Lord comming in his Ladies right title to your
Dukedom.

Hero. Why then shalt thou oh yeoman of the bddles
become a maker of *Magnificoes*, thou shalt begge some
od sute, and change thy old sute, part thy beard, clense
thy teeth, and eate Apricocks, marry a rich widdow, or a
crackt Lady, whose case thou shalt make good. Then my
Pythagoras, shall thou and I make a transmigration of
soules, thou shalt marry my daughter, or my wife shall be
thy gratiouse Mistrelle. Seventene puncks shall be thy
portion, thou shalt begge to thy comfort of cleane
linnen, eate no more fresh beefe at supper, or haue thy
broth for next dayes porredge, but the flesh pots of *Egypte*
shall fatten thee, and the Grashopper shall flourish in thy
summer.

Nym. And what dost thou thinke of the Dukes over-
ture of marriage?

Hero. What doe you thinke?

Her. May I speake boldly as at *Alleppo*?

Nym. Speake till thy lungs ake, talke out thy teeth,
here are none of those cankers, these mischieves of soci-
etie intelligencers, or informers, that will cast rumour in-
to the teeth of some *Letius Ba'dus*, a man cruelly eloquēt,
and bloodily learned, no, what sayest thou *Faunus*?

Her. With an undoubted breast thus I may speake
boldly.

Hero. By this night ile speake broadly first and thou
wilt man, our Duke of *Vrbin* is a man very happily mad,
for he thinkes himselfe right perfectly wise, and most de-
monstratiuely learned: nay more.

Her. No more, Ile on, mee thinkes the young Lord
our Prince of *Ferrara* so bounteously adorned with all,
of grace, feature and best shaped proportion, faire use of
speech, full opportunity, and that which makes the sym-
pathy of all equality, of heate, of yeares, of blood; mee
thinkes these Loadstones should attract the mettle of
the

The Fawne.

the young Princesse rather to the son then to the noysome, cold, & most weake side of his halfe rotten father.

Hero. Th'art ours, th'art ours, now dare we speake as boldly as if *Adam* had not fallen, and made us all slaues, harke yee, the Duke is an arrant doting Asse, an Asse, and in the knowledge of my very sense, will turne a foolish animall, for his sonne wil proue like one of *Baals* priests, haue all the flesh presented to the Idoll his father, but he in the night will feed on't, will devoure it, hee will yeoman of the bottles, he will.

Her. Now gentlemen, I am sure the lust of speech hath equally drenched us all, know I am no servant to this Prince *Tiberio*. *Hero.* Not?

Her. Not, but one to him out of some private urging most vowed, one that pursues him but for opportunity of false satisfaction, now if ye can preferre my service to him, I shall rest yours wholly.

Hero. Lust in the devils mouth, thou shalt haue place, *Faune* thou shalt, behold this generous *Nymphadoro*, a gallant of a cleane boote, straight backe, and head of a most hopefull expectation, hee is a servant of faire *Dulcimels*, her very creature, borne to the Princesse sole adoration, a man so spent in time to her, that pitie (if no more of grace) must follow him second, when we haue gained the roome, scrud his sute *Hercules*. Ile bee your intelligencer.

Her. Our very heart, and if need be, workes to most desperate ends.

Hero. VVell urged. *Her.* Words fit acquaintance, but full actions friends. *Nym.* Thou shalt not want *Faunus*.

Her. You promise well.

Hero. Be thou byt firme, that old doting iniquity of age, that only eyed lecherous duke thy Lord shal be bass'ld to extreamest derision, his sonne proue his toole fathers owne issue.

Nym. And we, and thou with us blessed and inriched past

The Fawne.

past that misery of possible contempt, and aboue the hopes of greatest conjectures.

Her. Nay as for wealth *vilia miretur vulgus.* I know by his physiognomy for wealth he is of my addiction, & bids a *fico* for't.

Nym. Why thou art but a younger brother, but poore *Buldazoze.*

Hero. Faith to speake truth, my meanes are written in the booke of fate, as yet unknowne, and yet I am at my foole, and my hunting gelding, *conic, Viah,* to this feastfull entertainment.

Exeunt. rema. Hereu.

Her. I never knew till now, how old I was,
By him by whom we are, I thinke a Prince
Whose tender sufferance never felt a gust
Of boulder breathings, but still liv'd gently fann'd
With the soft gales of his owne flatterers lips,
Shall never know his owne complection.
Deere sleepe and lust I thanke you, but for you,
Mortall till now, I scarce had knowne my selfe.
Thou gratefull poysone, sleepe mischiefe *Flattery*
Thou dreamefull slumber (that doth fall on Kings
As soft and soone as their first holy oyle,)
Be thou for ever damn'd, I now repent.
Severe indictions to some sharpe stiles
Freenes, so't grow not to licentiousnesse
Is gratefull to just states. Most spotlesse kingdome,
And Men O happy borne under good starrs,
Where what is honest you may freely thinke,
Speake what you thinke, and write what you doe speake,
Not bound to servile soothings. But since our ranke
Hath ever been afflicted with these flyes
(That blow corruption on the sweetest vertues)
I will revenge us all upon you all
With the same stratagem we still are caught,
Flattery it selfe; and sure all knowe the sharpenesse

The Fawne.

Of reprehensive language is even blunted
To full contempt, since vice is now term'd fashion,
And most are growne to ill even with defence,
I vow to wast this most prodigious heat
That falls into my age, like scorching flames
In depth of numb'd December, in flattering all
In all of their extreamest vitioufnesse,
Till in their owne lov'd race they fall most lame,
And meet full butte the close of Vices shame. Exit.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Herod and Nymphadoro with napkins in their hands,
followed by Pages with stooles and meat.

Her. Come Sir, a stoole boy, these Court Feasts are to us Servitors Court Faſts, such scambling, such shift for to eate, and where to eate ; here a Squire of low degree hath got the carkasse of a Plover, there Pages of the Chamber divide the spoyles of a tatterd Pheſant, here the Sewer has friended a Countrey-Gentleman with a sweet greene goose, and there a young fellow that late has bought his office, has caught a Woodcocke by the nose, with cups full overflowing.

Nym. But is not Faunus prefer'd with a right hand ?

Her. Did you ever see a fellow so spurted up in a moment ? he has got the right eare of the Duke, the Prince, Princeſſe, most of the Lords, but all the Ladies : why he is become their onely Minion, Vſher, and ſupporter.

Nym. He hath gotten more lov'd teputation of vertue, of learning, of all graces, in one hourr, then all your snarling reformers have in — — —

Her. Nay, that's unquestionable, and indeed what a fruitleſſe labor, what a filling of Danae's tubbe, is it become to inveigh against folly, community takes away the ſenſe, and example the shame : no, praise me these fellowes,

The Fawne.

fellowes, hang on their chariot wheele, and mount with them whom fortune heaves, nay drives: A Stoicall soure vertue seldom thrives. Oppose such fortune, and then burst with those are pitied.

Enter Hercules freshly futed.

Nym. Behold that thing of most fortunate, most prosperous *Don Faunes* himselfe.

Hero. Blessed and long-lasting be thy carnation ribban; O man of more then wit, much more then vertue, of fortune, wil't eate any of a young spring sallet?

Her. Where did the hearbs grow my Gallant, where did they grow?

Hero. Hard by in the City here.

Her. No, Ile none, Ile eat no City hearbs, no City roots, for here in the City a man shal have his excrements in his teeth againe wi:hin foure and twenty houres, I love no City sallets: has't any Canarie?

Nym. How the poore snayle wriggles with this sudaine warmth. Herod drinkeſ.

Hero. Here *Faunes* a health as deepe as a female.

Herc. Fore *love*, we must be more indeerd.

Nym. How dooſt thou feele thy ſelſe now *Fawne*?

Herc. Very womanly with my fingers, I protest I thinke I ſhall love you, are you married? I am truely taken with your vertues, are you married?

Hero. Yes.

Herc. Why I like you well for it.

Hero. No troth *Fawne*, I am not married.

Herc. Why I like you better for it; fore heaven I must love you.

Hero. Why *Fawne*, why?

Herc. Fore-heaven you are bleſt with three rare graces, fine linnen, cleane linings, a ſanguine complexion, and I am ſure, an excellent wit, for you are a Gentleman born.

Hero. Thanke thee ſweet *Fawne*, but why is cleane linnen ſuch a grace, I prethee?

Here.

The Fawne.

Herc. Oh my excellent, and inward deereley approved friend, What's your name sir? cleane linnen is the first our life craues, and the last our death enjoyes.

Hero. But what hope rests for *Nymphadoro*, thou art now within the buttons of the Prince: shall the Duke his Father marry the Lady?

Herc. Tis to be hoped, not.

Nym. Thais some releefe as long as there is hope.

Herc. But sure sir tis almost undoubted the Lady will carry him.

Nym. O pestilent ayre, is there no plot so cunning, no surmisse so false, no way of avoidance?

Herc. Hast thou any pity, either of his passion, or the Ladies yeeres, a Gentleman in the summer and hunting season of his youth, the Lady met in the same warmth, wer't not to be wept that such a saplesse chafing-dish-wring old dotard as the Duke of *Ferrara* with his withered hand, should plucke such a bud, such a -- Oh the life of sence!

Nym. Thou art now a perfect Courtier of just fashion, good grace, canst not relieve us?

Herc. Ha ye any money?

Nym. Pish *Fawne*, we are young Gallants.

Herc. The liker to have no money. But my young Gallants to speake like my selfe, I will hugg your humor. Why looke you, there is fate, destiny, constellations, and Planets, (which though they are under nature, yet they are above women,) who hath read the Book of chaunce? no, cherish your hope, sweeten your imaginations, with thoughts of, ah why women are the most giddy, uncertaine motions under heaven, tis neither proportion of body, vertue of mind, amplitude of fortune, greatnesse of blood, but onely meere chancefull appetite swaycs them: which makes some one like a man, be it but for the paring of his nayles, viah, as for inequality, art not a Gentleman?

The Fawne.

Nym. That I am, and my beneficence shall shew it.

Her. I know you are, by that only word beneficence, which onely speakes of the future-tence (shall know it,) but may I breath in your bosomes? I onely feare *Tiberio* will abuse his fathers trust, and so make your hopes desperate.

Nym. How? the Prince? would he onely stood crosse to my wishes, he should find me an Italian.

Herc. How, an Italian?

Hero. By thy ayd an Italian, deere *Faunus*, thou art now wrigled into the Princes bosome, and thy sweet hand should Minister that *Nectar* to him, should make him immortall. *Nymphadoro* in direct phrase, thou should'st murther the Prince, so revenge thine owne wrongs, and be rewarded for that revenge.

Herc. Afore the light of my eyes, I thinke I shall admire, wonder at you. What? ha ye plots, projects, correspondences, and stratagems: why are not you in better place?

Enter sir Amorofo.

Who's this *Herod*, my eldest Brother sir *Amorofo Debili-doso*?

Herc. Oh I know him, God blesse thine eyes sweet sir *Amorofo, a rous, a vin de monte*, to'th health of thy chin, my deere sweet Signiour.

Sir *Amor.* Pardon me sir, I drinke no wine this spring.

Hero. O no sir, he takes the diet this spring alwayes, boy my brothers bottell.

Sir *Amor.* Faith *Fawne*, an odde wholesome cold, make's me still hoarse and ihumetique.

Hero. Yes in troth a paltry murre, last morning he blew nine bones out of his nose with an odde unwholesome murre: how do's my Sister your Lady, what do's she breed?

Hero.

The Fawne.

Herc. I perceive Knight you have children; oh tis a blessed assurance of heavens favour, & long lasting name to have many children.

Sir Amor. But I ha none, *Fawne*, now.

Herc. O thats most excellent, a right speciall happines, he shall not be a Drudge to his cradle, a slave to his child; he shall be sure not to cherish anothers blood; nor toyle to advance peradventure some Rascals lust, without children a man is unclog'd, his wife almost a Maide: *Mes-salina*, thou cryedst out, O blessed barrenesse, why once with childe the very *Venus* of a Ladies entertainement hath lost all pleasure.

Sir Amor. By this Ring *Faunus* I doe hugge thee with most passionate affection, and shall make my wife thanke thee.

Her. Nay my Brother grudgeth not at my probable inheritance, he meancs once to give a younger brother hope to see fortune.

Nym. And yet I heare sir *Amorous*, you cherish your loynes with high art, the onely ingrosser of *Eringoes*, prepar'd *Cantharides*, *Culles* made of dissolved *Pearle*, and bruis'd *Amber*, the pith of *Parkets*, and canded *Lambstones* are his perpetuall meats; Beds made of the downe under Pigeons-wings and *Goose-necks*, fomentations, bathes, electuaries, frictions, and all the nurses of most forcible excited concupisence he useth with most nice and tender industry.

Her. Pish *Zoccoli*, no *Nymphadoro*, if sir *Amorous* wotild ha children, let him lye on a mattres, plow or thresh, eate onyons, garlick, and leeke-porredg, *Pharaoh* and his coun-cell were mistaken; & their devise to hinder the encrease of procreation in the *Israelites*, with inforging them to much labour of body, and to feed hard, with beetes, gar-like, and onions (meats that make the originall of man most sharpe, and taking) was absurd. No he should have given barley bread, lettice, mellones, cucumbers, huge store

The Fawne.

of veale, and fresh beefe, blown up their flesh, held them from exercise, rould them in feathers, and most severely seene them drunke once a day, then would they at their best have begotten but wenchess, and in short time their generation infeebled to nothing.

Sir. *Am.* Oh divine *Faunus*, where might a man take up forty pound in a commodity of garlike, and Onyons ? *Nymphadoro* thine eare.

Her. Come what are you fleering at ? ther's some weakenes in your brother you wrinkle at thus, come prethee impart, what ? we are mutually incorporated, turn'd one into another, brued together, come I beleeve you are familiar with your sister, and it were knowne.

Hero. Witch, *Faunus* witch, why how dost dreame I live ? ist fower scoure a yeare think' st thou maintaines my geldings, my pages, foote-clothes, my best feeding, high play, and excellent company ? no tis from hence, from hence, I mynt some foure hundred pound a yeere.

Her. Dost thou live like a Porter by thy backe boy ?

Hero. As for my weake rained brother hang him, hee has sore shins, dam him heterelite, his braine's perished, his youth spent his fodder so fast on others Cattle, that he now wants for his owne in winter, I am faine to supply *Faune*, for which I am supplyed.

Her. Dost thou braunch him boy ?

Hero. What else *Faune*.

Her. What else ? nay tis enough, why many men corrupt other mens wives, some their maides, others their neighbours daughters, but to lie with ones brothers wedlocke, O my deare *Herod* tis vile and uncom-
mon lust.

Hero. Fore heaven I loue thee to the heart, well I may prayse God for my brothers weakenesse, for I assure thee, the land shall discend to me my little *Faune*.

Her. To thee my little *Herod* ? oh my rare Rascall,
I doe

The Fawne.

I doe find more and more in thee to wonder at, for thou art indeed, if I prosper, thou shalt know what.

Enter Don Zuccone.

Hero. What? know you not *Don Zuccone* the onely desperately rayling at's Lady that ever was confidently melancholy, that egregious ideot, that husband of the most vvitty, fayre (and be it spoken with many mens true griefe) most chast Lady *Zoya*, but we have entered into a confederacy of afflicting him.

Her. Plots ha you laid? inductions, dangerous.

Nym. A quiet bosome to my sweet *Don*, are you going to visite your Ladi?

Zucc. What a clock ist, is it past three?

Hero. Past fourre I assure you sweet *Don*.

Zucc. Oh then I may be admitted, her afternoons private nap is taken, I shall take her napping. I heare ther's one jealous that I lie with my owne vvife, and begins to withdraw his hand: I protest I vow, and you will, on my knees Ile take my sacrament on it, I lay not with her this long yeare, this fourre yeare; let her not be turn'd upon me I beseech you.

Her. My deere *Don*?

Zucc. Oh *Faunus* dost know our Lady?

Her. Your Lady?

Zucc. No our Lady, for the love of charity incorporate with her, I would have all nations and degrees, all ages know our Lady, for I covet only to be undoubtedly notorious.

Her. For indeed sir, a represt fame mountes like Camomyll, the more trod downe, the more it growes, things knownne common and undoubted, lose rumour.

Nym. Sir I hope yet your conjectures may erre; your Lady keepes full-face, unbated roundnesse, cheerefull aspect, were she so infamously prostitute, her cheeke would fall, her colour fade, the spirit of her eye would die.

The Faune.

Zucc. Oh young man, such women are like *Danaus* tub, and indeede all women are like *Achilles*, with whom *Hercules* wrastling, he was no sooner hurl'd to the earth, but he rose up with double vigor, their fall strengthneth them.

Enter Dondolo.

Don. Newes, newes, newes, newes, oh my deare Don be rays'd, be Ioviall, be triumphant, ah my deere Don.

Nym. To me first in private, thy newes I prethee.

Don. Will you be secret?

Nym. A my life.

Don. As you are generous?

Nym. As I am generous.

Don. Don Zuccones Ladie's with child.

Her. Nymph. Nymph. what i'st? what's the newes?

Nym. You'll be secret.

Hero. Silence it selfe.

Nym. Don Zuccones Ladie's with child apparantly.

Her. Herod, Herod, whats the matter prethee, the newes?

Hero. You must tell no body.

Her. As I am generous —

Hero. Don Zuccones Ladie's with child apparantly.

Zucc. Faune whats the whisper, whats the fooles secret newes?

Her. Truth my Lord, a thing, that beauty, that well, I faith it is not fit you know it, now, now, now.

Zucc. Not fit I know it? as you are baptis'd tell me, tell me.

Her. Will you plight your patience to it?

Zucc. Speake I am a very blocke, I will not be mou'd, I am a very blocke.

Her. But if you should grow disquiet (as I protest, it would make a Saint blaspheame) I should be unwilling to procure your impatience.

Zucc. Ye doe burst me, burst me, burst me with longing.

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. Nay faith tis no great matter, harke ye, youle tell no body?

Zucc. Not.

Her. As you are noble?

Zucc. As I am honest.

Her. Your Lady wife is apparantly with child.

Zucc. With child?

Her. With child.

Zucc. Foole.

Her. My *Don*.

Zucc. With child? by the pleasure of generation, I proclaime I lay not with her this — give us patience, give us patience.

Her. Why? my Lord tis nothing to weare a forke.

Zucc. Heaven and earth.

Her. All things under the Moone are subject to their mistris grace; horns, lend me your ring my *Don*, Ile put it on my finger, now tis on yours againe, why is the gold now ere the worse in lustre or fitnesse?

Zucc. Am I us'd thus?

Her. I my Lord true, nay to be (looke ye, marke ye) to be us'd like a dead oxe, to have your owne hide pluckt on, to be drawn on with your owne horne, to have the Lordship of your father, the honour of your ancestors, maugre your beard, to descend to the base lust of some groome of your stable, or the page of your chamber.

Zucc. Oh *Phalaris* thy Bull.

S. Am. Good *Don*. ha patience, you are not the only Cuckold, I would now be separated.

Zuc. 'Las that's but the least drop of the storme of my revenge, I will unlegitimate the issue, what I will doe, shall be horrible but to thinke.

Her. But Sir.

Zucc. But Sir? I will doe what a man of my forme may doe, and — laugh on, laugh on, doe Sir *Amarous*, you have a Lady too.

The Fawne.

Hero. But my sweet Lord.

Zucc. Doe not anger me, least I most dreadfully curse thee, and vvhish thee married, oh *Zuccone*, spitte vwhite, spitte thy gall out, the only boone I crave of heaven, is but to have my honors inherited by a bastard, I vwill be most tirannous, blouddily tirannous in my revenge, and most terrible in my curses: live to grow blind vwith lust, fencelesse vwith use, loathed after, flattered before, hated alwaies, trusted never, abhorred ever, and last may she live to weare a foule smocke seven vweekes together, heaven I beseech thee.

Exit.

Zoya. Is he gone? is he blowne off? now out upon him unsufferably jealous foole.

Enter Zoya and Povea.

Don. Lady.

Zoya. Didst thou give him the fam'd report? do's he beleeve I am with child? do's he give faith?

Don. In most sincerity, most sincerely.

Her. Nay tis a pure foole, I can tell yee he was bred up in Germany.

Nym. But the laughter rises, that he vowes he lay not in your bed this foure yeare with such exquisite protestations.

Zoya. That's most full truth, he hath most unjustly severed his sheetes ever since the old Duke *Pietro*, heaven rest his soule.

Don. Fie, you may not pray for the dead, tis indifferent to them what you say.

Nym. Well sayd foole.

Zoya. Ever since the old Duke *Pietro*, the great Devill of hell torture his soule.

Don. O Lady, yet charity.

Zoya. Why? tis indifferent to them what you say foole, but do's my Lord ravell out, do's he fret? for pitty of

The Fawne.

of an afflicted Lady load him soundly, let him not worke
cleere from vexation, hee has the most dishonourably,
with the most sinfull, most vicious obstinacy, persevered
to wrong me, that were I not of a male constitution,
twere impossible for me to survive it, but in madnesse
name, let him on, I ha not the weake fence of some of
your soft-eyed whimpering Ladies, who, if they were
us'd like me, would gall their fingers with wringing their
hands, looke like bleeding *Lucresses*, and shed salt water,
ynough to powder all the beefe in the Dukes larder. No,
I am resolved *Donna Zoya*; ha, that wives were of my
mettall, I would make these ridiculously jealous fooles,
howle like a starved dog, before he got a bit, I was crea-
ted to be the affliction of such an unsanctified member,
and will boyle him in his owne sirtupe.

Enter Zuccone *listening*.

Her. Peace the wolfes eare takes the wind of us.

Hero. The enemy is in ambush.

Zoy. If any man ha the wit, now let him talke wantonly, but not bawdily; come Gallants who'le be my servants? I am now very open hearted, and full of entertainment.

Her. Grace me too call you mistresse.

Nym. Or me.

Hero. Or me.

Sir Am. Or me.

Zoy. Or all, I am taken with you all, with you all.

Herc. As indeed, why should any woman onely love such an one, since it is reasonable, women should affect all perfection, yea, all should covet many vertues, therfore Ladies should covet many men; for as in women, so in men, some woman hath only a good eye, one can discourse beautifully if she doe not laugh, one's well favoured to her nose, another hath onely a good brow, tother a plumpe lip, a third onely holdes beauty to the teeth,

The Fawne.

and there the soyle alters, some peradventure hold good to the breast, and then downward turne like the drempt-of Image, whose head was gold, breast silver, thighes yron, and all beneath clay and earth, one onely winkes eloquently, another onely kisses well, tother onely talkes well, a fourth onely lyes well: So in men, one Gallant has onely a good face, another has onely a grave methodicall beard, & is a notable wise fellow untill he speakes, a third onely makes water well, and that's a good provoking quality, one onely sweares well, another onely speakes well, a third onely do's well, all in their kinde goodnesse is to be affected, therfore they, it is a base thing and indeed an impossible for a worthy minde to be contented with the whole world, but most vile and abject to be satisfied with one poynt or pricke of the world.

Zoya. Excellent *Faunus* I kisse thee for this, by this hand.

Sir Am. I thought aswell, kisse me too, deere mistresse.

Zoya. No, good sir *Amorous*, your teeth hath taken rust, your breath wants ayring, and indeed I love sound kissing. Come Gallants, who'le run a Caranto, or leape a Levalto.

Herc. Take heed Lady from offending or bruising the hope of your wombe.

Zoya. No matter, now I ha the sleight, or rather the fashion of it, I feare no barrenesse.

Here. O, but you know not your husbands aptnesse.

Zoya. Husband? husband? as if women could haue no children without husbands.

Nym. I, but then they wil not be so like your husband.

Zoya. No matter, thei'le be like their father, tis honour ynone to my husband, that they vouchsafe to call him father, & that his land shall descend to them (do's he not gnash his very teeth in anguish) like our husband? I had rather they were ungroand for, like our husband? proove such a melancholy jealous asse as he is: Do's hee not stamp?

Nym.

The Fawne.

Nym. But eroth, your husband has a good face.

Zoya. Faith good ynough face for a husband, come gallants Ile daunce to mine owne whistle; I am as light now as - ah, a kisse to you, to my sweet free servants. dreame on me, and adue.

She sings and daunces. *Exit Zoya.*

Zuccone *discovers himselfe.*

Zucc. I shall loose my wits.

Herc. Be comforted deere *Don*, you ha none to leuze.

Zucc. My wife is growne like a Dutch-crest alwaies rampant, rampant, for I will endure this affliction, I will live by taking cockles out of kennels, nay, I will runne my Countrey, forsake my religion, goe weave Fustians, or rowle the wheele-barrow at *Rotterdam*.

Herc. I would be divorced dispite her friends, or the oath of her Chamber-maide.

Zucc. Nay, I will be divorced in dispite of em all, Ile goe to law with her.

Herc. Thats excellent, nay, I would goe to Law.

Zucc. Nay, I will goe to law.

Herc. Why thats sport alone, what though it be most exacting, wherefore is money?

Zucc. Treue, wherefore is money?

Herc. What though you shall pay for every quill, each droppe of Inke, each minnam, letter, tittle, comma, pricke, each breath, nay, not onely for thine Orators prating, but for some other Orators silence, though thou must buy silence with a full hand, tis well knowne *Demosthenes* tooke above 2000. pound once only to hold his peace, though thou a man of noble gentry, yet you must waight, and besiege his study doore, which will prove more hard to be entred, then old *Troy*, for that was gotten into by a wooden horse, but the entrance of this may chaunce cost thee a whole stocke of Cattell, Oves & boves &

cetera

The Fawne.

cetera pecora campi, though then thou must sit there
thrust and contemned bare-headed to a grograine scribe
ready to start up at the doore creaking, prest to get in,
with your leauue Sir, to some surly groome, the third sonne
of a Rope-maker; what of all this?

Zucc. To a resolute minde these torments are not
felt.

Herc. A very arrant Ass, when he is hungry will feed
on though he be whipt to the bones, and shall a very ar-
rant Ass Zuccone, be more vertuously patient, then a
noble.

Don. No Fawne, the world shall know I have more
virtue, then so.

Herc. Doe so and be wise.

Zucc. I will I warrant thee, so I may be revenged, what
care I what I doe?

Herc. Call a dogge worshipfull.

Zucc. Nay, I will embrace, may I wil embrace a Lakes-
farmer after eleven a clocke at night, I will stand bare, and
give wall to a Bellowes-mender, pawne my Lordship, sell
my foot-cloth, but I will be reveng'd, do's she thinke she
has married an Ass?

Herc. A Foole?

Zucc. A Coxecombe?

Herc. A Ninny-hammer?

Zucc. A Woodcocke?

Herc. A Calfe?

Zucc. No, she shall find that I ha eyes.

Herc. And braine.

Zucc. And nose.

Herc. And Fore-head.

Zucc. She shall yfaith Fawne, she shall, she shall, sweet
Fawne, she shall yfaith old boy, it joyes my blood to
thinke on't, she shall yfaith; farewell lov'd Fawne, sweet
Fawne farewell, she shall yfaith boy.

Exit Zuccone.

Enter

The Fawne.

Enter Gonzago, and Granuffo with Dulcimell.

Gonz. We would be privat, eonely *Faunus* stay, He is
a wise fellow Daughter, a very wise fellow, for he is still
just of my opinion: my Lord *Granuffo*, you may likewise
stay, for I know you'll say nothing, say on Daugh-
ter. Exeunt.

Dul. And as I told you sir, *Tiberio* being sent,
Grac't in high trust as to negotiate
His royll fathers love, if he neglect
The honour of this faith, just care of state,
And every fortune that gives likely-hood
To his best hopes, to draw our weaker heart
To his owne love (as I protest he do's.)

Gonz. Ile rate the Prince with such a heat of breath
His eares shall glow, nay, I discover'd him,
I read his eyes, 's I can reade an eye,
Tho it speake in darkest Caracters I can,
Can we not *Fawne*, can we not my Lord?
Why I conceive you now, I understand you both:
You both admire, yes, say is't not hit?
Though we are old, or so, yet we ha wit.

Dul. And you may say, (if your wisedome please
As you are truely wise) how vveake a creature
Soft vvoman is to beare the seidge and strength,
Of so prevailing feature, and faire language,
As that of his is ever: you may adde,
(If so your vvisedome please, as you are wise.)

Gonz. As mortall man may be.

Dul. I am of yeres apt for his love, and if he shoule
In private urgent sute, how easie twere (proceed
To vvin my love, for you may say (if so
Your wisedome please) you find in me
A very forward passion to injoy him,
And therefore you beseech him seriously
Straight to forbear, with such close cunning arte,

To

The Fawne.

To urge his too well graced suite : for you
(If so your Lordship please) may say I told you all.

Gonz. Goe to goe to, what I will say or so,
Vntill I say none but my selfe shall know.
But I will say, goe to, do's my colour rise ?
It shall rise, for I can force my blood
To come and goe, as men of wit and state
Must sometimes faine their loue, sometimes their hate.
That's pollicie now, but come with this free heate,
Or this same *Estro* or *Enthusiame*,
(For these are phrases both poeticall)
Will we goe rate the Prince, and make him see
Himselfe in us ; that is our grace and wits, (sits.)
Shall shew his shapelesse folly, vice kneels while vertue

Enter *Tiberio*.

But see we are prevented daughter, in ;
It is not fit thy selfe should heare what I
Must speake of thy most modest wise, wise mind
For th'art carefull, sober, in all most wise. Exit *Dul.*
And indeed our daughter. My Lord *Tiberio*,
A horse but yet a colt may leaue his trot,
A man, but yet a boy may well be broke
From vaine addictions, the head of Rivers stopt,
The Channell dryes ; he that doth dread a fire,
Must put out sparkes, and he who feares a bull,
Must cut his hornes off when he is a Calfe,
Principijs obſta saith a learned man,
Who, tho' he was no Duke, yet he was wise,
And had some ſeafe or ſo.

Tib. What meanes my Lord ?

Lah Sir, thus men of braine can speake in clouds
Which weake eyes cannot pearſe ; but my faire Lord
In direct phrase thus, my daughter tells me plaine,
You goe about with most direct intreats
To gaine her loue, and to abuse her father ;
O my faire Lord, will you a youth ſo bleſt

With

The Fawne.

With rarest gifts of fortune, and sweet graces
Offer to loue a young and tender Lady,
Will you I say abuse your most wise father ?
Who tho' he freeze in *August*, and his calues
Are sunke into his toes, yet may well wed our daughter
As old as he in wit : will you say
(For by my troth my Lord I must be plaine)
My daughter is but young, and apt to loue
So fit a person as your proper selfe,
And so she pray'd me tell you, will you now
Intice her easie breast to abuse your trust,
Her proper honour, and your fathers hopes ?
I speake no figures, but I charge you check
Your appetite, and passions to our daughter
Before it head, not offer conference
Or seeke accessse, but by, and before us ;
What judge you us as weake, or as unwise ?
No you shall find that *Ventce Duke* has eyes ; and so
thinke on't.

Exeunt Gonzago and Granuffo.

Tib. Astonishment and wonder, what meanes this ?
Is the Duke sober ?

Her. Why ha' not you endeavour'd
Courses that haue seconded appetite,
And not your honour, or your trust of place ?
Doe you not court the Lady for your selfe ?

Tib. Fawne thou dost loue me : If I ha' done so
Tis past my knowledge, and I preethee *Fawne*
If thou obseru'st I doe I know not what
Make me to know it, for by the deare light
I ha' not found a thought that way ; I apt for loue ?
Let lasie idlenesse fild full of wine,
Heau'd with meates, high fed with lustfull ease
Goe dote on colour, as for me : why earth a sense
I court the Lady ? I was not borne in Cyprus,

I loue

The Fawne.

I loue, when? how? whom? thinke, let us yet keepe
our reason sound; Ile thinke, and thinke & sleepe. *Exit.*

Her. Amaz'd, even lost in wondring, I rest full
Of covetous expectation: I am left
As on a rock, from whence I may discerne
The giddy sea of humour flow beneath,
Vpon whose backe the vainer bubbles floate,
And forth-with breake; O mighty flattery
Thou easiest, commonest, and most gratefull venome
That poysons Courts, and all societies,
How gratefull dost thou make me, should one rayle
And come to feare a vice? beware legge-rings,
And the turn'd key on thee, when if softer hand
Suppling a sore that itches (which should smart)
Free speech gaines foes, base fawning steale the heart,
Swell you impostumb'd members till you burst,
Since tis in vaine to hinder, on ile thrust,
And when in shame you fall, ile laugh from hence,
And cry, so end all desperate impudence.
An others Court shall shew me where and how
Vice may be cur'd; for now beside my selfe,
Possest with almost phrenzie, from strong feter,
I know I shall produce things meere divine,
Without immoderate heate, no vertues shine;
For I speake strong, tho' strange, the dewes that steepe
Our soules in deepest thoughts, are *Furie* and *Sleepe.*

Exit.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Enter Faunus and Nymphadoro.

Nym. Faith Fawne tis my humour, the naturall son of
my sanguine complexion, I am most inforcedly in loue
with all women, almost affecting them all with an equal
flame.

Her. An excellent Justice of an upright vertue, you
loue

The Fawne.

loue all Gods creatures with an unpartiall affection.

Nym. Right, neither am I inconstant to any one in particular.

Her. Tho' you loue all in generall, true, for when you vow a most devoted loue to one, you sweare not to tender a most devoted loue to another; and indeed why should any man over-loue any thing, 'tis judgement for a man to loue every thing proportionably to his vertue. I loue a dogge with a hunting pleasure, as hee is pleasurable in hunting, my horse after a journeyng easinesse as he is easie in journeyng, my hawke, to the goodnesse of his wing, and my wench—

Nym. How sweet *Fawne*, how?

Her. Why according to her creation, nature made them pretty, toying, idle, phantasticke, imperfect creatures, evē so I would in justice affect them, with a pretty toying idle phantasticke imperfect affection; & as indeed they are onely created for shew and pleasure, so would I onely loue them for shew and pleasure.

Nym. Why that's my humour to a very thread, thou dost speake my proper thoughts.

Her. But sir with what possibility can your constitution bee so boundlessly amorous as to affect all women of what degree, forme or complexion soever?

Nym. Ile tell thee, for mine owne part, I am a perfect *Ovidian*, and can with him affect all; if shee be a virgin of a modest eye, shame fac't, temperate aspect, her very modesty inflames me, her sober blushes fires me: If I behold a wanton, pretty, courtly petulant Ape, I am extremely in loue with her, because shee is not clownishly rude, and that shee assures her lover of no ignorant, dull, moving venus: bee shee souerly severe, I thinke shee wittily counterfeits, and I loue her for her wit: if shee bee learned and censures Poets, I loue her soule, and for her soule her body: bee shee a Lady of profest ignorance, oh I am infinitely taken with her simplicie;

I am

The Fawne.

I am assured to find no sophistication about her, bee shee slender and leane, shee's the Greekes delight, be shee thick and plump, shee's the Italians pleasure, if shee be tall, shee's of a goodly forme, and will print a faire proportion in a large bed, if shee be short and low, shee's nimbly delightfull, and ordinarily quicke witted, be shee young, shee's for mine eye, be shee old, shee's for my discourse as one well knowing, ther's much amiableness in a grane matron, but be shee young or old, leane, fat, short, tall, white, red, browne, nay even blacke, my discourse shall find reason to loue her, if my meanes may procure opportunity to enjoy her.

Her. Excellent sir, nay if a man were of competent meanes, wert not a notable delight for a man to haue for every moneth in the yeare?

Nym. Nay for every weeke of the Moneth?

Her. Nay for every day of that weeke?

Nym. Nay for every houer of that day?

Her. Nay for every humor of a man in that houer, to haue a severall Mistresse to entertaine him, as if hee were *Saturnine*, or melancholy, to haue a blacke hayr'd, pall-fac'd, sallow thinking Mistresse to clip him: If jovi-all and merry, a sanguine, light tripping, singing, indeed a Mistresse that would dance and caranto as shee goes to embrase him, if cholericke, impatient or irefull, to haue a Mistresse with red haire, little Ferret eyes, a leane cheeke, and a sharpe nose to entertaine him. And so of the rest.

Enter Doretta.

Nym. O sir this were too great ambition: well I loue and am beloved of a great many, for I court all in the way of honour, in the trade of mariage *Fawne*; but above all I affect the Princesse, shee's my utmost end. O I loue a Lady, whose beauty is joyned with fortune, beyond all, yet one of beauty without fortune for some vses, nay one of fortune without beauty, for some ends, but never any that has neither fortune nor beauty, but for

The Fawne.

for necessitiy such a one as this is *Dona Donetia*. Heres one has loved all the Court just once over.

Her. O this is the faire Lady with the fowle teeth, Natures hand shooke when shee was in making, for the red that should haue spread her checks, nature let fall up-on her nose, the white of her skinne slipt into her eyes, and the gray of her eyes leapt before his time into her haire, and the yellownesse of her haire fell without pro-vidence into her teeth.

Nym. By the vow of my heart, you are my most only elected, and I speake by way of protestation, I shall no longer wish to be, then that your onely affection shall rest in me, and mine only in you.

Don. But if you shall loue any other?

Nym. Any other? can any man loue any other, that knowes you, the only perfection of your sexe, and astonishment of mankind?

Don. Fie yee flatter, goe weare and understand my fa-vour, this snail's slow, but sure.

Nym. This kisse.

Don. Farewell.

Nym. The integrity and onely vow of my faith to you, ever urged your well deserved requitall to me.

Exit Donetta.

Her. Excellent.

Nym. See here's an other of —

Enter Garbetza.

Her. Of your most onely elected.

Nym. Right *Donna Garbetza*.

Her. O I will acknowledge this is the Lady made of cutworke, and all her body like a sand-boxe full of holes, and containes nothing but dust, she chuseth her servants as men chuse dogs, by the mouth; if they open well and full, their cry is pleasing; she may be chaste, for she has a bad face, and yet questionlesse she may be made a strum-pet, for she is covetous.

Nym. By the vow of my heart, you are my most only elected, and I speake it by way of protestation, I shall no longer

The Fawne.

longer wish to bee, then all your affections shall onely rest in me, and all mine onely in you.

Her. Excellent, this peece of stiffe is good on both sides, hee is so constant hee will not change his phrase.

Gar. But shall I giue faith, may you not loue another?

Nym. An other? can any man loue another that knowes you, the onely perfection of your sexe, and admiration of mankind?

Gar. Your speech flies too high for your meaning to follow, yet my mistrust shall not preceed my experience, I wrought this favour for you.

Nym. The integritie and onely vow of my faith to you, ever urg'd your well deserved requitall to me.

Her. Why this is pure wit, nay judgement.

Nym. Why looke thee Fawne, obserue me.

Her. I doe sir.

Nym. I doe loue at this instant some nineteene Ladies all in the trade of marriage: now sir whose father dyes first, or whose portion appeareth most, or whose fortune betters soonest, her with quiet liberty at my leisure will I elect; for if my humour loue —

Enter Dulcimel and Philocalia.

Her. You professe a most excellent mysterie sir.

Nym. Fore heaven, see the Princesse she that is —

Her. Your most onely elected too.

Nym. Oh I, oh I, but my hopes faint yet, by the vow of my heart you are my most only elected and —

Dul. Ther's a ship of fooles going out, shall I preferrethee *Nymph adora*? thou mayest be masters mate, my father hath made *Dondalo* Captaine, else thou shouldst haue his place.

Nym. By loue Fawne shee speakes as sharply and lookes as sourly, as if shee had bee ne new squeasted ou of a crab.

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. How tearme you that Lady with whom shee holds discourse?

Nym. O Fawne, 'tis a Lady even aboue ambition, and like the verticall sunne, that neither forceth others to cast shaddowves, nor can others force or shade her, her stile is *Dona Philocalia*.

Her. *Philocalia*, what that renowned Lady, whose ample report hath st^took wonder into remotest strangers, and yet her worth aboue that wonder? she whose noble industries hath made her breast rich in true glories, and undying habilitie^s; shee that whilst other Ladies spend the life of earth, *Time*, in reading their glasse, their Jewels, and the shame of Poesie lustfull sonets, giues her soule meditations, those medirations wings that cleave the ayre, fan bright celestiall fires, whose true reflections makes her see her selfe and them: Shee whose pitie is ever aboue her envie, loving nothing leſſe then insolent prosperity, and pitying nothing more then vertue destitute of fortune.

Nym. There were a Lady for Ferraraes Duke, one of great blood, firme age, undoubted honour, aboue her sexe, most modestly, artfull, tho' naturally modest, too excellent to be left unmatcht, tho' few worthy to match with her.

Her. I cannot tell, my thoughts grow busie.

Phi. The Princesse would be private, void the presence.

Exeunt.

Dul. May I rest ſure thou wilt conceiue a ſecret.

Phi. Yes Madam.

Dul. How may I rest truely affur'd?

Phi. Truely thus; Doe not tell it me.

Dul. Why, canſt thou not conceale a ſecret?

Phi. Yes, as long as it is a ſecret, but when two know it howe can it bee a ſecret, and indeed with what justice can you expect ſecrefie in mee that can-

The Fawne.

cannot bee private to your selfe ?

Dul. Faith *Philocalia*, I must of force trust thy silencie, for my breast breakes if I conferre not my thoughts upon thee.

Phi. You may trust my silence, I can command that, but if I chance to bee questioned I must speake truth, I can conceale, but not deny my knowledge, that must command me.

Dul. Fie on these Philosophicall discoursing women, prethee conferre with me like a creature made of flesh and blood, and tell me, if it be not a scandall to the soule of all-being proportion, that I a female of 13. of a lightsome and civill discretion, healthy, lusty, vigorous, full and idle, should for ever be shackled to the crampy shinnes of a wayward, dul, sower, austere, rough, rhewmy, threescore and fower.

Phi. Nay, threescore and ten at the least.

Dul. Now heaven blesse me, as it is pitty that every knaue is not a foole, so it is shanie, that every old man is not, and resteth not a widdower. They say in China, when women are past child-bearing, they are all burnt to make gun-powder. I wonder what men should be done withall, when they are past child-getting : yet upon my loue *philocalia* (which with Ladies is often aboue their honour) I doe even dote upon the best part of the Duke.

Phi. Whats that ?

Dul. His sonne, yes sooth, and so loue him, that I must marry him.

Phi. And wherefore loue him, so to marry him.

Dul. Because I loue him, and because hee is vertuous, I loue to marry.

Phi. His vertues.

Dul. I, with him his vertues.

Phi. I with him, alas sweete Princesse, loue or vertue are not of the essence of marriage.

Dul. I rest upon your understanding, Ile maintaine that

The Fawne.

that wisedome in a woman is a most foolish qualitie: A Lady of a good complection naturally, well witted, perfectly bred, and well exercised in discourse of the best men, shall make fooles of a thousand of these booke thinking creatures; I speake it by way of justification, I tel thee, (look, that no body Eavesdropps.) I tel thee I am truely learned for I protest ignorant, and wise; for I loue my selfe, and vertuous enough for a Lady of fifteene.

Phi. How vertuous?

Dul. Shall I speake like a creature of a good healthfull blood, and not like one of these weake greene sicknesse, leane tisicke, staruelings. First for the vertue of magnanimity, I am very valiant, for there is no heriocke action so particularly noble and glorious to our sexe, as not to fall to action; the greatest deed we can doe is not to doe, (looke that no body listen) then am I full of patience, and can beare more then a Sumpter horse; for (to speake sensibly) what burthen is there so heauie to a Porters backe, as virginity to a well complectioned young Ladies thoughts? (looke no body harken) by this hand the noblest vow is that of Virginity, becausc the hardest, I will haue the Prince.

Phi. But by what meanes sweet Madam?

Dul. Oh *philocalia*, in heavie sadness and unwanton phrase, there lyes all the braine worke, by what meanes I could fall into a miserable blanke verse presently.

Phi. But deare Madam, your reason of loving him?

Dul. Faith onely a womans reason, because I was exprely forbidden to loue him, at the first view I lik't him; and no sooner had my Fathers wisedome mistrusted my liking, but I grew loath his judgement should erre, I pitied hee should proue a foole in his old age, and without cause mistrust me.

Phi. But when you saw no meanes of manifesting your affection to him, why did not your hopes perish?

The Fawne.

Dul. O *philocalia* that difficultie onely inflames mee, when the Enterprise is easie, the victory is inglorious ; no let my wise, aged, learned, intelligent Father, that can interpret yes, understanding the language of birds, interpret the grumbling of Dogs, and the conference of Cats ; that can reade even silence, let him forbid all interviewes, all speeches, all tokens, all messages, all (as hee thinkes) humane meanes, I will speake to the Prince, court the Prince, that hee shall understand mee, nay I will so stalke on the blind side of my all-knowing fathers wit, that doe what his wisedome can, hee shall bee my onely Mediator, my onely Messenger, my honourable spokesman, hee shall carry my favours, hee shall amplifie my affection, nay he shall direct the Prince the meanes, the very way to my bed ; hee and onely hee, when hee onely can doe this, and onely would not doe this, hee onely shall doe this.

Phi. Only you shall then deserue such a husband : O loue how violent are thy passages ?

Dul. Pish *philocalia* tis against the nature of loue, not to be violent.

Phi. And against the condition of violence to bee constant.

Dul. Constancy? constancy and patience are vertues in no living creatures but Centinels and Anglers : here's our father.

Enter Gonzago, Hercules and Granuffo.

Gon. What did he thinke to walke invisibly before our eyes ? and he had *Giges* ring I wwould find him.

Hero. Fore loue you rated him with Emphasis.

Gon. Did we not shake the Prince with energie ?

Her. With Ciceronian elocution.

Gon. And most pathetique piercing oratorie.

Her.

The Faerne.

Her. If he haue any wit in him, he will make sweete use of it.

Gon. Nay, hee shall make sweete use of it ere I haue done; Lord what overweening fooles these young men be, that thinke us old men sots.

Her. Arrant Asses.

Gon. Doting Ideots, when wee God wot, ha, ha, las silly soules.

Her. Poore weake creatures to men of approved reach.

Gon. Full yeares.

Her. Of wise experience.

Gon. And approved wit.

Her. Nay as for your wit.

Gon. Count *Granuffo*, as I liue this *Faunus* is a rare understander of men, is a not? *Faunus*, this *Granuffo* is a right wise good Lord, a man of excellent discourse, and never speakes, his signes to mee, and men of profound reach instruct abundantly; hee begs suites with signes, giue's thanks with signes, puts off his hat leisurely, mainaines his beard learnedly, keeps his lust privately, makes a nodding legge courtly, and liues happily.

Her. Silence is an excellent modest grace, but especially before so instructing a wisedome, as that of your excellencies, as for his advancement, you gaue it most royally, because hee deserues it least duely, since to giue to vertuous desert, is rather a due requitall, then a Princely magnificence, when to undeservingnesse, it is merely all bounty and free grace.

Gon. Well spoke, 'tis enough, *Don Granuffo*, this *Faunus* is a very worthy fellow, and an excellent Courtier, and belou'd of most of the Princes of Christendome I can tell you; for howsoever some severer dissembler grace him not when hee affronts him in the full face, yet if hee comes behind, or on the one side, heele leere and put backe his head upon him,

The Fawne.

hee sure, be you two pretious to each other.

Her. Sir my selfe, my family, my fortunes, are all devoted I protest most religiously to your service. I vow my whole selfe onely proud in being acknowledged by you, but as your creature, and my onely utmost ambition is, by my sword or soule to testifie how sincerely I am consecrated to your adoration.

Gon. Tis enough, art a Gentleman Fawne?

Her. Not uneminently descended, for were the pedegrees of some fortunately mounted, searched, they would bee secretly found to bee of the blood of the poore Fawne.

Gon. Tis enough, you two I loue heartily, for thy silence never displeaseth mee, nor thy speech ever offend mee: See our daughter attends us, my faire, my wise, my chast, my dutious, and indeed, in all my daughter, (for such a pretty soule, for all the world haue I beene) what I thinke wee haue madē the Prince to feele his error, what did hee thinke, hee had weake fooles in hand? no, hee shall find as wisely said *Lucullas*, young men are fooles, that goe about to gull us.

Dul. But sooth my wisest father, the young Prince is yet forgetfull, and resteth resolute, in his much unadvised loue.

Gon. Ist possible?

Dul. Nay I protest what ere he faine to you (as he can faine most deeply.)

Gon. Right wee know it, for if you mark't, hee would not once take sense of any such intent from him: O impudence, what mercy canst thou looke for?

Dul. And as I said, royally wise, and wisely royall Father.

Gon. I thinke that eloquence is hereditary.

Dul. Tho' hee can faine, yet I presume your sense is quicke enough to find him.

Gon. Quicke, ist not?

The Fawne.

Gra. Ist not *Fawne*? why, I did know you fained; nay I doe know (by the just sequence of such impudence) that hee hath laid some second siege unto thy bosome, with most miraculous conveyances of some rich present to thee.

Dul. O bounteous heaven ! how liberall are your graces to my *Nestor*-like father.

Gon. Ist not so ? say.

Dul. Tis so oraculous Father, he hath now more then courted with bare phrases.

See Father see, the very bane of honour,
Corruption of justice and virginity,
Gifts hath he left with mee ; O view this scarfe,
This as he cald it most envied silke,
That should embrace an arme, or waste, or side,
VVhich he much fear'd should never, this he left,
Despight my much resistance.

Gon. Did hee so , giu't me , Ile giu't him ; Ile regiue his token with so sharpe advantage —

Dul. Nay my worthy Father, reade but these cunning letters.

Gon. Letters ? where ? proue you but justly loving, and conceiue mee,
Till justice leauue the gods Ile never leauue thee ;
For tho' the Duke seeme wise, hee'l find this straine,
Where two hearts find consent, all thwarting's vaine ;
And darst thou then averre this writ,
O world of wenching wiles, where is thy wit !

Enter *Tiberio*.

Dul. But other talke for us were farre more fit,
For see here comes the Prince *Tiberio*. (chamber.

Gon. Daughter upon thy obedience, instantly take thy

Dul. Deare father in all dutie, let mee beseech your leauue, that I may but —

Gon.

The Fawne.

Gon. Go to, go to, you are a simple foole, a very simple animall.

Dul. Yet let me be the loyall servant of simplicity.

Gon. What would you doe ? what are you wiser then your father ? will you direct me ?

Dul. Heavens forbid such insolence, yet let me denounce my hearty hatred.

Gon. To what end ?

Dul. Tho't be in the Princes care, since fit's not maidens blush to raile aloude.

Gon. Go to, go to.

Dul. Let me checke his heate.

Gon. Well, well.

Dul. And take him downe deare father, from his full pride of hopes.

Gon. So, so, I say once more goe in. *Exit Dul. & Phi.*
I will not loose the glory of reproofe ;
Is this th' office of Embassadors my Lord *Tiberto* ?
Nay duty of a sonne, nay piety of a man,
A figure cal'd in Art, *Gradatio*,
With some learnde (*Climax*) to court a royall Lady
For's master, father, or perchance his friend,
And yet intend the purchase of such beauty
To his owne use.

Tib. Your Grace doth much amaze me.

Gon. I faine, dissemble, Las we are now growne olde,
weake sighted, alas any one fooles us.

Tib. I deepeley vow my Lord.

Gon. Peace, be not damnd, have pitty on your soule.
I confesse sweet Prince for you to love my daughter,
Young and witty, of equall mixture both of mind and
Is neither wondrous nor unnaturall, (body,
Yet to forsware and vow against ones heart,
Is full of base, ignoble cowardise,
Since tis most plaine, such speaches doe contemne
Heaven and feare men, (that's sententious now.)

Tib.

The Fawne.

Tib. My gratiouſe Lord, if I unknowingly haue er'de.

Gon. Vnknowingly? come you bluſh my Lord:

Vnknowingly, why can you write these lines,

Preſent this ſcarfſe, unknowingly my Lord,

To my deare daughter, um, unknowingly?

Can you urge your ſuite, prefer your gentleſt love,

In your owne right, to her too eaſie breast,

That God knowes takes too much compassion on ye,

(And ſo ſhe prайд me ſay) unknowingly my Lord?

If you can aſt these things unknowingly,

Know we can know your actions ſo unknowen,

For we are old I will not ſay in wit,

(For every juſt worth muſt not approve it ſelfe)

But take your ſcarfſe, for ſhe vowed ſhee'le not weare it.

Tib. Nay but my Lord.

Gon. Nay, but my Lord, my Lord,

You muſt take it, weare it, keepe it,

For by the honour of our house and blood,

I will deale wiſely and be provident,

Your father ſhall not ſay I pandarizde,

Or fondly winkt at your affection,

No weeble be wiſe, this night our daughter yeelds

Your fathers anſwer, this night we invite

Your preſence therefore to a eaſtfull waking,

To morrow to *Ferrara* you returne

With wiſhed anſwer to your royll father,

Meane time as you reſpect our beſt relation

Of your faire bearing, (*Granuff* iſt not good?)

Of your faire bearing, reſt more anxious,

(No anxious iſ not a good word) reſt more vigilant

Over your paſſion, both forbeare and beare,

Anechon, eaſechon, that's Greeke to you now,

Else your youth ſhall finde,

Our noſe not ſuft, but we can take the winde,

And ſmell you out, I ſay no more but thus,

And ſmell you out, what, ha not we our eyes,

The Fawne.

Our nose and eares, what are these haires unwise ?

Looke too't, *quot ego*, a figure called *Aposiopesis* or
Increpacio.

Exeunt Gonzago and Granusso.

Tib. Proove you but justly loving and conceive me,
Justice shall leave the gods before I leave thee :
Imagination proove as true, as thou art sweet,
And though the Duke seeme wise, heele finde this straine
When two hearts yeeld consent, all thwartings vaine,
O quicke devicefull strong braind Dulcimed
Thou art to full of wit to be a wife,
Why dost thou love, or what strong heat gave life
To such faint hopes ? O woman thou art made
Most only of, and for deceit, thy forme
Is nothing but delusion of our eyes,
Our eares, our hearts, and sometimes of our hands,
Hipocrisie and vanity brought forth,
Without male heate, thy most most monstrous being ;
Shall I abuse my roiall fathers trust ?
And make my selfe a scorne, the very foode
Of rumor infamous, shall I that ever loath'd,
A thought of woman, now begin to love
My worthy fathers right, break faith to him that got me,
To get a faithlesse woman ?

Her. True my worthy Lord, your grace is vere pium.

Tib. To take from my good father
The pleasure of his eyes,
And of his hands, imaginary solace of his fading life.

Her. His life that onely lives to your sole good.

Tib. And my selfe good, his lifes most onely end.

Her. Which O may never end !

Tib. Yes Faune in time, we must not prescribe to na-
ture every thing : ther's some end in every thing.

Her. But in a woman, yet as she is a wife, she is
Oftentimes the end of her husband.

Tib. Shall, I say ?

Her. Shall you I say confound your owne faire hopes,
Crosse

The Fawne.

Crosse all your course of life, make your selfe vaine,
To your once steady gravenesse, and all to seconde
The ambitious quicknesse of a monstrous love,
Thats onely out of difficulty borne,
And followed onely for the miracle,
In the obtaining, I woud ha ye now,
Tell her father of it.

Tib. Vncompassionate vilde man,
Shall I not pitty, if I cannot love ?
Or rather shall I not for pitty love,
So wondrous wit in so most wondrous beauty,
That with such rarest art and cunning meanes
Entreats ? what I thinke valuelse, and not
Worthy but to graunt my admiration,
Are fathers to be thought on in our loves ?

Her. True right sir, fathers are friends, a crowne,
And love hath none, but all are allied to themselues a-
Your father I may boldly say, hee's an Asse, (lone,
To hope that youle forbeare to swallow,
What he cannot chew, nay t'is injustice truely,
For him to judge it fit, that you should starue
For that which onely he can feast his eyes withall,
And not digest.

Tib. O Fawne what man of so cold earth
But must love such a wit in such a body,
Thou last and onely rarenesse of heavens workes,
From best of man made modell of the gods :
Divinest woman, thou perfection
Of all proportions, beauty made when *love* was blith,
Well fild with *Nettar*, and full friends with man,
Thou deare as ayre, necessary as sleepe
To carefull man : woman, O who can sin so deepeley,
As to be curst from knowing of the pleasures,
Thy soft society, modest amorousnesse,
Yeelds to our tedious life. *Fawne*,
The Duke shall not know this.

Here.

The Fawne.

Herc. Vnlesse you tell him, but vwhat hope can live in you,
When your short stay, and your most shortened conference,
Not onely actions, but even looks obserude,
Cut off all possibilites of obtaining.

Tib. Tush Fawne, to violence of womens love & wit,
Nothing but not obtaining is impossible,
Notumque furens quid fœmina possit.

Her. But then how rest you to your father true?

Tib. To him that onely can give dues, she rests most due.

Exit.

Her. Even so he that with safety would well lurke in Courts,
To best elected ends, of force is vvrung,
To keepe broade eyes, soft feet, long eares, and most short young.
For tis of knowing creatures the maine Art,
To use quicke hammes, wide armes and most close heart.

Actus tertij Finis.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Hercules and Garbeta.

Herc. Why t'is a most well in fashion affection *Dona Garbeta*, your Knight Sir *Amorous* is a man of a most unfortunate back, spits white, has an ill breath, and at three after dinner goes to the Bath, takes the diet, nay which is more, takes Tobacco, therefore with great authority you may cuckolde him.

Gar. I hope so, but would that friend may brother discover

The Fawne.

discover mee, would hee wrong himselfe to prejudice mee.

Her. No prejudice deare Garbeta his brother your husband right, he cuckolde his eldest brother, true, he gets her with childe just.

Garb. Sure theres no wrong in right, true and just.

Her. And indeed since the vertue of procreation growed hopelesse in your husband, to whom should you rather commit your love and honour to, then him that is most like and neare your husband, his brother; but are you assu red your friend and brother rests intirely constant solely to you?

Gar. To me, O Fawne, let me sigh it with joy into thy bosome, my brother has bin woed by this & that and other Lady to entertaine them (for I have seen their letters) but his vow to me O Fawne is most immutable, unfaining, peculiar, and indeed deserved.

Enter Puttato and a Page, Puttato
with a Letter in his hand.

Put. Never intreate mee, never beseech mee, to have pitty forsooth on your Master, Master *Herod*: Let him never be so daringly ambitious, as to hope with all his vowes and protestations to gaine my affection, gods, my discretion has my sutlery, tapstry, laundry, made me betane vp at the Court, preferde mee to a husband, and have I advanc't my husband with the labour of mine owne body, from the blacke-guard, to bee one of the Dukes drummers, to make him one of the Court gallants, can tell who weares perfumes, who plaisters, and for vwhy, know vwhose a Gallant of a chast skirt, I become, or dares your master thinke I will become, or if I become, presumes your Master to hope I vwould become one of his common feminines, no let Master *Herod* bragge of his brothers wife, I skorne his

The Fawne.

his letters, and her leavings at my heele, ifaith and so tell him.

Page. Nay costly, deare *Puttotta*, mistresse *Puttotta*, madam *Puttotta*, O be mercifull to my languishing master, he may in time grow a great and well grac't Courtier, for he weares greene already, mixe therefore your loves, as for madam *Garbetza* his brothers wife, you see what he writes there.

Put. I mult confesse he saies she is a spinie, greene creature, of an unwholesome barren blood, and cold imbrace, a bony thing of most unequall hyppes, uneven eyes, ill rankt teeth, and indeed one, but that she hires him, he endures not, yet, for all this does he hope to dishonest me: I am for his betters, I would he should well know it, for more by many then my husband, know I am a woman of a knowne, sound and upright carriage, and so he shall find if he deale with me, and so tell him I pray you, what does he hope to make me one of his gilles, his punckes, polecats, flirtes, and feminines?

Exit, as Puttotta goes out she flings away the letter, the Page puts it up, and as he is talking Hercules steales it out of his pocket.

Page. Alas my miserable master, what suddes art thou washt into, thou art borne to be scornde of every carted community, and yet heele out-cracke a Germane when he is drunke, or a Spaniard after he hath eaten a *Fumath*, that he haz lyen with that and that, and tother lady, that he lay last night in such a maidens chamber, tother night he layd in such a Countesse couch, to night he lies in such a Ladies closet, when poore I know all this while he lied in his throat.

Exit.

Her. Madam let mee sigh it in your bosome, how immutable and unfainting, and indeed.

Gar. *Fawne* I will undoe it, raskall he shall starue for any further maintenance.

Herc.

The Fawne.

Her. You may make him come to the covering and recovering of his old dublets.

Gar. He was in faire hope of proving heire to his elder brother, but he has gotten a child.

Her. So, you withdrawing your favour, his present meanes faile him, and by getting you with child, his future meanes for ever rest despairefull to him.

Gar. O heaven that I could curse him beneath damnation impudent varlet: by my reputation *Fawne*, I onely lou'd him, because I thought I onely did not loue him, but as he vowed infinite beauties doated on him; alas I was a simple countrey Lady, wore gold buttons, trunck-sleeues, and flaggon bracelets, in this state of innocencie was I brought up to the Court.

Her. And now instead of countrey innocencie haue you got Court honesty; well Madam leauue your brother to my placing, he shall haue a speciall cabin in the ship of fooles.

Gar. Right, remember hee got his elder brothers wife with child, & so depriu'd himselfe of the inheritance.

Her. That wil follow him under hatches I warrant you.

Gar. And so depriu'd himselfe of inheritance, deare *Fawne* be my Champion.

Her. The very scourge of your most basely offending brother.

Gar. Ignoble villaine, that I might but see thee wretched without pitie and recovery! well.

Enter *Herod* and *Nymphadoro*.

Her. Stand; *Herod*, you are full met sir.

Hero. But not met full sir, I am as gaunt as a hunting gelding after 3 traind sents, fore Venus Fan I haue bee[n] shaling of peascods, upon faire *Madona* haue I this afternoone grafted the forked tree.

Her. I'st possible?

Hero. Possible, fie on this satiety, tis a dull, blunt, weary, and drowsie passion; who would bee a proper fellow

The Fawne.

to be thus greedily devoured and swallowed among Ladies? faith tis my torment my very racking.

Her. Right Herod, true, for imagine all a man possessest were a perpetuall pleasure, like that of generation, even in the highest lushingnesse, he straight sinkes as vnable to beare so continuall, so pure, so universall a sensuality.

Herod. By even truth tis very right, and for my part would I were eunuch't rather then thus suckt away with kisses, infeebling daliance, and O the falling sickenesse on them all, why did reasonable nature give so strange, so rebellious, so tirannous, so intiate parts of appetite to so weake a governesse as woman.

Her. Or why O custome didst thou oblige them to modesty, such cold temperance, that they must be wooed by men, courted by men! why all know, they are more full of strong desires, those desires most impatient of delay, or hinderance, they have more unhourely passions then men, and weaker reason to temper those passions then men.

Nym. Why then hath not the discretion of nature thought it just, customary coines, old fashions, termes of honor and of modesty forsooth, all laid aside, they court not us, beseech not us, rather for sweetes of love, then we them, why by Janus women are but men turnde the wrong side outward.

Her. O sir, nature is a wise worke-man, she knowes right well that if women should woee us to the act of love, we should all be utterly sham'd, how often should they take us unprovided when they are alwaies ready.

Herod. I sir, right sir, to some few such unfortunate handsome fellowes as my selfe am to my griefe I know it.

Herc. Why heere are two perfect creatures, the one Nymphadoro, loves all, and my Herod here injoyes all.

Herod. Faith some score or two of Ladies or so, ravish

The Fawne.

travish mee among them, divide my presence, and would ingrosse mee, were I indeed such an asse as to bee made a *Monopoly* of: looke sirrah what a yild hand one of them writes, who would ever take this for a d. dearest, or reade this for only, only dearest.

Her. Here's a lye indeed.

Hero. True, but here's another much more legible, a good secretary; my most affected *Herod*, the utmost ambition of my hopes, and onely.

Her. There is one lye better shap'd by ods.

Hero. Right, but here's a Ladies Roman hand to mee is beyond all; looke ye, to her most elected servant, and worthy friend *Herod Baldonzo*, Esquire, I beleeve thou knowest what Countesse hand this is, Ile shew thee another.

Her. No good *Herod*, Ile shew thee one now: To his most elected Mistresse and worthy Laundresse, divine Mistresse *Purpora*, at her Tent in the Wood-yard, or elsewhere, give these.

Hero. Prithee ha silence, what's that.

Her. If my teares, or vovves, my doubtlest protestations on my knets,

Hero. Good hold.

Her. Faire and onely loved laundresse,

Herod. Forbeare I beseech thee.

Her. Might move thy stony heart to take pitty of my fighes.

Herod. Doe not shame me to the day of judgement.

Her. Alas, I write in passion, alas thou knowest besides my loathed sister thou art

Herod. For the Lords sake.

Her. The onely hope of my pleasure, the only pleasure of my hopes, be pleas'd therefore to —

Herod. Cease I beseech thee.

Her. Pish, nere blush man, 'tis an uncourtly quality, as for thy lying, as long as there is pollicy in't, tis very

The Fawne.

passable, wherefore has heaven given man tongue but to speake to a mans owne glory ? He that cannot swell bigger then his naturall skin, nor seeme to be in more grace then he is, has not learn'd the very rudiments, or A.B.C. of courtship.

Herod. Vpon my heart *Fawne* thou pleaseſt me to the ſoule, why look you, for mine owne part I muſt confeſſe-

Enter *Dondolo*.

See here's the Dukes foole.

Don. Aboard aboard aboard all manner of fooles of Court, Citie or countrey, of what degree, ſexe or nature.

Herod. Foole.

Don. Herod.

Her. What, are you full fraughted, is your ſhip well foold ?

Don. O 'twas exceellently thronged full, a Iuſtice of peace tho' hee had beene one of the moſt illiterate asses in a Countrey, could hardly ha got a hanging cabin. O we had firſt ſome long fortunate great Politicians, that were ſo ſottishly paradiſed, as to thinke when popular hate ſeconded Princes diſpleaſure to them, any unmerited violence could ſeeme to the world iuſtice; ſome purple fellowes whom chance reared, and their owne defiſcencies of ſpirit hurled downe; wee had ſome Courtiers that ore-bought their offiſes and yet durſt fall in loue, Priests that forſooke their functiōns to avoid a thwart ſtroake with a wet finger. But now alas *Fawne*, now ther's place and place.

Her. Why ? how gaſt all theſe forth, was not the war-rant ſtrong ?

Don. Yes, yes, but they gaſt a Supersedeas, all of them proved themſelues either knaues or mad men; and ſo were all let goe; ther's none left now in our ſhip but a few

The Fawne.

few Citizens, that let their wiues keepe their shop bookes, some Philosophers, and a few Critiques; one of which Critiques has lost his flesh with fishing at the measure of *Plautus* verses, another has vow'd to get the consumption of the lungs, or to leaue to posterity the true orthography and pronunciation of laughing, a third hath melted a great deale a suet, worne out his thumbs with turning, read out his eyes, and studied his face out of a sanguine into a meagre spawling fleamy loathsomeesse, and all to find but why *mentula* should be the feminine gender, since the rule is in *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas*. These Philosophers, Critiques, and all the maids we could find at 16, are all our fraught now.

Her. O then your ship of fooles is full.

Nym. True the maids at 17. fill it.

Don. Fill it quoth you? alas wee haue very few and these we were faine to take up in the countrey too.

Her. But what Philosophers ha yee?

Don. O very strange fellowes, one knowes nothing, dares not averre, he liues, goes, sees, feels.

Nym. A most insensible Philosopher.

Don. An other that there is no present time, and that one man to day, and to morrow is not the same man, so that hee that yester day owed money to day owes none, because he is not the same man.

Hero. Would that Philosophy would hold good in law.

Her. But why has the Duke thus laboured to haue all the fooles shipt out of his dominions.

Don. Marry because he would play the foole himselfe alone without any rivall.

Her. Ware your breech foole.

Don. I warrant thee old lad, tis the priviledge of poore fooles to talke before an intelligencer, marry if I could toole my selfe into a Lordship as I know some ha fool'd

The Fawne.

themselves out of a Lordship, were I growne some huge fellow and got the leer of the people upon me, if the fates had so decreed it, I should talke reason though I ne. e o- pen'd my lips.

Her. *In fatis agimur cedite fatis;* but how runnes rumour, what breath's strongest in the Pallace now? I thinke you know all.

Don. Yes, we fooles thinke we know all, the Prince bath audience to night, is feasted, and after supper is entertained with no Comœdie, Maske, or Barriers, but with —

Nym. What I prithee?

Herod. What I prithee?

Don. With a most new and speciall shape of delight.

Nym. What for loves sake?

Don. Marry Gallants, a Session, a generall Councell of love, summon'd in the name of *Don Cupid*, to which, upon paine of their Mistresse displeasure, shall appeare all favour wearers, Sonnet-mongers, Health drinkers, and neat in riches of Barbers and Perfumers, and to conclude, all, that can wighee and wag the taile, are, upon grievous paines of their backe, summon'd to be assistant in that Session of love.

Her. Hold, hold, doe not paule the delight before it come to our pallat; and what other rumour keepes aire on mens lungs?

Don. Other egregiousnesse of folly, ha you not heard of *Don Zuccone*?

Nym. What of him good foole?

Don. He is separated.

Nym. Divor'd.

Don. That salt, that Criticisme, that very all Epigram of a woman, that Analysis, that compendium of witnesse.

Nym. Now Iesu what words the foole has.

Don. VVee have still such words, but I will not un-shake

The Fawne.

shake the jest before it be ripe, and therefore kissing your worships fingers in most sweet termes without any sense; and with most faire looks without any good meaning, I most courthlike take my leave, *basilus manus de vostro Signoria.*

Herc. Stay foole, wee'l follow thee, for fore heaven we must prepare our selves for this session. *Exeunt.*

Enter Zuccone pursued by Zoya on her knees attended by Ladies.

Zuc. I will have no mercy, I will not relent, Justice beard is shaven, and shall give thee no hold, I am separated, and I will be separated.

Zoya. Deare my Lord, husband.

Zuc. Hence creature, I am none of thy husband, or father of thy bastard, no I will be tyrannous, and a most deep revenger, the order shall stand; ha, thou Queane, I have no wife now.

Zoy. Sweet my Lord.

Zuc. Hence, avant, I will marry a woman with no womb, a creature with two noses, awench with no haire, rather then remarry thee; nay, I will first marry, marke me, I will first marry, observe me, I will rather marry a woman that with thirst drinkest the blood of man; nay, heed me, a woman that will thrust in crowdes, a Ladie that being with child ventures the hope of her wombe, nay, gives two crownes for a roome to behold a goodly man, three parts alive, quartered, his privities hackled off, his belly launched up: nay, Ile rather marry a woman to whom these smoking, hideous, bloudfull, horrid, though most just spectacles, are very lust, rather then reaccept thee: Was I not a handsome fellow from my foot to my feather, had I not wit? nay, which is more, was I not a *Don*, and didst thou *Atleon* mee? did I not make thee a Lady?

Herc. And

The Fawne.

Her. And did shee not make you a more worshipfull thing, a Cuckold?

Zuc. I married thee in hope of children.

Hero. And has not shee shewed her selfe fruitfull that was got with child without helpe of her husband?

Zuc. Ha thou ungratefull, irmodest, unwise, and that God's my witnesse I ha lou'd, but goe thy wayes, twist with whom thou wilt for my part, th'ast spun a faire thread, who'l kisse thee now, who'l court thee now, who'l ha thee now?

Zoy. Pitie the frailty of my sexe sweet Lord.

Zuc. No, pitie is a foole, and I will not weare his coxcombe, I haue vowed to loath thee, the Irish man shall hate aquavity, the Welch man cheese, the Dutch man shall loath salt butter before I reloue thee: do's the babe pule? thou should'st ha cry'd before, 'tis too late now, no the trees in autumnne shall sooner call backe the spring with shedding of their leaues, then thou reverse my just irrevocable hatred with thy teares, away goe vaunt.

Exit Zoya and the Lady.

Her. Nay but most of this is your fault, that for many yeares, onely upon mere mistrust, sever'd your body from your Lady, and in that time gaue opportunity, turn'd a jealous Asse, and heard some so try and tempt your Ladies honour, whilst shee with all possible industry of apparant merit diverting your unfortunate suspition.

Zuc. I know't I confesse, all this I did and I doe glory in't, why? cannot a young Lady for many moneths keepe honest? no, I misthought it, my wife had wit, beauty, health, good birth, faire clothes, and a passing body, a Lady of rare discourse, quicke eye, sweet language, alluring behaviour, and exquisite entertainment. I misthought it, I fear'd, I doubted, and at the last I found it out, I prayse my wit, I knew I was a Cuckold.

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. An excellent wit.

Zuc. True *Fawne*, you shall reade of few dunces that haue had such a wit I can tell you, and I found it out, and I was a Cuckold.

Her. Which now you haue found, you will not bee such an Ass as *Cesar*, great *Pompey*, *Lucullus*, *Anthony*, or *Cato*, and divers other *Romans*, cuckolds, who all knew it, and yet were neare divorc'd upon't; or like that Smith-God *Vulcan*, who having taken his wife, yet was present-ly appeased, and entreated to make an Armour for a ba-
stard of hers.

Zuc. No the *Romans* were asses, and thought that a woman might mixe her thigh with a stranger wantonly, and yet still loue her husband matrimonially.

Her. As indeed they say, a many married men lye sometime with strange women, whom, but for the instant use, they abhorre.

Zuc. And as for *Vulcan* 'twas humanity more then humane; such excesse of goodness for my part shall on-ly belong to the gods.

Her. Ass for you.

Zuc. As for me my *Fawne* I am a batcheller now.

Her. But you are a Cuckold still, and one that knowes himselfe to be a Cuckold.

Zuc. Right, that's it, and I knew it not 'twere no-thing, and if I had not pursu'd it too, it had lyen in ob-livion, and shaddowed in doubt, but now I ha' blaz'd it.

Her. The world shall know what you are.

Zuc. True, I le pocket up no hornes, but my revenge shall speake in thunder.

Her. Indeed I must confess I know twenty are Cuc-
kolds, and decently and stately enough, a worthy gal-
lant spirit (whose vertue suppresseth his mishap) is la-
mented but not disesteemed by it: Yet the world shall
know.

Zuc. I am none of those silent Coxcombs, it shall not.

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. And although it be no great part of injustice, for him to be strucke with the scabbard that has strucke with the blade (for there is few of us but hath made some one Cuckold or other.)

Zuc. True I ha don't my selfe.

Her. Yet.

Zuc. Yet I hope a man of wit may prevent his owne mishap, or if he cannot prevent it.

Her. Yet.

Zuc. Yet make it knownen yet, and so knowne that the world may tremble with onely thinking of it. Well *Fawne* whom shall I marry now? O heaven! that God made for a man no other meanes of procreation, and maintayning the world peopled, but by women, O that we could get one an other with child *Fawne*, or like flies procreate with blowing, or any other way then by a woman, by women who haue no reason in their loue, or mercy in their hate, no rule in their pitty, no pitty in their revenge, no judgement to speake, and yet no patience to hold their tongues; mans opposit, the more held downe they swell, aboue them naught but *will*, beneath them naught but *hell*.

Her. Or that since heaven hath given us no other meanes to allay our furious appetite, no other way of increasing our Progenie, since wee must intreate and beg for asswagement of our passions, and entertainement of our affections, why did not heaven make us a nobler creature then women to sue unto? some admirable deity of an uncorruptible beauty, that might bee worth our knees, the expence of our heate, and the crinkling of our—

Zuc. But that wee must court, sonnet, flatter, bribe, kneele, sue to so feeble and imperfect, inconstant, idle, vaine, hollow bubble, as woman is. O my fate.

Her. O my Lord looke who here comes.

The Fawne.

Enter Zoya supported by a Gentleman Vsher, followed by Herod and Nymphadoro with much state, soft musick playing.

Zuc. Death a man, is she delivered?

Her. Delivered? yes O my Don. delivered? yes Dona Zoya the grace of society, the musicke of sweetly agreeing perfection, more clearely chast then Ice or frozen raine, that glory of her sexe, that wonder of wit, that beauty more freshly then any coole and trembling wind, that now only wish of a man is delivered, is delivered.

Zuc. How? Her. From Don. Zuc. that dry skallenesse, that sarpego, that barren drouth, and shame of all humanity.

Zoy. What fellowes that?

Nym. Don. Zuc. your sometime husband.

Enter Philocalia.

Zoy. Alas poore creature.

Phil. The Princesse prayes your company.

Zoy. I waite upon her pleasure.

All but Hercules, Zuc. Herod, and Nym. depart.

Zuc. Gentlemen why hazard you your reputation in shamesfull company with such a branded creature?

Herod. Miserable man whose fortune were beyond teares to be pitied, but that thou art the ridiculous author of thine owne laught at mischiefe.

Zuc. Without paraphrase your meaning.

Nym. Why thou womans foole?

Zuc. Good Gentlemen let one dye but once.

Herod. Wert not thou most curstfully mad to sever thy selfe from such an unequal'd rarity.

Zuc. Is she not a strumpet? Is she not with child?

Nym. Yes with feathers.

Her. Why weakenesse of reason, couldst not perceiue all was faid to be rid of thee? Zuc. Of me?

Nym. She with child, untroddē know is not so spotlesse.

Herod. Chast as the first voice of a new borne infant.

Her. Know she grew loathing of thy jealousie.

Nym.

The Fawne.

Nym. Thy most pernicious curiosity.

Her. Whose suspitions made her vnimitable graces
motiue of thy base jealousy.

Herod. Why beast of man?

Nym. Wretched aboue expression that snoredst over a
beautie which thousands desired, neglectedst her bed, for
whose enjoying a very saint would haue sued.

Her. Defam'd her.

Hero. Suggested privily against her.

Nym. Gauе foule language publickly of her.

Her. And now lastly done that for her which she on-
ly prayed for, and wisht as wholesome ayre for, namely
to be from such an unworthy.

Herod. Senseleſſe.

Nym. Injurious.

Her. Malitious.

Herod. Suspitious.

Nym. Mishaped.

Her. Ill languadg'd.

Herod. Vnworthy.

Nym. Ridiculous.

Her. Jealous.

Herod. Arch Coxcombe as thou art.

Exeunt Nym. and Herod.

Zac. O I am sicke, my blood ha's the cramp, my sto-
macke or'turnes: O I am very sicke.

Her. Why my sweet *Don*, you are no Cuckold.

Zac. Thats the grieve on't *Hercules*, thots the grieve
on't that I ha' wrong'd so sweet (and now in my know-
ledge) so delicate a creature; O me thinkes I embrace her
yet.

Her. Alas my Lord you haue done her no wr ong, no
wrong in the world, you haue done her a pleasure, a
great pleasure; a thousand Gentlemen, nay Dukes will
be proud to accept your leavings, your leavings; now is
she courted, this heire feeds her Jewels, that Lord prof-
fers

The Fawne.

fers her joynters, tother Knight proclaines challenges to maintaine her, the onely not beautifull, but very beautie of women.

Zuc. But I shall never embrace her more.

Her. Nay that's true, that's most true (I would not afflict you) onely thinke how unrelentlesse you were to her but supposed fault.

Zuc. O tis true, too true.

Her. Thinke how you scorn'd her teares.

Zuc. Most right.

Her. Teares that were onely shed (I would not vex you) in very griefe to see you covet your owne shame.

Zuc. Too true, too true.

Her. For indeed she is the sweetest modest soule, the fullest of pitie.

Zuc. O I, O I.

Her. The softnesse and very courtesie of her sexe, as one that never lou'd any — *Zuc.* But me.

Her. So much that hee might hope to dishonour her, nor any so little that hee might feare she disclaim'd him. O the graces made her a soule, as soft, as spotlesse downe upon the Swans faire breast that drie bright *Cythereas* Chariot, yet thinke (I would not vexe you) yet thinke how civill you were to her.

Zuc. As a Tiger, as a very Tiger.

Her. And never hope to be reconcil'd, never dreatne to be reconcil'd, never — — —

Zuc. Never, alas good *Fawne*, what would'st wish me to doe now?

Her. Faith goe hang your selfe my *Don*, that's best sure.

Zuc. Nay that's too good, for Ile doe worse then that, Ile marry againe; where canst picke out a morsell for me *Fawne*?

Her. There is a modest matron-like creature.

Zuc. What yeates *Fawne*?

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. Some fourscore wanting one.

Zuc. A good sober age, is she wealthy?

Her. Very wealthy.

Zuc. Excellent.

Her. She has three haire on her skalp, and foure teeth in her head, a brow wrinkled and pucker'd like old parchment halfe burnt, shee has had eyes, no womans law-bones are more apparant, her somtimes envious lips now shrinke in, and give her nose and her chin leave to kisse each other very moystly, as for her reverend mouth it sel-dome opens, but the very breath that flies out of it infects the fowles of the aire, and makes them drop down dead; her brests hang like cob webs, her flesh will never make you cuckold, her bones may.

Zuc. But is she wealthy?

Her. Very wealthy.

Zuc. And will she ha me, art sure?

Her. No sure, she will not ha you, why do you thinke that a waiting-woman of three bastards, a stumper nine times carted, or a hag whose eyes shott poysen, that has bin an old witch, and is now turning into a gib-cat, what! wil ha you? marry *Don Zuccone*, the contempt of women; and the shame of men, that has afflicted, contemned so choice a perfection as *Dona Zoyas*?

Zuc. Alas *Fawne* I confesse, what wouldest ha me doe?

Her. Hang your selfe, you shall not marry, you cannot, Ile tell you what you shall doe, there is a ship of fooles setting forth, if you seek good meanes, and intreat hard, you may obtayne a passage man, be masters mate I warrant you.

Zuc. *Fawne*, thou art a skurvy bitter knave, and dost flout *Dons* to their faces, twas thou flatteredst me to this, and now thou laughst at me, dost? though indeed I had a certaine proclivity, but thou madest me resolute, doest grin and gern? O you comforters of life, helps in sicknes, joyes in death, and preservers of us, in our children, after death

The Fawne.

death, women, haue mercy on me.

Her. O my Don, that God made no other meanes, of procreation but by these women, I speak it not to vex you.

Zuc. O Fawne, thou hast no mercy in thee, dost thou leere on me, well, Ile creepe upon my knees to my wife, dost laugh at me? dost gearne at me? dost smile? dost leere on me, dost thou? O I am an Asse, true, I am a Coxcombe, well, I am mad, good: A mischiefe on your cogging tongue, your smoothing throat, your oyelie jawes, your supple thumbs, your dissembling smiles; and O the graund Devill on you all: when mischiefe favours our fortunes, and we are miserable, tho' justly wretched, More pitty, comfort, and more helpe we haue, In foes profest, then in a flattering knaue.

Exit.

Her. Thus few strike sayle untill they run on shelfe, The eye sees all things but his proper selfe, In all things curiositie hath beene Vitious at least, but herein most pernicious, What madnesse ist to search and find a wound, For which thete is no cure, and which unfound Nere rankles, whose finding only wounds, But he that upon vaine surmise forsakes His bed thus long, onely to search his shame, Giues to his wife, youth, opportunity, Keeps her in idle full delitiousnesse, Heates and inflames imagination, Provokes her to revenge with churlish wrongs, (men, What should he hope but this, why should it lye in we- Or even in chastitie it selfe, since chastities a female, T'avoid desires to ripened, such sweets so canded: But she that hath out borne such masse of wrongs, Out-dur'd all persecutions, all contempts, Suspects, disgrace, all wants, and all the mischiefe The basenesse of a cankerd chutle could cast upon her, With constant vertue, best fain'd chastity.

And

The Fawne.

And in the end turnes all his jealousies
To his owne scorne, that Lady I emplore,
It may be lawfull not to prayse, but even adore.

Enter Gonzago, Granuffo, with full state.

Enter the Cornets sounding.

Gon. Are our sports ready, is the Prince at hand?

Her. The Prince is now arriu'd at the Court gate.

Gon. What meanes our daughters breathlesse haste?

Enter Dulcimel in haste.

Dul. O my princely father, now or never let your princely wisedome appeare.

Gon. Feare not our daughter, if it rest within humane reason I warrant thee, no I warrant thee, Granuffo if it rest in mans capacitie, speake deare daughter.

Dul. My Lord, the Prince——

Gon. The Prince, what of him deare daughter?

Dul. O Lord what wisedome our good parents need, to shield their chickens from deceits, and wiles of kite-like youth.

Gon. Her very phrase displayes whose child she is.

Dul. Alas had not your grace beene provident, a very Nestor in advise and knowledge, hah, where had your poore Dulcimel beene now, what vaines had not I beene drawen into?

Gon. Fore God, she speakes very passionately. Alas daughter, heaven giues every man his talent; indeed vertue and wisedome are not fortunes gifts, therefore those that fortune cannot make vertuous, she commonly makes rich, for our owne part we acknowledge heavens goodnessse, and if it were possible to be as wise againe as wee are, we would ne're impute it to our selues: for as we bee flesh and blood, alas we are fooles, but as we are Princes, Schollers, and hauereade Ciceron de Oratore, I must confess

The Faerie.

fesse there is another matter in't; what of the Prince
deare daughter?

Dul. Father doe you see that tree that leanes just on
my chamber window? Gon. What of that tree?

Enter Tiberio with his traine.

Dul. O sir, but note the policie of youth, marke but
the stratagems of working loue, the Prince salutes mee,
and thus greets my eare.

Gon. Speake softly, he is entred.

Dul. Although he knew, I yet stood wavering what
to elect, because though I affected, yet destitute of meanes
to enjoy each other, impossibility of having might kill
our hope, and with our hope, desire to enjoy. Therefore
to avoid al faint excuses, and vaine feares, thus he devised,
to Dulcimels chamber window, A well growne plai-
taine spreads his happy armes, by that in depth of night
one may ascend (despight al fathers jealousies and feares)
into her bed.

Gon. Speake low, the Prince both markes and listens.

Dul. You shall provide a Priest (quoth hee) in truth I
promist and so you well may tell him, for I tempotized
and onely held him off.

Gon. Politickly, our daughter to a haire.

Dul. With full intention to disclose it all to your pre-
venting wisedome.

Gon. I let mee alone for that: but when intendes hee
this invasion? when will this Squirrel clime?

Dul. O sir in that is all, when but this night?

Gon. This night?

Dul. This very night when the Court revels had o're
wak'd your spirits, and made them full of sleepe, then—

Gon. Then, *verbum sat sapienti*: goe take your cham-
ber, downe upon your knees, thanke God your father is
no foolish soot, but one that can foresee and see.

Exit Dulcimel,

My Lord we discharge your presence from our Courte.

The Fawne.

Tib. What means the Duke?

Gon. And if to morrow past you rest in Vrbis, the
priviledge of an Ambassadour is taken from you.

Tib. Good your grace some reason?

Gon. What, twise admonisht, twise againe offending?

And now growen blusheſſe? you promiſed to get

Into her chamber, ſhe to get a Priest,

(Indeed ſhe wiſht me tell you ſhe confeſt it)

And there deſpight all fathers jealous feares,

To conſummate full joyes, know Sir our daughter

Is our daughter, and has wit at will

To gull a thouſand eaſie things like you:

But Sir depart, the Parliament prepar'd

Shall on without you, all the Court this night

Shall triumph that our Daughter has escap'd

Her blowing up; your end you ſee,

Wee ſpeake but ſhort, but full ſocratice.

Remaineth Hercules and Fiborio.

Tib. What ſhould I thinke, what hope, what but imagine of these Engines?

Her. Sure ſir the Lady loues you

With violent paſſion, and this night prepares

A Priest with nuptiall rites to entertaine you

In her moſt private chamber.

Tib. This I know

With too much torture, ſince meanes are all unknownen

To come unto these ends, wheres this her chamber,

Then what meanes ſhall without ſuſpition

Convey me to her chamber, O theſe doubts

End in deſpaire.

Enter Gonzago hafily.

Gon. Sir, ſir, this Plantine was not planted here (you;

To get into my daughters chamber, & ſo ſhe praide me tell

What though the maine armes ſtread into her window?

And

The Fawne.

And easie labour climes it : yet Sir know
She has a voice to speake, and bid you wELCOME ,
With so full breast that both your eares shall heare an't ,
And so she praid me tell you ; ha we no braine ?
Youth thinkes that age, Age knowes that youth is vaine.

Tib. Why now I haue it *Fawne*, the way, the meanes ,
and meaning, good Duke and 'twere not for pitty I could
laugh at thee, *Dulcimel* I come, thine most miraculously ,
I will now begin to sigh, reade Poets, look pale, goe neatly ,
and be most apparantly in loue ; as for —

Her. As for your old father.

Tib. Alas he and all know, this an old sawe hath bin ,
Faiths-breach for loue and kingdomes is no sin. *Exit.*

Her. Where are we now ? *Cythenian Mercurie*,
And thou quicke Messenger of *loues* broken pate ,
Aide and direct us : you better Stars to knowledge
Sweet constellations, that effect pure oyle ,
And holy vigill of the pale-cheekt Muses ,
Giue your best influence, that with able spright ,
We may correct, and please, giving full light
To every angle of this various sense ,
Workes of strong birth, end better then commence. *Exit.*

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Whilst the *Act* is playing, Hercules and Tiberio enter ,
Tiberio climes the tree , and is received aboue by
Dulcimel, Philocalia and a Priest : Hercules stayes
beneath.

Her. Thou mother of chast dew, nights modest lampe ,
Thou by whose faint shine, the blushing lovers
Ioyne glowi ng cheeks, and mixe their trembling lips

The Fawne.

In rowes well kist, rise all as full of splendor,
As my breast is of joy— You genitall,
You fruitfull well mixt heates, O blesse the sheets
Of yonder chamber, that Ferraraes Dukedom,
The race of princely issue be not curs'd,
And ended in abhorred barrennesse.
At length kill all my feares, nor let it rest
Once more my tremblings, that my too cold sonne
(That ever scorner of humane loues,)—
Will still contemne the sweets of marriage,
Stil kill our hope of name in his dull coldnesse,
Let it be lawfull to make use yee sowers
Of humane weaknesse, that pursueth still
What is iahibited, and most affects,
What is most difficult to be obtain'd,
So we may learne, that nicer loue's a shade,
It follow's fled, pursude flies as afraid,
And in the end close all the various errors,
Of passages most truely comicall:
In morall learning with like confidence,
Of him that vow'd good fortune of the Scene,
Shall neither make him fat, or bad make leane.

Enter Dondolo laughing.

Don. Ha,ha,ha.

Her. Why dost laugh foole, heres no body with thee?

Don. Why, therefore doe I laugh, because ther's no body with mee, would I were a foole alone, I faith I am come to attend, let me goe, I am sent to the Princesse to come and attend her father to the end of Cupids Parliament.

Her. Why,ha they sat already upon any statutes?

Don. Sat? I,all's agreed in the nether house.

Her. Why,are they divided?

Don. O I,in Cupids Parliament,all the young gallants are in the nether house,& all the old Signiors that can but only kisse are of the upper house: is the Princesse aboue?

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. No sure, I thinke the Princesse is beneath man,
ha they supt foole?

Don. O yes, the confusion of tonges, at the large table
is broke up, for see the presence his; A foole, a foole,
a foole, my Coxcombe for a foole.

Enter Sir Amarous, Herod, Nymphadoro, Garbetza,
Donella and Poucia.

Herod. Stop Aſſe, what's the matter Ideot?

Don. O gallants, my fooles that were appoynted to
waight on *Don Cupid*, haue launche out their ship to purge
their stomacks on the waſer, and before Jupiter, I feare
they will proue defective in their attendance.

Herod. Pish foole, they'll float in with the next tide.

Don. I, but whens, that lets mine Almanacke of pro-
nunciation.

Sir Am. What, is this for this yeare?

Don. In true wisedome sir it is, Let me ſee the Moone,
fore pitty, tis in the waine, what griefe is this that ſo grewe
a Planet ſhould ever decline or looſe ſplendor—full Sea
at—

S. Am. Wher's the ſigne now foole?

Don. In Capricorne, Sir Amareſo.

Gar. What ſtrange thing do's this Almanacke ſpeak
of foole?

Don. Is this your Lady Sir Amareus?

S. Am. It is, kiffe her foole.

Herod. You may kiffe her now, ſhe is married.

S. Am. So he might ha done before,

Don. In sober modesty Sir, I doe not use to doe it be-

Herod. Good foole be acquainted with this Lady ſoone,
ſhe's of a very honest nature I affure thee.

Don. I easily beleue you ſir, for ſhe hath a very good
face, I affure yee.

Gar. But what ſtrange things do's thy Almanacke
ſpeak of good foole? Don. That this yeare no child
ſhall be begotten, but ſhall haue a true Father.

The Fawne.

Sir Am. That's good newes ifaith, I am glad I got my wife with child this yeare.

Herc. Why sir Amorous, this may bee, and yet you not the true father, may it not Herod?

Gar. But what more sayes it good Fawne?

Herc. Faith Lady very strange things; it sayes, that some Ladies of your hayre shall have feeble hams, short memories, and very weake ey-sight, so that they shall mistake their owne Page, or even brother in law somtimes for their owne husbands.

S. Am. Is that all Fawne?

Herc. No sir Amorous, here's likewise prophesyd a great scarcity of Gentry to ensue, and that some Bores shall be dubbed sir Amoroso: A great scarcity of Lawyers is likewise this yeare to ensue, so that some one of them shall bee entreated to take Fees on both sides.

*Enter Don Zuccone following Dona Zoya
on his knees.*

Zuc. Most deere, deere Lady, wife, Lady, wife, O doe but looke on me, and ha some mercy.

Zoy. I will ha no mercy, I will not relent.

Zuc. Sweet Ladie.

Zoy. The order shall stand, I am separated, and I will be separated.

Zuc. Deere, my love, wife.

Zoy. Hence fellow, I am none of thy wife, no I will be tyrannous and a most deep revenger, the order shall stand, I will marry a fellow that keepes a foxe in his besome, a goat under his armie-holes, and a pole-cat in his mouth, rather then reaccept thee.

Zuc. Alas, by the Lord Lady, what should I say, heaven shall blesse me — what shoule I say?

Herod. Kneele and cry man.

Zoy. Was

The Fawne.

Zoy. Was I not handsome, generous, honest enough from my foot to my feather for such a fellow as thou art?

Zuc. Alas, I confess, I confess.

Zoy. But goe thy wayes and wife with whom thou wilt for my part, thou hast spunne a faire thread, who will kisse thee now? who'l court thee now? who'l ha thee now?

Zuccon. Yet bee a woman — and for Gods sake helpe mee.

Herod. And doe not stand too stiffly.

Zucc. And doe not stand too stiffly, doe you make an Ass of me, but let these rascalls laugh at me, alas what could I doe withall; twas my destiny that I should abuse you.

Zoy. So it is your destiny that I should thus revenge your abuse; No, the Irishman shall hate Aquaz-vit, the Vwelch-man Cheese, and the Dutch-man Salt butter, before Ile love or receive thee; does hee crye? does the babe pule? 'Tis too late now, goe, burie thy head in silence, and let oblivion bee thy utmost hope.

*The Courtiers addresse themselves to dancing,
whilst the Duke enters with Granado, and
takes his state.*

Her. Gallants to dancing, loud musick, the Duke's upon entrance.

Gon. Are the sports ready?

Her. Ready.

Gon. Tis enough, of whose intention is this parliament?

Her. Ours.

Gon. Tis enough,
This night we will exult, O let this night

The Fawne.

Be ever memoriz'd with prouder triumphs,
Let it be wvit in lasting Characters,
That this night our great wsdome did discover
So close a practice, that this night, I say,
Our policy found out, nay dasht the drifts
Of the young Prince, and put him to his shifts,
May past his shifts, sore love we could make a good Poet.
Delight us on, we dare our Princely eare,
We are well pleasd to grace him, then skorne feare.

Cornets playing. Drunkenesse, Sloth, Pride, and Plenty
leade Cupid to his state, who is followed by Folly, Warre,
Beggary, and Slaughter.

Stand, tis wisedome to acknowledge ignorance
Of what we know not, we would not now prove foolish
Expound the meaning of your shew.

Her. Triumphant Cupid, that sleepes on the soft cheek
Of rarest beauty, whose throne's in Ladies eyes,
Whose force writh'd lightning from Joves shaking hand,
Forc'd strong Alcides to resigne his club,
Pluckt Neptunes Trident from his mighty arme,
Unhelmed Mars, He (with these trophies borne,
Led in by Sloth, pride, plenty, Drunkenesse,
Follow'd by Folly, Warre, Slaughter, Beggary)
Takes his faire throne, sit pleasd, for now we move,
And speake not for our glory, but for love.

Hercules takes a hole of wine.

Gon. A pretty figure, what, beginnes this session with
ceremony?

Her. VVith a full health to our great Mistris Venus,
Let every state of Cupids parliament
Begin this session, *Et quod bonum faustumque sit precor.*

Hercules drinke a health.

Gon. Giv't us, wee'l pledge, nor shall a man that lives
In charity refuse it, I will not be so old,
As not be gree'd to honour Cupid, giv't us full,

VWhen

The Fawne.

When we were young we could ha trold it off,
Drunke downe a Dutch-man.

Her. Tis lamentable pitty your Grace has forgot it : Drunkennesse, O tis a most fluent and swelling vertue, sure the most just of all vertues, tis justice it selfe, for if it chance to oppresse and take too much, it presently restores it againe. It makes the King and the Peasant equall, for if they are both drunke alike, they both are beasts alike : As for that most precious light of heaven, Truth, if time be the father of her, I am sure drunkennesse is oftentimes the mother of her, and brings her forth ; Drunkennesse brings all out, for it brings all the drinke out of the pot, all the yvit out of the pate, and all the money out of the purse.

Gon. My Lord Granuffo, this Fawne is an excellent fellow.

Don. Silence.

Gon. I warrant you for my Lord here.

Cup. Since multitude of lawves are signes either of much tyranny in the Prince, or much rebellious disobedience in the subiect, we rather thinke it fit to study, how to have our old lawves thorowly executed, then to have new statutes cumborously invented.

Gon. Afore love he speakes very well.

Her. O sir, love is very eloquent, makes all men good Orators, himselfe then must needes be eloquent.

Cup. Let it therefore be the maine of our assembly, to survay our old lawves, and punish their transgressions, for that continually the complaints of Lovers ascend up to our deity, that love is abus'd, and basely bought and sold, beauty corrupted, affection feign'd, and pleasure it selfe sophisticated. That young Gallants are proud in appetite, and weake in performance : That young Ladies are phantastically inconstant ; old Ladies impudently unsatiate ; wives complaine of unmarried women, that they steale the dues belonging to their shreves ; and maides make

The Fawne.

make exclame upon wives, that they unjustly ingrosse all into their owne hands, as not content with their owne husbands, but also purloyning that which should bee their comfort: Let us therefore bee severe in our justice; And if any; of what degree soever, have approvedly offended, let him be instantly unpartially arrested & punished; reade our statutes.

Her. A statute made in the five thousand four hundred threescore and third yeare of the easfull raigne of the mighty potent *Don Cupid*, Emperour of sighes and protestations, great King of kisses, Arch-Duke of dalliance, and sole lov'd of *Her* for the maintaining and relieving of his old souldiers, maymed, or dismembred in love.

Don. Those that are lightly hurt, shame to complaine: those that are deeply struck, are past recovery.

Cup. On to the next.

Her. An A^tt against the plurality of Mistresses.

Cup. Reade.

Her. Whereas some over amorous and unconcionable covetous young Gallants, without all grace of *Venus*, or the feare of *Cupid* in their minds, have at one time ingrossed the care or cures of diverse Mistresses, with the charge of Ladies, into their owne tenure or occupation, whereby their Mistresses must of necessity be very ill and unsufficiently served, and likewise many able portly gallants live unfurnished of competent entertainment to the merite of their bodies: and whereas likewise some other greedy strangers have taken in the puchles, out-set land, and the ancient commons of our soveraigne Liege *Don Cupid*, taking in his very high-wayes, and inclosing them, and annexing them to their owne Lordships, to the much impoverishing and putting of diverse of *Cupids* true hearts and loyall subjects to base and abhominable shiffts: Bee it therefore enacted by the soveraigne authority and eracted ensigne of *Don Cupid*, with the assent of some of the

Lords;

The Fawne.

Lords, most of the Ladies, and all the Commons, that what person or persons soever, shall in the trade of honour presume to weare, at one time, two Ladies favours, or at one time shall earnestly court two women in the way of marriage ; or if any, under the degree of a Duke, shall keepe above twenty women of pleasure, a Dukes brother fifteene, a Lord ten, a Knight or Pentioner or both four, a gentleman two, shall, *ipso facto*, be prested by follies mace, and instantly committed to the ship of fooles, without either baile or mayn-prize : *Millefimo centesimo quingentesimo quadragesimo nono Cupidinis semper unius.* Nymphadoro to the barre.

Nym. Shame a Folly, will Fawne now turne an Informer ? does he laugh at me ?

Her. Domina Garbetza, did hee not ever protest you were his most only elected mistris ?

Gar. He did.

Her. Domina Donella, did he not ever protest you were his most only elected Missris ?

Don. He did.

Her. Domina Pouetia, did he not ever protest that you were his most only elected Mistris ?

Pou. He did.

Nym. Mercy.

Cup. Our mercy is nothing, unlesse some Lady will beg thee.

Ladies. Out upon him dissembling perfidious lyer.

Her. Indeed tis no reason Ladies should beg lyers.

Nym. Thus he that loveth many, if once knownne, Is justly plagu'd to be belov'd of none. *Exit.*

Her. An Act against counterfeiting of Cupids royll coyne, and abusing his subjects with false money.

To the Barre sir *Amorous.*

In most lamentable forme complaineth to your blind celstude, your distressed Oratours, the VVomen of the world, that in respect that many spend-thrifts, who

The Fawne.

who having exhausted and wasted their substance, and in stranger parts have with empty shewes treasonably purchased Ladies affections, without being of ability to pay them for it with currant money, and therefore have deceiptfully sought to satisfy them with counterfeit mettals, to the great displeasure, and no small losse of your humblest subjects. May it therefore with your pittifull assent be enacted, that what Lord, knight, or gentleman soever, knowing himselfe insufficient, bankerout, exhausted and wasted, shall trayterously dare to entertaine any Lady, as wife, or Mistresse, *ipso facto*, to bee severed from all commerçement with women, his wife or Mistris in that state offending, to bee forgiven with a pardon of course, and himselfe to bee pressed to saile in the ship of fooles, without either baile or main-prise.

Her. Sir Amorous is arrested.

Don. Amor. Sir Judgement of the countrie.

Her. I take my oath upon thy brothers body tis none of thine.

Amor. By the heart of dissemblance, this *Fawne* has wrought with us, as strange Taylors worke in corporate cities, where they are not free all inward, inward, he lurkts in the bosom of us, and yet we know not his profession: Sir let me have counsell.

Her. Tis in a great case, you may have no counsell.

Don. Amor. Sir, death a justice, are we in Normandy, what is my Ladies doome then?

Cup. Acquited by the right penalty of the statute, hence, and in thy ignorance bee quietly happy, away with him. On.

Her. An Act against forgers of love-letters, false brag-garts of Ladies favours, and vaine boasters of counterfeit tokens.

Her. Tis I, tis I, I confessie guilty, guilty.

Her. I will be most humane and right courteously lan-gaged in thy correction, and onely say, thy vice appar-ant

The Fawne.

Fant here has made thee an apparent beggar, and now a false knave has made thee a true foole: Folly to the ship with him, and twice a day let him bee duckt at the maiae-yard.

Cup. Proceed.

Her. An Act against slanderers of Cupids liege Ladies names, and leyvd defamers of their honours.

Zuc. Tis I, tis I, I weep, and cry out, I have bin a most contumelious offender, my only cry is miserere.

Cup. If your relenting Lady will have pitty on you, the fault against our Deity be pardoned.

Zuc. Madam if ever I have found favour in your eyes, if ever you have thought mee a reasonable handsome fellow, as I am sure before I had a beard you might; O be mercifull.

Zoya. Well, upon your apparent repentance, that all modest Spectators may witnesse, I have for a short time only thus faignedly hated you, that you might ever after truely love mee, upon these cautions I reaccept you: first you shall vow.

Zuc. I do vow, as heaven blesse me, I will doe.

Zo. What?

Zuc. What ere it be, say on I beseech you.

Zo. You shall vow.

Zuc. Yes.

Zo. That you shall never.

Zuc. Never.

Zoya. Faine loue to my wayting woman or Chamber maid.

Zuc. No.

Zoya. Never promise them such a farme to their mariage. Zuc. No

Zoya. If sheele discover but whom I affect.

Zuc. Never.

Zoya. Or if they know none, that thei'le but take a false oath, I doc, onely to betid of me.

Zuc. I

The Fawne.

Zuc. I sweare I will not, I will not only not counterfeitly loue your women, but I will truly hate them an't be possible, so farre from maintayning them that I will begger them, I will never picke their trunks for letters, search their pockets, ruffle their bosomes, or teare their foule smocks: never, never.

Zoya. That if I chance to haue a humour to bee in a maske, you shall not grow jealous.

Zuc. Never.

Zoya. Or grudge at the expence.

Zuc. Never, I will eate mine owne armes first.

Zoya. That you shall not search if my chamber doore hinges be oyl'd to avoid creaking.

Zuc. As I am a seassible creature ———

Zoy. Nor ever suspect the reason why my bed-chamber doore is double matted.

Zuc. Not as I haue blood in me.

Zoya, You shall vow to weare cleane lining, and feed wholsomely.

Zuc. I and highly, I will take no more Tobacco, or come to your sheets drunke, or get wenches, I will ever feed on fried frogs, wild snayles, and boild Lamstones, I will adore thee more then a mortall, obserue and serue you as more then a Mistresse, doe all duties of a husband, all offices of a man, all services of thy creature, and ever liue in thy pleasure, or dye in thy service.

Zoya. Then here my quarrell ends, thus cease all strife.

Zuc. Vntill they loose, men know not what's a wife; Wee slight and dully view the lampe of heaven, Because we daily se e't, which but bereaved, And held one little weeke from darkned eyes, With greedy wonder we should all admire, And proud height of command puts out loues fire.

Her. An Act against mummers, false seemers, that abuse Ladies with counterfeit faces, courting ouerly by signes, and seeming wise onely by silence.

The Fawne.

Cup. The penalty.

Her. To be urged to speake, and then if inward ability answer not outward seeming, to be committed instantly to the shipp of fooles, during great Cupids pleasure. My Lord *Granuffo* to the barre, speake, speake, is not this law just?

Gra. Iust sure, for in good truth, or in good sooth, when wise men speake, they still must open their mouth.

Her. The brazen head has spoken.

Don. Thou art arrested.

Gra. Me?

Her. And judg'd away.

Exit Granuffo. (hawes,

Gon. Thus silence, can envie lookes with hums and Makes many worshipped, when if tried were dawes: Thats the mortality or lenvoy of it, lenvoy of it, on.

Her. An act against privie conspiracies, by which, if any with ambitious wisedome, shall hope and striue to outstrip loue, to croise his words, and make frustrate his sweet pleasures, if such a presumptuous wisedome fall to nothing, and dye in laughter, the wizard so transgressing is *ipso facto*, adjudged to offend in most deepe treason, to forfeit all his wit at the will of the Lord, and bee instantly committed to the shipp of fooles for ever.

Gon. I marry sir, O might *OEdipus* riddle mee out such a fellow, of all creatures breathing I doe hate those things that strugle to seeme wise, and yet are indeed very fooles: I remember when I was a young man in my fathers dayes, there were fowe galiant spirits for resolution, as proper for body, as witty in discourse as any were in Europe; nay Europe had not such, I was one of them; wee foure did all loue one Lady, a most chast virgin shee was, we all enjoyed her, I well remember, and so enjoyd her, that despight the strictest guard was set upon her, wee had her at our pleasure I speake it for her honoer and my credite: where shal you find such witty fellowes

The Fawne.

fellowes now a dayes : Alas how easie it is in these weaker times to crosse loue tricks , ha ha ha alas, alas, I smile to thinke (I must confesse with some glory to mine owne wisedome) to thinke how I found out and crossed, and curb'd, and jerkt, and firkte, and in the end made desperat Tiberios hope ; Alas good silly youth, that dares to cope with age , and such a beard : I speake it without glory.

Her. But what yet might your well knownen wisedome thinke,
If such a one as being most severe,
A most protestest opposite to the match
Of two young lovers, who having bar'd them speech,
All interviews, all messages, all meanes
To plot their wished ends, even he himselfe
Was by their cunning made the goe betweene,
The onely messenger, the token-carrier,
Told them the times when they might fitly meet,
Nay, shew'd the way to one anothers bed.

Gon. May one haue the sight of such a fellow for no-
thing ?
Doth their breath such an egregious Asse ?
Is there such a foolish animall in *rerum natura* ?
How is it possible such a simplicity can exist ? let us not
loose our laughing at him for Gods sake, let follies sce-
pter light upon him, and to the ship of fooles with him in-
stantly.

Don. Of all these follies I arrest your grace.

Gon. Me ? ha, me ? mee varlet ? me foole ? ha, tot'h
Iayle with him: what varlet ? call me Asse, me ?

Her. What graue Vrbins Duke , dares Follies scepter
touch his prudent shoulders , is he a Coxcombe, no, My
Lord is wise,

For vve all know that Vrbins Duke has eyes.

Gon. God a mercy Fawne, hold fast varlet, hold thee
good Fawne, rayling reprobate.

Her.

The Fawne.

Her. Indeed I must confess, your grace did tell,
And first did intimate your daughters loue,
To otherwise most cold *Tiberio*,
After convai'd her private favour to him,
A curious scarfe, wherein her needle wrought
Her private favour to him.

Gon. What I doe this? ha.

Her. And last, by her perswasion shew'd the youth,
The very way and best elected time,
To come unto her chamber.

Gon. Thus did I sir?

Her. This did you sir, but I must confess,
You meant not to doe this, but were rankely guld,
Made a plaine naturall. This sute sir you did,
And in assurance Prince *Tiberio*,
Renowned, witted, *Dulcimel* appeare;
The acts of constant honour cannot feare. *Exit Her.*

*Tiberio and Dulcimel aboue are discovered,
hand in hand.*

Dul. Royally wise, and wisely royall father.

Don. Thats sententious now, art *Ironia*.

Dul. I humbly thanke your worthy piety, that through
your onely meanes I haue obtained so fit, loving and de-
sired a husband.

Gon. Death a discretion, if I should proue a foole,
now am not I an *Affe*, thinke you, ha? I will haue them
both bound together, and sent to the Duke of *Ferrara*
presently.

Tib. I am sure good Father wee are both bound toge-
ther as fast as the Priest can make us already, I thanke
you for it kind father, I thanke you onely for't.

Her. And as for sending them to the Duke of *Ferrara*, see my good Lord, *Ferraraes* ore joy'd Prince, meets
them in fullest wish.

The Fawne.

Gon. By the Lord I am ashamed of my selfe, that
the plaine troth, but I know now wherefore this wa
what a slumber haue I beene in?

Hercules enters in his owne shape.

Her. Never grieue or wonder, all things sweetly sti

Gon. There is no folly to protested will.

Her. What still in wondring ignorance doth rest
In private conference, your deare lou'd breast
Shall fully take. But now we change our face.

Epilogus.

And thus in bold yet modest phrase we end,
He whose Thalia with swiftest hand hath pend
This lighter subject, and hath boldly borne,
Fresh bayes from Daphnes arme, doth onely scorne
Malitious censures of some envious few,
Who thinke they loose if others haue their due.
But let such Addars hisse; know all the sting,
All the vaine fome of all those snakes that ring,
Minervas glasse full shield can never taint,
Poysen or pierce, firme art disdaines to faint;
But yet of you that with impartiall faces,
With no prepared malice, but with graces,
Of sober knowledge, haue survai'd the frame,
Of his slight Scene, if you shall iudge his flame,
Distemperately weake, as faulty much,
In file, in plot, in spirilt; loe if such
Fer daines in selfe accusing phrase to craue,
For prayse but pardon which bee hopes to haue;
since he protestes he ever hath aspir'd,
To be beloved, rather then admir'd.

.FINIS.

THE
D V T C H
COVRTEZAN.

As it hath been divers times
Presented at the Black Fryers,
by the Children of the Queenes
Majesties Revells.



LONDON,
Printed for WILLIAM SHEARES.

1633.

THE

HOTEL

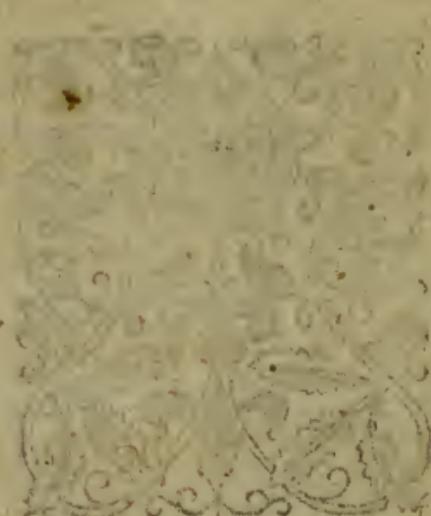
MASTERS

BY JAMES H. PEPPER

Illustrated by the Dutch Masters

Published by C. H. & D. Co.

1870



MODERN

SERIALS AND MIRRORS

1870

Prologue.

Light hasty labours in this easie Play,
Present not what you would, but what we may:
For this vouchsafe to know the onely end
Of our now study is, not to offend.
Yet thinke not, but like others rayle we could,
(Best art presents not what it can, but shoud)
And if our pen in this seeme over-sight,
We straine not to instruct, but to delight;
As for some few, we know of purpose here
To taxe, and scowt: i know firme art cannot feare.
Vaine rage: onely the highest grace we pray
Is, you le not taxe, until you judge our Play.
Thinke and then speake: tis rashnesse and not wit
To speake what is in passion, and not judgement fit.
Sit then, with faire expectance, and survey
Nothing but passionate man in his slight play,
who hath this onely ill, to some deem'd worst,
A modest diffidence, and selfe mistrust.

Fabula Argumentum.

The difference betwixt the loue of a Cour-
tezan, and a wife, is the full scope of the
Play, which intermixed with the deceits of a
witty Citie Lester, fils up the Comedy.

Dramatis personæ.	
Francischina.	A Dutch Courtezan
Mary Faugh.	An old Woman.
Sir Lionell Freevill.	Two old Knights.
Sir Hubert Subbois.	
Young Freevill.	Sir Lion: Sonne.
Beatrice.	Sir Huberts Daughters.
Crispinella.	
Purifer.	Their Nurse.
Tysefow.	A bluht Gallant.
Caquerel.	A pratling Gull.
Malheureux.	Young Freevils unhappy Friend.
Cocledemoy.	A knavishly witty Citie Companion.
Master Mulligrub.	A Vintner.
Mistresse Mulligrub.	His wife.
Master Burnish.	A Goldsmith.
Lionell.	His man.
Holifernes Rains-cure.	A Barbers boy.
	Three Watchmen.

THE



THE DVTCH COVR- TEZAN.

Turpe est
difficiles
habere n-
gas.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Enter three Pages with lights. Mulligrub, Freevile, Malheureux, Tisettew, and Caqueteur.

Freevile.

NA Y comfort my good host Sharke, my good Mulligrub.

Mal. Advance thy snout, doe not suffer thy sorrowfull nose to drop on thy spanish leather Ierken, most hardly honest Mulligrub.

Free. What, cogging Cocledemoy is run away with a nest of goblets, true, what then? they will be hammerd out well enough, I warrant you. (sently.)

Mull. Sure, some wise man would find them out pre-

Free. Yes sure, if wee could find out some wise man presently.

Mal. How was the plate lost? how did it vanish?

Free. In most sincere prose thus: that man of much money, some wit, but lesse honesty, cogging Cocledemoy.

The Dutch Courtezan.

comes this night late into my hoste *Mulligrub's* Taverne here, calls for a roome, the house being full, *Cocledemoy* consorted with his moyeable cattle, his instrument of fornication, the Bawd mistris *Mary Faugh*, are imparl'd next the street, good poultrey was their food, black-bird, lark, woodcocke, and mine hoast here, comes in, cryes God blesse you, and departs. A blind Harper enters, craves audience, uncaseth, playes, the Drawer for female privatenesse sake is nodded out, who, knowing that whosoever will hit the marke of profit, must, like those that shoot in stone-bowes, winke with one eye, gowes blind a the right side, and departs.

Caque. He shall answer for that winking with one eye at the last day.

Mol. Let him have day till then, and hee will winke with both his eyes.

Free. *Cocledemoy* perceiving none in the roome but the blind Harper (whose eyes heaven had shut up from beholding wickednesse) unclasps a casement to the street very patiently, pockets up three boles unnaturally, thrusts his wench forth the window, and himselfe most preposterously with his heeles forward followes, (the unseeing Harper playes on) bids the empay dishes and the treacherous candles much good doe them: the Drawer returns, but out alas, not onely the birds, but also the neast of Goblets were flowne away, Laments are rais'd.

Tysef. Which did not pierce the heavens.

Free. The Drawers mone,

Mine Host doth cry, the boles are gone.

Mul. *Hic finis Priami.*

(ligrub.)

Mol. Nay, be not jaw-fall'n, my most sharking *Mul-*

Free. Tis your just affliction, remember the sinnes of the sellar, and repent, repent.

Mul. I am not jaw-fall'n, but I will hang the cony-catching *Cocledemoy*, and there's an end on't. *Exit.*

Caque. Is it a right stone, it shews well by candle-light?

Free. So

The Dutch Courtezan.

Free. So doe many things that are counterfeit, but I assure you this is a right Diamond.

Caque. Might I borrow it of you? it will not a little grace my finger in visitation of my Mistris.

Free. Why use it most sweet *Caque*, use it.

Caque. Thankes good sir, tis growne high night, gentle, rest to you. Exit.

Tys. A torch, sound wench, soft sleepe, and sanguine dreames to you both, on boy.

Free. Let me bid you good rest.

Mal. Not so trust me, I must bring my friend home: I dare not give you up to your owne company, I feare the warmth of wine and youth will draw you to some common h ouse of lascivious entertainment.

Freev. Most necessary buildings *Malbereaux*, ever since my intention of marriage I doe pray for their continuance.

Mal. Lov'd sir, your reason?

Free. Marry, lest my house should bee made one: I would have married men love the Stewes, as Englishmen love the low Countries, wish warre should be maintain'd there,lest it should be brought home to their owne doores: what, suffer a man to have a hole to put his head in, though he goe to the Pillory for it: Youth and appetite are above the club of *Hercules*.

Mal. This lust is a most deadly sinne sure.

Free. Nay, tis a most lively sinne sure.

Mal. Well, I am sure tis one of the head sinnes.

Free. Nay, I am sure it is one of the middle sinnes.

Mal. Pity, tis growne a most daily vice.

Free. But a more nightly vice, I assure you.

Mal. Well, tis a sinne.

Free. I, or els few men would wish to goe to heaven: and not to disguise with my friend, I am now going the way of all flesh.

Mal. Not to a Courtezan?

Free. A

The Dytch Courtezan.

Fre. A courteous one.

Mal. What to a sinner?

Fre. A very Publican.

Mal. Deare my lov'd friend, let me be full with you,
Know sir, the strongest Argument that speaks
Against the soules eternity, is lust,
That wise mans folly, and the fooles wisedome:
But to grow wild in loose lasciviousnesse,
Given np to heat, and sensuall appetite,
Nay to expose your health, and strength, and name,
Your precious time, and with that time the hope
Of due preferment, advantagious meanes
Of any worthy end, to the stale use,
The common bosome of a money creature,
One that sells humane flesh, a Mangonist.

Fre. Alas good creatures, what would you have them
doe? would you have them get their living by the curse
of man, the sweat of their browes? so they doe, every
man must follow his trade, and every woman her occu-
pation; a poore decayed mechanicall mans wife, her hus-
band is layd up, may not shee lawfully bee layd downe,
when her husbands onely rising is by his wifes falling?
a Captaines wife wants meanes, her Commander lyes
in open field abroad, may not shee lye in civill armes at
home? A waiting gentlewoman, that had wont to take
say to her Lady, miscarries, or so; rhe Court misfortune
throwes her downe, may not the City courtesy take
her up; doe you know no Alderman would pitty such
a womans case; why, is charity growne a sinne; or
relieving the poore and impotent an offence? You will
say beasts take no money for their fleshly entertainment,
true, because they are beasts, therfore beastly; only men
give to loose, because they are men, therefore manly;
and indeed, wherein shold they bestow their mony bet-
ter? In land, the title may bee crackt; In houses, they
may be burnt; In apparell, twill weare; In wine, alas
for

The Dutch Courtezan.

for pitty, our throat is but short : but employ you money upon women, and a thousand to nothing, some one of them wil bestow that on you, which shall stick by you as long as you live ; they are no ingratefull persons, they will give you quit for quo : doe ye protest, they'l sweare ; doe you rise, they'l fall ; doe you fall, they'l rise ; doe you give them the french crown, they'l give you the french — *O justus justa justum*. They sell their bodies, doe not better persons sell their soules ? nay, since all things have been sold, honour, justice, faith, nay, even God himselfe, Ay me, what base ignoblenesse is it to sell the pleasure of a wanton bed ?

Why doe men scrape, why heape to full heapes joyne,
But for his Mistresse, who would care for coyne ?
For this I hold to be deny'd of no man,
All things are made for man, and man for woman ;
Give mee my fee.

Mal. Of ill you merite well, my hearts good friend,
Leave yet at length, at length, for know this ever,
Tis no such sinne to erre, but to persever.

Fre. Beauty is womans vertue, love the lifes musicke,
and woman the dainties or second course of heavens cur-
ious workmanship ; since then beauty, love, and woman,
are good, how can love of womans beauty be bad ? and
Bonum, quo communius, eo melius, wilt then go with me ?

Mal. Whither ?

Fre. To a house of salvation.

Mal. Salvation ?

Fre. Yes, twill make thee repent : wilt' goe to the fa-
mily of love ? I will shew thee my creature : a pretty
nimble-ey'd Dutch Tanakin, an honest soft-hearted im-
propriation, a soft, plump, round-cheek'd Froe, that has
beauty enough for her vertue, vertue enough for a wo-
man, and woman enough for any reasonable man in
my knowledge : wilt' passe along with me ?

Mal. VVhat, to a Brothell, to behold an impudent
prostitution

The Dutch Courtezan.

prestitution, fie on't I shall hate the whole sexe to see her: the most odious spectacle the earth can present, is an immodest vulgar woman.

Free. Good still: my braine shall keep't: you must goe as you loue me. (in.

Mal. Well: Ile goe to make her loath the shame she's
The sight of vice augments the hate of sinne.

Free. The sight of vice augments the hate of sinne,
very fine perdy. Exeunt.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter *Cocledemoy*, and *Mary Faugh*.

Cocle. Mary, Mary Faugh.

Mar. Hem.

Cocle. Come my worshipfull rotten Rough bellied
Baud, ha my blew tooth'd Patrons of naturall wicked-
nesse, giue me the goblets.

Mar. By yea, and by nay, master *Cocledemoy* I feare
you'll play the knaue and restore them.

Cocle. No by the Lord *Aunt*, Restitution is Catho-
lique and thou knowest we loue.

Mar. What?

Cocle. Oracles are ceased: *Tempus præteritum*, do'st
heare my worshipfull glisterpipe, thou ungodly fire that
burnt *Dianas* Temple, doest heare Baud?

Mar. In very good trutnesse you are the foulest
mouth'd prophane rayling brother, cal a woman the most
ungodly names: I must confess we all eate of the for-
bidden fruite, and for mine owne part, though I am one
of the familly of loue, and as they say a Baud that cov-
ers the multitude of sinnes, yet I trust I am none of the
wicked that eate fish a Fridaies.

Cocle. Hang toasts, I rayle at thee my worshipfull or-
gan bellowes that fils the pipes, my fine ratling sleamy
cough

The Dutch Courtezan.

cough a the lungs & cold with a Pox, I rayle at thee, what my right pretious panders, supportres of *Barbar Surgeons*, and inhauntres of *lotinus* and diet drinke : I rayle at thee necessary damnation, ile make an oration, I in prayse of the most courtly in fashion, and most pleasurable funtas, I.

Mar. I prethee doe, I loue to haue my selfe prayf'd, as vwell as any old Iade, I.

Cocle. List then, a Baud ; first for her profession or vocation, it is most wotshipfull of all the twelue Companies, for as that trade is most honourable that sels the best commodities ; as the Draper is more worlaiifull then the Point-maker, the Silke-man more worshipfull then the Draper, and the Gold-smith more honourable then both, *Little Mary* : so the Baud aboue all, her shop has the best ware, for where these sell but cloath, fatten, and jewels, she sels divine vertues, as virginitie, modesty, and such rare Iems, and those not like a petty chapman, by retayle, but like a great Merchant by wholesale, wa, ha, ho, and who are her customers, not base corne cutters, or sowgelders, but most rare wealthy Knights, and most rare bountifull Lords are her customers : Againe, where as no trade or vocation profiteth, but by the losse and displeasure of another ; as the Merchant thriues not but by the licentiousnesse of giddy youth, and unsetled, the Lawyer, but by the vexation of his Client, the Phisitian but by the maladies of his patient, onely my smooth gumb'd Bawd liues by others pleasure, and onely growes rich by others rising ; O mercifull gaine, O righteous in-come. So much for her vocation, trade and life, as for their death, how can it be bad, since their wickednesse is alwayes before their eyes, and a deaths head most commonly on their middle finger. To conclude, 'tis most certaine they must needs both liue well, and dye well, since most commonly they liue in *Clearken-well*, and dye in *Bridewell*. *Dixi Mary.*

The Dutch Courtezan.

Enter Freevile and Malhereux.

Free. Come along, yonder's the preface or exordium to my wench, the Bawd: Fetch, fetch. What Master Coctedemoy, is your knave-ship yet stirring? looke to it, Mulligrub lies for you.

Cocl. The more foole he, I can ly for my selfe, worshipfull friend, hang tosts, I vanish. Ha my fine boy, thou art a scholler and hast read *Tullies Offices*, my fine knave hang tosts.

Free. The Vintner will toast you, and hee catch you.

Cocl. I will draw the Vintner to the sloop, and when he runnes low, tilt him, ha my fine knave, art going to thy recreation?

Free. Yes my capricious rascal.

Cocl. Thou wilt looke like a foole then by and by.

Free. Looke like a foole, why?

Cocl. Why, according to the old saying, A beggar when hee is lowing of himselfe lookes like a Philosopher; a hard-bound Philosopher, when hee is on the stooole, lookes like a tyrant; and a wise man, when he is in his belly act, lookes like a foole; God give your worship good rest, grace and mercy keepe your Syringe straight, and your *Lotium* unspilt.

Enter Franciscina.

Free. See sir, this is she.

Mal. This? I am not soe unmerciful, as to thinke

Free. This.

Mal. A Courtezan? Now cold blood defend mee, what a proportion afflicts me?

Fran. O mine aderliver love, what shall me do to requite dis your mush affection?

Free. Marry

The Dutch Courtezan.

Free. Marry salute my friend, clip his necke, and kisse him welcome.

Fran. A mine art sir, you bim very velcome

Free. Kisse her man with a more familiar affection, so, come what entertainment, goe to your Lute.

Exit Franciscina.

And how dost approve my sometimes elected? shee's none of your ramping Canniballs that devoure mans flesh, nor any of your Curtian Gulfs that will never bee satisfyed, untill the best thing a man has be throwne into them. I loy'd her with my heart, untill my soule shewed mee the imperfection of my body, and placed my affection on a more lawfull love, my modeit *Beatrice*, which if this short-heeles knew, there were no being for mee with eyes before her face: But faith, dost thou not somewhat excuse my sometimes incontinency with her enforcive beauties? Speake.

Mal. Ha, she is a whore, is she not?

Freev. Whore? fie, whore? you may call her a Courtezan, a Cockatrice, or (as that worthy spirit of an eternall happinesse sayd) a Suppositarie, but Whore? fie, tis not in fashion to call things by their right names: Is a great Merchant a Cuckold, you must say, he is one of the Livery; Is a great Lord a foole, you must say hee is weake; Is a gallant pocky, you must say hee has the Court skab, come, she is your Mistris, or so.

Enter Franciscina with her Lute.

Come syren, your voyce.

Fran. Vil you not stay in mine bosome to night love?

Free. By no meanes sweet breast, this gentleman has vowd to see me chastly layd.

Fran. He shall have a bed too, if dat it pleafe him.

Free. Peace,

The Dutch Courtezan.

Free. Peace, you tender him offence,
Hee's one of a professed abstinence :
Syren, your voyce and away.

She sings to her Late.

THE SONG.

The darke is my delight,
So tis the Nightingales.
My Musick's in the night,
So is the Nightingales.
My body is but little,
So is the Nightingales.
I love to sleepe gainst prickle,
So doth the Nightingale.

Thankes, busse, so the night growes old, good rest.

Fran. Rest to mine dear love, rest, and no long absence.

Free. Beleeve me not long.

Fran. Sall Ick not beleeve you long ? Exit Fran.

Free. O yes, come riah, away, boy, on.

Exit his Page lightin^g him.

Enter Freuill and seemes to overheare Malher^{ux}.

Mal. Is she unchast ? can such a one be damn'd ?

O, love and beauty, yee two eldest seedes

Of the vast Chaos, what strong right yee have

Even in things divine, our very soules !

Free. Wha, ha, ho, come bird come, stand, peace.

Mal. Are strumpets then such things, so delicate ?

Can custome spoyle, what Nature made so good,

Or is their custome bad ? Beautie's for use,

I never saw a sweet face vicious,

It might be proud, inconstant, wanton, nice,

But never tainted with unnaturall vice :

Their worst is, their best art is love to winne,

“ O that to love should be or shame, or sinne !

Free. By

The Dutch Courtezan.

Free. By the Lord hee's caught, Laughter eternall !

Mal. Soule I must loue her, destiny is weake to my affection,

A common loue, blush not faint breast,

That which is ever lov'd of most is best ;

Let colder eld the strong'st objections moue,

No loue's without some lust, no life without some loue.

Free. Nay come on good sir, what though the most odious spectacle the world can present bee an immodest vulgar woman ?

Yet sir for my sake.—

Mal. Well sir for your sake Ile thinke better of them.

Free. Doe good sir, and pardon mee that haue brought you in,

You know the sight of vice attiments the hate of sinne.

Mal. Hah ? will you goe home sir, 'tis hie bed time ?

Free. Withall my heart sir, onely doe not chide me, I must confesse.

Mal. A wanton lover you haue beene.

Free. O that to loue should be or shame, or sinne.

Mal. Say yee ?

Free. Let colder eld the strong'st objections moue.]

Mal. How's this ?

Free. No loue's without some lust,

No life without some loue,

Goe your wayes for an Apostata, I beleue my cast garment must bee let out in the seames for you when all is done :

“ Of all the fooles that would all man ont-thrust,

“ He that 'gainst Nature would seeme wise is worst.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

The Dutch Courtezan.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Enter Freevile, pages with torches, and gentlemen with musick.

Free. The morne is yet but young : here gentlemen,
This is my Beatrice window, this the chamber
Of my betrothed dearest, whose chast eyes,
Full of lou'd sweetnesse, and cleere chearefulnessse,
Haue gag'd my soule to her injoyings,
Shredding away all those weake under-branches
Of base affections, and unfruitfull heates,
Here bestow your musick to my voice.

Cantat.

Enter Beatrice aboue.

Alwayes a vertuous name to my chast loue.

Bea. Lou'd sir the honor of your wish returne to you,
I cannot with a mistresse complement,
Forced discourses, or nice art of wit,
Give entertaine to your deare wished presence,
But safely thus, what hearty gratefulnesse,
Vnsullen silence, unaffected modesty,
And an unignorant shamefastnesse can expresse,
Receiue as your pretested due. Faith my heart,
I am your servant,
O let not my secure simplicity,
Breed my mislike, as one quite void of skill,
Tis grace enough in us not to be ill,
I can some good, and faith I meane no hurt,
Doe not then sweet wrong sober ignorance,
I judge you all of vertue, and our vowes
Should kill all feares that base distrust can moue,
My soule what say you, still you loue ?

Free. Still ? my vow is up aboue me, and like time
Irrevocable. I am sworne all yours,
No beauty shall untwine our armes, no face

The Dutch Courtezan.

In my eyes can or shall seeme faire,
And would to God onely to me you might
Seeme onely faire, let others disesteeme
Your matchlesse graces, so might I safer seeme,
Envie I covet not, farre, farre be all ostent,
Vaine boalts of beauties: soft joyes and the rest,
"Hee that is wise, pants, on a private breast,
So could I liue in desert most unknowen,
Your selfe to me enough were populous,
Your eyes shall be my joyes; my wine that still
Shall drowne my often cares, your onely voice
Shall cast a slumber on my llistning sense,
You with soft lip shall only ope mine eyes,
And sucke their lids a sunder, only you
Shall make me with to liue, and not feare death,
So on your cheeks I might yeeld latest breath,
O he that thus may liue, and thus shall dye,
May well be envied of a deity.

Beat. Deare my lou'd heart be not so passionate,
Nothing extreame liues long.

Free. " But not to bee extreame,
Nothing in loue's extreame, my loue receiuers no meane.

Beat. I give you faith, and prethee since poore soule
I am so easie to beleue thee, make it much more pitty to
deceiu me: weare this slight favour in my remembrance,

Throweth downe a ring to him.

Free. Which when I part from,
Hope the best of life, ever part from me.

Beat. I take you and your word, which may ever liue
your servant; sec day is quite broke up, the best of houres.

Free. Good morrow gracefull mistresse, our nuptiall
day holds.

Beat. With happy constancie a wished day. *Exit.*

Enter Malheurei.

Free. My selfe and all content rest with you.

Mal. The studious morne with paler cheek drawes on

The Dutch Courtezan.

The dayes bold light , harke how the free-borne birds
Caroll their unaffected passions, (The Nitingals sing.
Now sing they sonnets, thus they cry, we loue,
O breath of heaven ! thus they harmelesse soules
Giuue entertaine to mutuall affects.

They haue no Bawds , mercenary beds,
No politicke restraints , no artificiall heats,
No faint dissemblings, no custome makes them blush,
No shame afflicts their name, O you happy beaſts
In whom an inborne heate is not held ſinne,
How farre tranſcend you wretched, wretched man
Whom nationall custome, tyrannous respects
Of flauish order, fetters, lames his power,
Calling that ſinne in us, which in all things elſe
Is natures highest vertue.

(O miseri quorum gaudia crimen habent.)

Sure nature againſt vertue croſſe doth fall,
Or vertues ſelſe is oft unnaturall,
That I ſhould loue a ſtrumpet, I a man of Snow,
Now shame forſake me whether am I fallen !
A creature of a publique uſe, my friends loue too,
To liue to be a talke to men, a shame
To my profeſſed vertue. O accuſed reaſon,
“ How many eyes haſt thou to ſee thy shame,
“ And yet how blind once to prevent defame !

Free. *Diabolivirtus in Lambis eſt*, morrow my friend :
come , I could make a tedious Scene of this now but,
what, pah , thou art in loue with a Courtezan, why ſir,
ſhould wee loath all ſtrumpets , ſome men ſhould hate
their owne mothers or ſisters , a ſinne againſt kind I can
tell you.

Mal. May it beſeeme a wiſe man to be in loue ?

Free. Let wiſe men alone , 'twill beſeeme thee and me
well enough.

Mal. Shall I not offend the vow band of our friend-
ſhip ?

Free.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Free. What to affect that which thy friend affected?
by heaven I resigne her freely, the creature and I must
grow off, by this time she has assuredly heard of my resol-
ved marriage, and no question swears, Gods Sacrament,
ten thousand devils Ile resigne Ifaith.

Mal. I would but embracc her, heare her speake, and at
the most but kisse her.

Free. O friend hee that could liue with the smoake of
rost meate might liue at a cheape rate.

Mal. I shall neare proue heartily received,
A kind of flat ungratioues modesty,
An insufficient dulnesse stains my haviour.

Free. No matter sir, Insufficiencie and sottishnesse are
much commendable in a most discommendable action,
now could I swallow thee, thou hadst wont to be so harsh
and cold, ile tell thee. Hell and the prodiges of angry
loue are not so fearefull to a thinking mind, as a man
without affection, why friend, Philosophy and nature are
all one, loue is the center in which all lines close the com-
mon bond of being.

Mal. O but a chaste reserved privatenesse, a modest con-
tinence.

Free. Ile tell thee what, take this as firmest sense,
" Incontinence will force a Continence,
" Heate wasteth heate, light defaceth light,
" Nothing is spoyled but by his proper might,
This is something too waughty for thy floore.

Mal. But how so ere you shade it, the worlds eye
Shines hot and open on't,
Lying, malice, envie, are held but slidings,
Errors of rage, when custome and the world
Cals lust a crime spotted with blackest terrors.

Free. Where errors are held crimes, crimes are but errors:
Along sir to her, she is an arrand strumpet, and a strum-
pet is a Sarpego, Venomde Gonory to man. (Offers
to goe out and suddenly drawes backe.)

The Dutch Courtezan.

Things actually possest ; yet since thou art in love ; and againe, as good make use of a Statue, a body without a soule, a carkasse thre moneths dead ; yet since thou art in love.

Mal. Death man, my destiny, I cannot chuse.

Free. Nay, I hope so, againe, they sell but onely flesh, No jot affection, so that even in the enjoying, *Absentem marmoreāq; putes*, yet since you needs must love.

Mal. Vnavoydable, though folly, worse then madnesse.

Free. Its true,

But since you needs must love, you must knowv this, He that must love, a foole and he must kisse.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Master Cocledemoy, ut vales domine ?

Cocl. Ago tibi gratias my worshipfull friend, how does your friend ?

Free. Out you rascall.

Cocl. Hang tosts, you are an Asse, much a your worships braine lyes in your Calves — bread a God boy, I was at supper last night with a new weand bulchin, bread a God, drunke, horribly drunke, there was a wench, one *Franke Frailty*, a punke, an honest pole-cat, of a cleane In-step, sound leg, smooth thigh, and the nimble devill in her buttocke, ah fiest a grace, when saw you *Tisefew*, or *Master Caquette*, that pratling gallant of a good draught, common customes, fortunate impudence, and sound fart ?

Free. Avway rogue.

Cocl. Hang toasts, my fine boy, my companions are worshipfull.

Mal. Yes, I heare you are taken up with schollers and Church-men.

Enter Holifernes the Barber.

Cocl. Quanquam te Marce fili my fine boy, does your worship want a Barbar-Surgion ?

Free. Farewell knave, beware the *Mulligrubs*.

Exeunt Freevill & Malheureux.

Cocl. Let,

The Dutch Courtezan.

Cocl. Let the *Mulligrubs* beware the knave, what a
Barbar-Surgion my delicate boy ?

Holif. Yes sir, an apprentice to Surgery.

Cocl. Tis my fine boy, to what bawdy house does your
Master belong ? what's thy name ?

Hol. Holifernes Rain-sure.

Cocl. Rain-sure ? good M. Holifernes I desire your fur-
ther acquaintance, nay, pray ye be coverd my fine boy, kill
thy itch, and heale thy skabs, is thy Master rotten ?

Hol. My father forsooth is dead.

Cocl. And layd in his grave,
Alas what comfort shall *Peggy* then have ?

Hol. None but me sir, tha's my mothers sonne I assure
you.

Cocl. Mothers son, a good witty boy, would live to read
an Homily well, and to whom are you going now ?

Hol. Marry forsooth to trim M. *Mulligrub* the Vintner.

Cocl. Doe you know Master *Mulligrub* ?

Hol. My Godfather forsooth.

Cocl. Good boy hold up thy chops, I pray thee do one
thing for me, my name is *Gudgeon*.

Hol. Good Master *Gudgeon*.

Cocl. Lend me thy Bason, razor, and apron.

Hol. O Lord sir,

Cocl. Well spoken, good English, but what's thy fur-
niture worth ?

Hol. O Lord sir I know not.

Cocl. Well spoken, a boy of a good wit, hold this
pawne, where dost dwell ?

Hol. At the signe of the three Razors sir.

Cocl. A signe of good shaving my catastrophonical fine
boy, I have an od jest to trim M. *Mulligrub* for a wager, a
jest boy, a humour, Ile returne thy things presently, hold.

Hol. What meane you M. *Gudgeon* ?

Cocl. Nothing faith but a jest boy, drinke that, Ile re-
coile presently.

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Hol. You'l not stay long?

Cocl. As I am an honest man the three razers?

Hol. I sir.

Exit Holifernes.

Cocl. Good, and if I shave not Master *Mulligrub*, my wit has no edge, and I goe cacke in my pewter, let me see, a Barbar, my scury tongue will discover me, I must dissemble, must disguise, for my beard my false haire, for my tongue Spanish, Dutch or Welch, no, a northerne Barbar, very good, widdow *Rain-scures* man, well, newly entertain'd, right, so, hang tosts, all cardes have white backes, and all knaves would seeme to have white brests, so, proceed now worshipfull *Cocledemoy*.

Exit Cocledemoy in his Barbars furniture.

Enter Mary Fough, and Franciscina with her hayre loose, chafing.

Mary. Nay, good sweet daughter doe not swagger so, you heare your love is to be marryed, true, he does cast you off, right, he will leave you to the world, what then? though blew and white, blacke and grene leave you, may not red and yellow entertaine you, is there but one colour in the raine-bow?

Fran. Grandgrin come on your sentences, Gods sacrament, ten tow sand devills take you, you ha brought mine love, mine honour, mine body all to noting.

Mary. To nothing? Ile bee sworne I have brought them to all the things I could, I ha made as much a your Maydenhead, and you had been mine owne daughter I could not ha sold your Maydenhead oftener then I ha done, I ha sworne for you, God forgive me, I ha made you acquainted with the Spaniard *Don Skirtoll*, with the Italian Master *Beieroane*, with the Irish Lord S. *Patricke*, with the Dutch Merchant *Haunce Herkin Glukin Skellam Flappdragon*, and specially with the greatest French, and now lastly with this English, (yet in my conscience) an honest gentleman: and am I now growne one of the accursed

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accursed with you for my labour ? Is this my reward ? am I call'd Bawd ? Well *Mary Fough*, goe thy wwayes *Mary Fough*, thy kind heart vwill bring thee to the Hospitall.

Fra. Nay good Naunt, you'l helpe mee to an oder love, vil you not ?

Mary. Out thou noughty belly, wouldst thou make me thy Bawd ? thou'dst best make mee thy Bawd, I ha kept counsell for thee, who payd the Apothecary, was't not honest *Mary Fough* ? who redeem'd thy petticoate and mantle, vvas't not honest *Mary Fough* ? vwho helped thee to thy custome, not of swaggering Ireland Captains, nor of 2 s. Innes-a-court men, but with honest art-caps, vwealth flat-caps, that pay for their pleasure the best of any men in Europe ; nay, vwhich is more, in London, and dost thou defie me vile creature ?

Fran. Foutra upon you Vitch, Bavvd, Pole-cat, Paugh, did not you praise *Freevile* to mine love ?

Mary. I did praise him I confesse, I did praise him, I said hee vvas a foole, an unthrift, a true vvhore-master, I confesse, a constant Drab-keeper, I confesse, but vwhat, the vwind is turn'd.

Fran. It is, it is vile womān, reprobate womān, naughty womān, vat fall become of mine poore flesh now ? mine body must turne Turke for 2 d. O Divela, life a mine art, Ick fall bee reveng'd, doe ten thousand hell damne mee, Icke fall have the rogue trote cut, and his love, and his friend, and all his affinity fall smart, fall dye, fall hang, now legion of devill seize him, de gran pest, S. *Anthonies* fire, and de hot Neapolitan pocke rot him.

Enter *Freevile* and *Malhereux*.

Free. *Franciscina.*

Fran. O mine feet, deer'st, kindest, mine loving, Q mine tousand, ten tousand, delicatest, pretty feet-art.

Cantar Gallice.

a mine a deere leevest affection.

Free. Why

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Free. Why Monkey, no fashion in you? giue entertaine to my friend.

Fran. Icke sal make de most of you, dat curtesie may: Aunt Mary, Mettre Faugh, stooles, stooles for des gallants: mine Mettre sing non oder song, frolique, frolique Sir, but still complaine me doe her wrong, lighten your heart Sir, for me did but kisse her, for me did but kisse her, and so let goe: (pany.

Your friend is very heavie, ick sall nere like such sad com-

Free. No thou delightest onely in light Company.

Fran. By mine trot, he beene very sad, vat ayle you sir?

Mal. A toothake Lady, a pauly rheume.

Fran. De diet is very goot for de rheume.

Free. How farre off dwels the house-surgeon Mary Faugh?

Mar. You are a prophane fellow Ifaith, I little thought to heare such ungodly tearmes come from your lips.

Fran. Pree de now, tis but a toy, a very trifte.

Free. I care not for the valew, Franke, but Ifaith.

Fran. I fait, me must needs haue it (dis is Beatrice ring, oh could I get it,) seet pree de now, as ever you haue embraced mee with a hearty arme, a warme thought, or a pleasing touch, as ever you will professe to loue me, as ever you doe wish me life, giue me dis ring, dis little ring.

Free. Pree thee bee not uncivilly importunate, sha not ha't, faith I care not for thee, nor thy jealousie, sha not ha't ifaith.

Fran. You doe not loue me, I heare of Sir Hubert Subboyes daughter mistresse Beatrice, Gods Sacrament, ick could scratch out her eyes, and sucke the holes.

Free. Goe y'are growen a puncke rampant.

Fran. So get thee gone, nere more behold mine eyes by thee made wretched.

Free. Mary Faugh farewell, farewell Franke.

Fran. Sall I not ha de ring? Free. No by the Lord.

Fran. By te Lord?

Free.

The Fawne.

Free. By the Lord.

Fran. Goe to your new Blouze, your unprou'd fluttery,
your modest Mettre forsooth.

Free. Marry will I forsooth.

Fran. Will you marry forsooth ?

Free. Doe not turne witch before thy time :
With all my heart Sir, you will stay.

Mal. I am no whit my selfe, *Video meliora proboque*,
But raging lust my fate all strong doth moue :
" The Gods themselues cannot be wise and loue.

Free. Your wishes to you. Exit Freevil.

Mal. Beautie entirely choyce.

Fran. Pray yee proue a man of fashion, and neglect
the neglected.

Mal. Can such a raritie be neglected, can there bee
measure or sinne in loving such a creature.

Fran. O mine poore forsaken heart.

Mal. I cannot containe, he saw thee not that left thee,
If there be wisedome, reason, honour, grace,
Or any foolishly esteemed vertue,
In giving o're possession of such beauty,
Let me be vicious, so I may be lou'd,
Passion I am thy flauue, sweet it shall be my grace,
That I account thy loue, my onely vertue :
Shall I sweare I am thy most vowed servant ?

Fran. Mine vowed, goe, goe, goe, I can no more of loue,
no, no, no, you beene all unconstant, O unfaithfull men,
tyrants, betrayers, de very enjoying us, loosest us, and
when you onely ha made us hatefull, you only hate us :
O mine forsaken heart.

Mal. I must not rauue, Silence and modesty two custo-
mary vertues : will you be my mistresse ?

Fran. Mettres ? ha, ha, ha.

Mal. Will you lye with me ?

Fran. Lie with you, O no, you men will out-lie any
woman, fait me no more can loue.

Mal.

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Mal. No matter, let me enjoy your bed.

Franc. O vile man, vat doe you tinck on me, doe you take me to be a beast, a creature that for sense onely will entertaine loue, and not onely for loue, loue? O brutish abomination!

Mal. Why then I pray thee loue, and with thy loue enjoy me.

Franc. Giue me reason to affect you, will you sweare you loue me?

Mal. So seriously, that I protest no office so dangerous, no deed so unreasonable, no cost so heavie, but I vow to the utmost temptation of my best being to effect it.

Franc. Sall I, or can I trust againe? O foole, How naturall tis for us to be abus'd! Sall ick be sure that no satiety, No inoying, not time shall languish your affection?

Mal. If there be ought in braine, heart or hand, Can make you doubtlesse, I am your vowed servant.

Franc. Will you doe one ting for me?

Mal. Can I doe it?

Franc. Yes, yes, but ick doe not loue dis same Freevill.

Mal. Well.

Franc. Nay I doe hate him.

Mal. So.

Franc. By this kisse I hate him.

Mal. I loue to feele such oaths, sweare againe.

Franc. No, no, did you ever heare of any that lou'd at the first sight?

Mal. A thing most proper.

Franc. Now fait, I judge it all incredible, untill this houre I saw you pretty faire eyed yout, would you enjoy me?

Mal. Rather then my breath, even as my being.

Franc. Vel, had ick not made a vow.

Mal. What vow?

Franc. O let me forget it, it makes us both despaire.

Mal.

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Mal. Deare soule what vow ?

Franc. Hah, good morrow gentle Sir, endeavour to forget mee, as I must bee enforced to forget all men. Sweet mind rest in you.

Mal. Stay, let not my desire burst me, O my impatient heate endures no resistance, no protraction, there is no being for me but your suddaine injoying.

Franc. I doe not loue *Freevill*.

Mal. But what vow, what vow ?

Franc. So long as *Freevil* liues, I must not loue.

Mal. Then hee.

Franc. Must.

Mal. Die.

Fran. I, no there is no such vehemence in your affects, Would I were any thing, so he were not.

Mal. Will you be mine when he is not ?

Fran. Will I ? deare, deare breast, by this most zealous kisse, but I will not perswade you : but if you hate him that I loath most deadly, yet as you please, ile perswade noting.

Mal. Will you be onely mine ?

Fran. Vill I ? how hard tis for true loue to dissemble, I am onely yours.

Mal. Tis as irrevocable as breath, he dies. Your loue.

Fran. My vow, not untill he be dead, Which that I may be sure not to infringe, Dis token of his death, shall satisfie, He has a ring, as deare as the ayre to him, His new loues gift : tat got and brought to me, I shall assured your professed rest.

Mal. To kill a man ?

Fran. O done safely, a quarrell suddaine picke, With an advantage strike, then bribe, a little coyne, Al's safe, deare soule, but Ile not set you on.

Mal. Nay he is gone, the ring, well, come, little more liberall of thy loue.

Fran.

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Fran. Not yet, my vovv.

Mal. O heaven ! there is no hell,

But loves prolongings ; deere, farewell. (revenge

Fran. Farevvell: Now does my heart swel high; for my
Has birth and forme, first, friend sal kill his friend,
Him dat survives Ile hang, besides de chast
Beatrice Ile vexe, only the ring,
Dat got, de world fall know the worst of evills,
“ Woman corrupted is the vvorst of devills.

Exit Frantiscina.

Mal. To kill my friend, O tis to kill my selfe ;
Yet man is but mans excrement, man, breeding man,
As he does vvormes : he spits

Or this, to spoyle this nothing.

The body of a man is of the selfe same soule,
As Oxe or horse, no murther to kill these ;
As for that onely part vwhich makes us man,
Murther vvants power to touch’t : O wit, hovv vile,
Hovv hellish art thou, vwhen thou raisest nature
Gainst sacred faith ! thinke more, to kill a friend
To gaine a vwoman, to lose a vertuous selfe
For appetite and sensuall end, vwhose very having
Losest all appetite, and gives satiety,
That corporall end, remorse, and inward blushings
Forcing us loath the steame of our ovne heats,
Whil’t friendship clos’d in vertue, being spirituall,
Tasts no such languishings, and moments pleasure,
With much repentance, but like rivers flow,
And further that they runne, they bigger growv.
Lord hovv vvas I misgone, how easy tis to erre,
When passion vwill not give us leave to thinke !
“ A learn’d that is an honest man may feare,
“ And lust, and rage, and malice, and any thing,
“ When he is taken uncollected suddenly :
“ Tis sorne of cold blood, mischiefe vwith vvak’d eyes,
“ That is the damned and the truest vice,

Not,

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" Not he that's passionlesse, but he bove passion's wise.
My friend shall know it all. Exit.

Enter Master Mulligrub, and Misstris Mulligrub, she with a bag of money.

Mist. Mull. It is right I assure you, just fifteene pounds.

Mull. Well *Cocledemoy*, tis thou puttest mee to this charge, but and I catch thee, Ile charge thee wth as many Irons ; well, is the Barbar come, Ile be trimd, and then to Cheap-side, to buy a faire piece of plate to furnish the losse, is the Barbar come ?

Mist. Mull. Truch husband, surely heaven is not pleas'd with our vocation ; wee doe winke at the sinnes of our people, our wines are Protestants, and I speake it to my griefe, and to the burden of my conscience, wee fry fish with salt butter.

Exit.

Mull. Goe looke to your businesse, mend the matter, and skore false with a vengeance.

Enter *Cocledemoy like a Barbar.*

Welcome friend, whose man ?

Cocl. Widdow *Raines* cures man an't shall please your good worship, my name's *Andrew Sharke*.

Mull. How does my god-sonne good *Andrew* ?

Cocl. Very well, hee's gone to trim M. *Quicquid* our Parson, hold up your head.

Mull. How long have you been a Barbar *Andrew* ?

Cocl. Not long sir, this two yeare.

Mull. What, and a good workeman already ? I dare scarce trust my head to thee.

Cocl. O feare not, wee ha pol'd better men then you, we learne the trade very quickly, will your good worship be shaven or cut ?

Mull. As you will, what trade didst live by before thou turnest Barbar *Andrew* ?

Cocl. I

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Cocl. I was a Pedler in Germany, but my countrey-
then thrive better by this trade.

Mull. What's the newes Barbar? thou art sometimes
at Court.

Cocl. Sometimes pole a Page, or so sir.

Mull. And what's the newes, how doe all my good
Lords and all my good Ladies, and all the rest of my
acquaintance?

Cocl. What an arrogant knave's this, Ile acquaintance
yee, he spyeth the bag.
(tis cash) say ye sir?

Mull. And what newes, what newes, good *Andrew*?

Cocl. Marry sir, you know the Conduit at Greene-
wich, and the under holes that spowt up water.

Mull. Very well, I was wash'd there one day, and so
was my wife, you might have wrung her smocke ifaith,
but what a those holes?

Cocl. Thus sir, out of those little holes, in the midst
of the night, crawl'd out foure and twenty huge, horri-
ble, monstrous, fearefull, devouring —

Mull. Bleffe us!

Cocl. Serpents, which no sooner were beheld, but they
turn'd to Mastives which howl'd, those mastives instant-
ly turnd to Cockes which crow'd, those Cockes in a
moment were chang'd to Bares which roared, which
Bares are at this houre to bee yet seene in *Paris Gar-
den*, living upon nothing but tosted cheese and greene
Onions.

Mull. By the Lord and this may be; my wife and I
will goe see them, this portends something.

Cocl. Yes worshipfull Fiest, thou'lt feele what it por-
tends by and by.

Mull. And what more newes? you shafe the world,
especially you Barbar-Surgions, you know the ground of
many things, you are cunning privy searchers, by the mas
you skowre all: what more newes?

Cocl. They

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Cocle. They say Sir that 25. couple of Spanish Iennets
ate to bee seene hand in hand dance the old measures,
whilst sixe goodly Flaunders Mares play to them on a
noyse of flutes

Mal. O monstrous ! this is a lye a my word, nay, and
this be not a lye, I am no foole I warrant ; nay make an
Asse of me once —

Cocle. Shat your eyes close , winke sure sir, this ball
will make you smart.

Mal. I doe winke.

Cocle. Your head will take cold.

(Cocledemoy puts on a Coxecombe on Mulligrubs head.)
I will put on your good worships night-cap ; whilst I
shauē you, so, mum: hang to asts : faugh : viah : sparrowes
must pecke and Cocledemoy munch.

Mal Ha, ha ; ha , 25. couple of Spanish Iennets to
daunce the old measures. *Andrew* makes my worship
laugh if a faith dost take me for an Asse *Andrew*? dost know
one *Cocledemoy* in towne? he made me an Asse last night,
but ile asse him , art thou free *Andrew*? shauē me well, I
shall be one of the common Councell shortly , and then
Andrew, why *Andrew* , *Andrew*, doest leauē me in the
Suds ?

Cantar.

Why *Andrew* I shall be blind with winking. Ha *Andrew* ,
wife, *Andrew*, what means this? wife, my money wife.

Enter Mistresse Mulligrub.

Mistresse Mullig. what's the noyse with you ? what
ayle you ?

M. Mul. Where's the Barbar ?

Mrs. Mul. Gōne , I saw him depart long since, why
are you not trimd ?

M. Mul. Trimd , O wife I am shew'd , did you take
hence the money ?

Mrs. Mul. I touchit it not as I am religious.

M. Mul. O Lord I haue winkt faire.

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Enter Holofernes.

Holo. I pray God-father giue me your blessing. (drew?

M. Mul. O Holofernes, O where's thy mothers *An-*

Holo. Blessing God-father.

M. Mul. The devill choake thee, where's *Andrew*
thy mothers man?

Holo. My mother hath none such forsooth.

Mul. My money, 15 l. plague of all *Andrewes*, who
wast trimd me?

Holo. I know not God-father, only one met me, as I
was comming to you, and borrowed my furniture, as hee
said for a jest sake.

M. Mul. What kind of fellow?

Holo. A thicke elderly stub-bearded fellow.

M. Mul. *Cocledemoy*, *Cocledemoy*, raise all the wise
men in the streete, Ile hang him with mine owne hands:
O wife, some *Rosa-Solis*.

Mrs. Mul. Good husband take comforde in the Lord,
Ile play the devill, but ile recover it, haue a good con-
science, 'tis but a weeks cutting in the Tearme.

M. Mul. O wife, O wife! O Iacke how do's thy mo-
ther? is there any fiddlers in the house?

Mrs. Mul. Y. s. M. Creakes noyse.

Mr. Mul. Bid' em play, laugh, make merry, cast up my
accounts, for ile goe hang my selfe presently, I will not
curse, but a poxe on *Cocledemoy*, hee has pol'd and shau'd
me, he has trimd me.

Exeunt.

ACTVS III. SCENA. I.

Enter Beatrice, Crispinella, and Nurse Putifer.

Puti. Nay good child A loue, once more, M.
Freevils Sonnet, a the kifleyou gaue him.

Beatr. Sha't good Nurse. Purest lips soft banks of blisses,
Selfe alone,deserving kisses:
O giue me leaue to, &c.

Crisp.

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Crisp. Pish sister Beatrice, prethee reade no more, my stomacke alate stands against kissing extreamely.

Beat. Why good *Crispinella*?

Crisp. By the faith, and trust I beare to my face, tis growen one of the most unsavory Ceremonies: Boddy a beauty, tis one of the most unpleasing injurious customes to Ladies: any fellow that has but one nose on his face, and standing collar, and skirts also linde with Taffety sarcenet, must salute us on the lips as familiarly: Soft skins save us, there was a stubbearded John, a stile with a ploydens face saluted me last day, and stroke his bristles through my lips, I haue spent 10. shillings in pomatum since to skinne them againe. Marry if a noble man or a knight with one locke visit us, though his uncleane goose-turd-greene teeth haue the pallsie, his nostrels smell worse then a purfified maribone, and his loose beard drops into our bosome, yet we must kisse him with a cursie, a curse, for my part I had as liue they would breake wind in my lips.

Beat. Fie *Crispinella* you speake too broad.

Crisp. No jvt sister, lets here bee ashamed to thinke what wee bee not ashamed to speake, I dare as boldly speake vneyry, as thinke venerie.

Beat. Faith sister ile be gone if you speake so broad.

Crisp. Will you so? now bashfulnesse seaze you, wee pronounce boldly Robbery, Murder, treason, which deeds must needs be farre more loathsome then an act which is so naturall, just and necessary, as that of procreation, you shall haue an hypocritall vestall Virgin speake, that with close teeth publickly, which thee will receiue with open mouth privately, for my owne part I consider nature without appertel, without disguising of custome or complement, I giue thoughts words, and words truth, & truth boldnesse, she whose honest treenesse makes it her vertue, to speake what she thinks, wil make it her necessity to think what is good, I loue no prohibited things, & yet I

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would haue nothing prohibited by policy but by vertue
for as in the fashion of time, those bookeſ that are cald
in, are most in ſale and request, ſo in nature, thofe actions
that are most prohibited, are most desired.

Beat. Good quicke ſiſter ſtay your pace, we are private,
but the world would ceniure you, for truely ſevere mo-
deſty is womeſs virtue.

Criſp. Fie, fie, vertue is a free pleasant buxom quality :
I loue a conſtant countenance well, but this froward ig-
norant coynesſe, ſoure auſtere lumpiſh uncivill privateneſſe,
that promiſes nothing but rough ſkins, and hard ſtooleſ,
ha, fie on't good for nothing but for nothing, well nurse,
and what doe you conceiue of all this ?

Put. Nay faith my conceiving dayes bee done, marry
for kiſſing ile defend that, that's within my compaſſe,
but for my owne part, here's miſtreſſe *Beatrice* is to bee
married with the grace of God, a fine gentleman hee is
ſhall haue her, and I warrant a ſtrong, hee has a leg like a
poſt, a noſe like a Lyon, a brow like a Bull, and a beard
of moſt faire expeſtation : this weeke you muſt marry
him, and I now wil reade a lecture to you both, how you
ſhall behaue your ſelues to your husbands ; the firſt
moneth of your nuptiall, I ha broke my ſkull about it I
can tell you, and there is muſh braiue in it.

Criſp. Reade it to my ſiſter good nurse, for I affiure you
ile nere marry.

Put. Marry God forfend, what will you doe then ?

Criſp. Faith ſtrive againſt the fleſh, marry ? no faith,
husbands are like lots in the lottery, you may draw for-
ty blankes before you find one that has any price in him ;
A husband generally is a careleſſe dominering thing that
growes like corall, which as long as it is under water is
ſoft and tender, but as ſoone as it has got his branch
aboue the waies is preſently hard, ſtiffe, not to be bowed
but burſt, ſo when your husband is a tutor and under your
choyſe, Lord how ſupple he is, how obsequious, how at
your

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your service sweet Lady: once married, got up his head aboue, a stiffe, crooked, knobby, inflexible, tyrannous creature he growes, then they turne like water, more you would embrace the lesse you hold, ile liue my owne woman, and if the worst come to the worst, I had rather proue a wag then a foole.

Beat. O but a vertuous marriage.

Crisp. Vertuous marriage? there is no more affinity betwixt vertue and marriage, then betwixt a man and his hōse; indeed vertue gets up upon marriage sometimes, and manageth it in the right way, but marriage is of another peece, for as a horse may bee without a man, and a man without a horse, so marriage you know is often without vertue, and vertue I am sure more oft without marriage, but thy match sister, by my troth I thinke twill doe well, he's a well shapt cleane lipped gentleman, of a handsome; but not affected finenesse, a good faithfull eye, and a well humor'd cheeke, would he did not stoope in the shoulders for thy sake, see here he is

Enter Freevill and Tisefew.

Free. Good day sweet.

Crisp. Good morrow brother, nay you shall haue my lip, good morrow servant.

Tisfe. Good morrow sweet life.

Crisp. Life? dost call thy mistresse life.

Tisfe. Life, yes why not life?

Crisp. How many mistresses hast thou?

Tisfe. Some nine.

Crisp. Why then thou hast nine liues like a Cat.

Tisfe. Mew you would be taken up for that.

Crisp. Nay good let me still sit, wee low statures loue still to sit, lest when we stand we may be supposed to sit.

Tisfe. Dost not weare high corke shooes, chopines?

Crisp. Monstrous ones. I am as many other are, peec'd aboue and peec'd beneath.

Tisfe. Still the best part in the—

The Dutch Courtezan.

Crisp. And yet all will scarce make mee so high as one of the Gyanis stilts that stalke before my Lord Majors Pageants.

Tise. By the Lord so I thought, twas for something, Mistris *joyce* jested at thy high in-steps.

Crisp. She might well enough, and long enough, before I would be ashamed of my shortnesse; what I made, or can mend my selfe, I may blush at, but what nature put upon me, let her be ashamed for me, I ha nothing to doe with it, I forget my beautie.

Tise. Faith *joyce* is a foolish bitter creature.

Crisp. A pretty mill-dewed wench she is.

Tise. And faire. *Crisp.* As my selfe.

Tise. O you forget your beauty now.

Crisp. Troth I never remember my beauty, but, as some men doe religion, for controversies sake.

Beat. A motion sister.

Crisp. Ninivie, *Julius Cæsar*, *Jonas*, or the destruction of Jerusalem?

Beat. My love here.

Crisp. Prithee call him not Love, tis the drabs phrase, nor sweet honey, nor my cunny, nor deare duckling, they are Citizen termes, but call him —

Beat. What?

Crisp. Any thing, what's the motion?

Beat. You know this night our parents have intended solemnly to contract us, and my Love to grace the feast hath promised a Maske.

Free. You'l make one *Tisefew*, and *Caqueteur* shall fill up a roome.

Tise. Fore heaven well remembred, hee borrowed a Diamond of me last night, to grace his finger in your visitation; the lying Creature will sware some strange thing on it now.

Enter *Caqueteur*.

Crisp. Peace, hee's here, stand close, lurke.

Caque. Good

The Dutch Courtezan.

Caqu. Good morrow most deare, and worthy to bee most wise, how does my Mistris?

Crisp. Morrow sweet servant, you glister, prithee let's see that stone.

Caqu. A toy Lady, I bought to please my finger.

Crisp. Why I am more pretious to you then your finger.

Caqu. Yes, or then all my body I swaere.

Crisp. Why then let it be bought to please me, come, I am no professed beggar.

Caq. Troth Mistris, zoones, forsooth, I protest.

Crisp. Nay, if you turne protestant for such a toy.

Caqu. In good deed la, another time Ile give you a —

Crisp. Is this yours to give?

Caqu. O God forsooth, mine quoth you, nay as for that — — —

Crisp. Now I remember, I ha seene this on my servant *Tisefewes* finger.

Caqu. Such another.

Crisp. Nay, I am sure this is it.

Caqu. Troth 'tis forsooth, the poore fellow wanted money to pay for his supper last night, and so pawn'd it to me, tis a pawne ifaith, or else you should have it.

Tise. Harke ye, thou base lying — how dares thy impudence hope to prosper, wcr't not for the priviledge of this respected companie, I would so bang thee.

Crisp. Come hither servant, what's the matter betwixt you two?

Caqu. Nothing, but (harke you) hee did mee some uncivill discourties last night, for which, because I should not call him to account, hee desires to make mee any satisfaction : The Coward trembles at my very presence, but I have him on the hip, Ile take the forfeit on his Ring.

Tise. What's that you whisper to her?

Caque. Nothing Sir, but satisfie her that the Ring

The Dutch Courtezan.

Was not paynd, but only lent by you to grace my finger,
and so told her I crav'd your pardon for being too familiar,
or indeed over-bold with your reputation.

Crisp. Yes indeed he did, he said you desired to make
him any satisfaction for an uncivill discoursesie you did
him last night, but hee said hee had you a the hip and
would take the forfeit of your ring.

Tise. How now ye base pultron?

Caque. Hold, hold, my Mistris speakes by contraries.

Tise. Contraries?

Caque. She jests, faith only jests.

Crisp. Sir, Ile no more a your service, you are a child,
Ile give you to my Nurse.

Put. And he come to mee, I can tell you, as old as I
am, what to doe with him.

Caque. I offer my service forsooth.

Tise. Why so, now every dogge hath his bone to
knew on.

Free. The Maske holds Master *Caqueture*.

Caque. I am ready sir, Mistris Ile dance with you, nere
feare, Ile grace you.

Put. I tell you I can my singles and my doubles, and
my trick a twentie, my carantapace, my traverse forward,
and my falling backe yet i faith.

Beat. Mine, the provision for the night is ours,
Much must be our care, till night we leave yon,
I am your servant, be not tyrannous,

Your vertue wan me, faith my love's not lust,
Good wrong me not, my most fault is much trust.

Free. Vntill night onely my heart be with you. Fare-
well sister.

Crisp. Adieu brother, come on sister for these sweete-
meates.

Free. Let's meet and practise presently.

Tise. Content, wee'l but fit our pumpes, come ye per-
nicious vermine.

Exeunt.

Enter.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Enter Malheureux.

Fre. My friend, wishd hours, what news from Babylon?
How does the woman of sin and naturall concupiscence?

Mal. The eldest child of nature ne're beheld
So dam'd a creature.

Fres. What, *in nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas*,
which way beares the tide?

Mal. Deare loved sir, I find, a mind couragiouly viti-
ous may put on a desperate security, but can never be bles-
sed with a firme enjoying, and selfe satisfaction.

Free. What passion is this my deare *Lindabridis*?

Mal. Tis well we both may jest, I have bin tempted
to your death.

Free. What is the rampant Cocatrice growne mad for
the losse of her men?

Mal. Devillishly mad.

Free. As most assured of my second love.

Mal. Right.

Free. She would have had this ring.

Mal. I, and this heart, and in true proofe you were
slaine, I should bring her this ring, from which she was
assured you would nor part, untill from life you parted;
for which deed, and onely for which deed, I should pos-
sess her sweetnesse.

Free. O bloodie villaines, nothing is defamed, but by
its proper selfe; Phisitians abuse remedies, Lawyers
spoile the Law, and women onely shame women: you
ha vow'd to kill me?

Mal. My lust, not I, before my reason would, yet I
must use her, that I a man of sense should conceive end-
lesse pleasure in a body, whose soule I know to be so hi-
deously blacke!

Free. That a man at twenty three should cry, O
sweet pleasure! and at fourtie three should sigh, O
sharpe poxe! but consider man furnish'd with omnipo-
tencie, and you overthrow him, thou must coole thy
impatient

The Dutch Courtezan.

impatient appetite. Tis fate, tis fate.

Mal. I doe maligne my creation, that I am subject to passion. I must injoy her.

Free. I haue it, marke, I giue a Maske to night
To my loues kindred, in that shalt thou goe:
In that we two make shew of falling out,
Giue seeming challenge, instantly depart,
With some suspition to present fight.
VVee will be seene as going to our swords,
And after meeting, this Ring onely lent,
Ile lurke in some obscure place, till rumour
(The common Bawd to loose suspitions)
Haue fayned me slaine, which (in respect my selfe
Will not be found, and our late seeming quarrell)
Will quickly sound to all as earnest truth:
Then to thy wench, protest me surely dead.
Shew her this Ring, enjoy her, and blood cold
Weele laugh at folly.

Mal. O but thinke of it.

Fre. Think of it? come away, vertue let sleepe thy fashions,
What old times held as crimes, are now but fashions.

Exeunt.

Enter Master Garnish, and Lionell: Master Mulligrubbe,
with a standing Cup in one hand, and an Obligation in the
other, Cocledemoy stands at the other doore disguised
like a French Pedler, and overbeares them.

Mul. I am not at this time furnished, but there's my Bond for your plate.

Gar. Your Bill had bin sufficient, y'are a good man, a standding cup parcell gilt, of 32 ounces, 11 pound, 7 shillings, the first of July, good plate, good man, good day, good all.

Mul. Tis my hard fortune, I will hang the knaue, no, first he shal halfe rot in fetters in the dungeon, his conscience made despairefull, ile hire a knaue a purpose, shal assure him he is damn'd, and after see him with mine owne eyes

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eyes, hanged without singing any Psalme. Lord, that hee
has but one necke.

Gar. You are too tyrainous, you'l use me no further.

Mul. No sir, lend mee your servant, onely to carry the
plate home; I haue occasion of an houres absence.

Gar. With easie consent, sir hast & be careful. *Ex Ga.*

Mul. Bee very carefull I pray thee, to my wifes owne
Lion. Secure your selfe. (hands.)

Mul. To her owne hand.

Lion. Feare not, I haue delivered greater things then
this, to a womans owne hand.

Cocl. Mounsier, please you to buy a fine delicate ball,
sweet ball, a Camphyer ball.

Mul. Prethee away. (shaved.)

Coc. One a bal to skowver, a skowring ball; a ball to be

Mul. For the loue of God talke not of shaving, I haue
bin shaved, mischiefe and 1000 devils cease him, I haue
been shaved. Exit. *Mullig.*

Cocl. The fox grows fat when he is cursed, ile shauye
smoother yet; turd on a tile stone, my lips haue a kinde of
rheume at this bole, ile haun't, ile gargalize my throat with
this Vintner, & when I haue done with him, spit him out;
Ile shark, conscience dos not repine; were I to bite an ho-
nest gentlemā, a poore grogaran Poet, or a penurious Par-
son, that had but ten pigs tailes in a twelue-month, & for
want of learning had but one good stool in a fortnight, I
were damnd beyond the works of supererrogation, but to
wring the wythers of my gowty barm'd spiggot frigging-
jumbler of elemēts, *Mulligrub*, I hold it as lawful as sheep-
shearing, taking eggs frō hens, caudels from Asses, or but-
terd shrimps from horses, they make no use of them, were
not provided for the. And therfore worshipful *Cocledemoy*,
hang toasts, on, in grace & vertue to proceed, only beware,
beware degrees, there be rounds in a ladder, & knots in a
halter, ware carts, hang toasts, the common counsell has
decreed it, I must draw a lot for the great goblet. Exit.

Enter

The Dutch Curtezan.

Enter Mistresse Mulligrub, and Lionell with a Goblet.

Mrs. Mul. Nav, I pray you stay and drinke, & how do's your Mistresse, I know her very well, I haue beene inward with her, and so has many more, she was ever a good patient creature ifaith, with all my heart ile remember your master, an honest man, he knew me before I was married, an honest man he is, and a crafty, hee comes forward in the world well, I warrant him, and his wife is a proper woman that she is, well, she has beene as proper a woman as any in Cheape, shee paints now, and yet she keeps her husbands old Customers to him still Introth a fine fac'd wife in a wainscot carved seat, is a worthy ornament to a Tradesman shop, and an attractive I warrant, her husband shall find it in the custome of his ware, Ile assure him, God be with you good youth, I acknowledge the receipt. *Exit Lion.* I acknowledge all the receipt sure, tis very well spoken, I acknowledge the receipt, this tis to haue good education and to be brought up in a Taverne, I doe keepe as gallant and as good company, though I say it, as any shein London, Squiers, Gentlemen, and Knights diet at my table, and I doe lend some of them money, and full many fine men goe upon my score, as simple as I stand here, and I trust them, and truely they very knightly and courtly promise faire, giue mee very good words, and a peece of flesh when time of yeare serues, nay, though my husband be a Citizen and's caps made of wooll, yet I haue wit, and can see my good alioone as another, for I haue all the thankes, my silly husband, alas, he knowes nothing of it, tis I that beare, tis I that must beare a braine for all.

Cocle. Faire houre to you Mistresse.

Mrs. Mu. Faire houre, fine tearme, faith ile score it up anon, a beautifull thought to you sir.

Cocle. Your husband, and my Master Mr. Garnish has sent you a Iole of fresh Salmon, and they both will come to dinner to season your new cup with the best wine, which

The Dutch Courtezan.

which cup your husband intreats you to send backe by me, that his armes may be graved a the side, which he forgot before it was sent.

Mrs. Mul. By what token, are you sent by no token? nay, I haue wit.

Cocl. Hee sent me by the same token, that he was dry shaved this morning.

Mrs. Mu. A sad token, but true, here sir, I pray you commend me to your Master, but especially to your Mi-
stresse, tell them they shall be most sincerely welcome.

Exit.

Cocl. Shall bee most sincerely welcome; worshipfull
Cocledemoy, lurke close, hang toasts, be not ashamed of
thy quality, every mans turd smels well in's owne nose,
vanish Foyst.

Exit.

*Enter Mrs. Mulligrub, with servants and furniture for
the Table.*

Mrs. Mul. Come spread these Table Diaper Napkins, and doe you heare perfume this Parlour it do's so smel of prophane Tobacco, I could never endure this ungodly tobacco, since one of our Elders, assured me upon his knowledge Tobacco was not vsed in the Congregation of the family of loue: spread, spread handsomely, Lord these boyes doe things afsie, varsie, you shew your bring-
ing up, I was a Gentlewoman by my sisters side, I can tell yee so methodically:methodically, I wonder where I got that word. O sir *Aminadab Rath* bad mee kisse him methodically, I had it some where; and I had it indeed.

Enter Master Mulligrub.

Mul. Mind, be not desperate, ile recover all.
All things with me, shall seeme honest, that can be profi-
He must nere winch, that would or thrive, or saue, (tables,
To be cald nigard, Cuckold, Cut-throat, Knaue.

Mrs. Are they come husband? *Mul.* Who? what,
how how? what feast towards in my private Parlour?

Mrs. Pray leaue your foolery, what are they come?

Mul.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Mul. Come, who come?

Mis. You need not mak't so strange.

Mul. Strange?

Mrs. I strange, you know no man that sent me word, that hee and his wife would come to dinner to mee, and sent this jole of fresh Salmon before hand?

Mul. Peace, not I, peace, the messenger hath mistaken the house; let's eat it up quickly before it be enquir'd for: sit to it, some vineger, quicke, some good luck yet, faith, I never tasted Salmon relish better, oh when a man feeds at other mens cost.

Mrs. Other mens cost? why did not you send this jole of Salmon?

Mul. No.

Mrs. By Master *Garnish* man?

Mul. No.

Mrs. Sending mee word, that hee and his wife would come to dinner to me.

Mul. No, no.

Mrs. To season my new boule?

Mul. Boule?

Mrs. And wthall willd me to send the boule backe?

Mul. Backe?

Mrs. That you might haue your Armes grau'd on the

Mul. Ha?

(side?)

Mrs. By the same token you were dry shaven this morning before you yvent forth.

Mul. Pah, how this Salmon stinkes.

Mrs. And thereupon sent the bole backe, prepared dinner: nay and I beare not a braine.

Mul. Wife, doe not vexe me, is the bole gone, is it deliver'd?

Mrs. Deliver'd? yes sure, tis deliver'd.

Mul. I will never more say my prayers, doe not make mee madd, tis common, let me not crie like a woman, is it gone?

Mrs. Gone?

The Dutch Courtezan.

Mrs. Mull. Gone? God is my witnessse, I delivered it with no more intention to be couzen'd on't, then the child new borne, and yet —

Mull. Looke to my house, I am haunted with evill spirits, heare mee, doe, heare mee, if I have not my Goblet againe, Ile goe to the Devill, Ile to a Conjuror, looke to my house, Ile raise all the wise men i'th street.

Exit.

Mrs. Mull. Deliver us, what words are these! I trust in God he is but drunke sure.

Enter Coaledemoy.

Cocl. I must haue the Salmon to worship Coaledemoy, now for the Master-piece, God blesse thy neck-piece, and Foutra, faire mistris my Master —

Mrs. Mull. Have I caught you, what Roger?

Couede. Peace good Mistresse, Ile tell you all, a jest, a very meere jest, your husband onely tooke sport to frighe you, the Bole's at my Masters, and there is your husband, who sent mee in all hast, lest you shoeld bee over frightened with his feigning, to entreat you come to dinner to him.

Mrs. Mull. Praise heaven it is no worse.

Cocl. And desired me, to desire you to send the Iole of Salmon before, and your selfe to come after to them, my Mistresse woule be right glad to see you.

Mrs. Mull. I pray carry it: now thanke them intirely: blesse me, I was never so out of my skin in my life, pray thanke your Mistresse most intirely.

Cocl. So now Figo, worshipfull Mall Fough and I will mounch, Cheaters and Bawds goe together like washing and wringing.

Exit.

Mrs. Mull. Beshrew his heart for his labour, how every thing about me quivers, what Christian, my hat and a pron, here take my sleeves, and how I tremble, so, Ile gossip it now for't, that's certaine, here has bin revolutions and false fires indeed,

Enter.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Enter Mulligrub.

Mull. Whither now? what's the matter with you now? whither are you a gadding?

Mistress Mull. Come, come!, play the foole no more, will you goe?

Mull. Whither, in the rank name of madnes, whither?

M. Mull. Whither? why to Master Garnish, to eate the Isle of Salmon; Lord, howv strange you make it!

Mull. Why so, why so?

M. Mull. Why so, why did not you send the selfe same fellow for the Isle of Salmon, that had the cup?

Mull. Tis well, tis very well.

M. Mull. And willed me to come and eat with you at the Gold-smiths.

Mull. O I, I, I, art in thy right wits?

M. Mull. Doe you heare, make a foole of some body else, and you make an asse of me, Ile make an oxe of you, doe you see.

Mull. Nay wife be patient, for looke you, I may bee mad, or drunke, or so, for mine owne part, though you can beare more then I, yet I can do well; I will not curse nor care I, but heaven knowes what I thinke. Come, let's goe heare some musicke, I will never more say my prayers: let's goe heare some dolefull musicke, nay, if heaven forget to prosper knaves, Ile goe no more to the Synagogue. Now I am discontented, Ile turne Sectarie, that is fashion.

Exeunt.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Enter Sir Hubert Subboye, Sir Lyonell Freevill, Crispinella, and servants with lights.

Sir Hub. **M**ore lights; welcome Sir Lyonell Freevill, brother Freevill shortly. Looke to your lights.

Servant.

The Dutch Curtezan.

Serv. The Maskers are at hand.

Sir Lio. Call downe our daughter : Harke they are at hand, ranke hansomely.

Enter the Maskers they dance. Enter Malheureux, and takes Beatrice from Frevile. They draw.

Fre. Know sir, I haue the advantage of the place,
You are not safe, I would deale even with you.

Mal. So. *They exchange gloves as pledges.*

Fre. So.

Beat. I doe beseech you sweet, do not for me provoke
your Fortune.

Sir Lio. What sudden flaw is risen ?

Sir Hub. From whence comes this ?

Fre. An ulcer long time lurking, now is burst.

Sir Hub. Good sir, the time and your designes are soft.

Bea. I deare sir, counsel him, advise him, twill relish wel
From your carving : Good my sweet rest safe.

Fre. All's well, all's well, this shall be ended straight.

Sir Hub. The banquet staies, there weeble discourse more

Fre. Mariage must not make men cowards. *(large.)*

Sir Lio. Nor rage fooles.

Sir Hub. " Tis valor, not where heat, but reason rules.

Onely Tisselfu and Crispin. stay. *(Exe.*

Tis. But doe you heare Lady, you proud ape you.

What was the jest you brake of me even now ?

Crif. Nothing, I only said you were all mettle, that you
had a brazen face, a leaden braine, and a copper beard.

Tiss. Quicksilver, thou little more then a dwarf, and
somewhat lesse then a woman.

Cri. A wispe, a wisp, a wisp, will you go to the banquet ?

Tis. By the Lord I think thou wilt marry shortly too,
thou growest somewhat foolish already.

Crisp. O I faith, tis a faire thing to be maried, and a ne-
cessary; to heare this word, must, if our husbands be proud,

The Dutch Courtezan.

we must beare his contempt ; if noysome, wee must beare with the Goat under his armeholes; if a foole, wee must beare his bable; and vwhich is vworste, if a loose liver, wee must liue upon unholosome reverns: vvhene, on the contrary side, our husbands because they may, and wee must, care not for us ; things hop'd vwith feare , and got with struglings, are mens high pleasures, vwhen dutie palles and stirs their appetite.

Tys. What a tart Monkey is this ? by heauen, if thou hadst not so much wit, I could find in my heart to marry thee. Faith be are with me for all this.

Cris. Beare with thee ? I vvonder how thy mother could beare thee ten moneths in her belly, when I cannot endure thee ttwo houres in mine eye ?

Tis. Alasse for you sweet soule : by the Lord you are growne a proud, scurvie, apish, idle, disdainfull, scoffing; Gods foot, because you haue read *Euphues and his England, Palmerin de Oliva, and the Legend of lies.*

Crisp. Why yfaith yet servant, you of all others should beare with my knowne unmalicious humours, I haue alwayes in my heart given you your due respect : And heaven may be sworne, I haue privately given faire speech of you, and protested.

Tyss. Nay looke you, for mine owne part , if I haue not as religiously vow'd my heart to you, been drunke to your health, swallow'd flap-dragons, eat glasses, drunke urine, stabb'd armes, and done all offices of protested galланtrie for your sake : and yet you tell mee I haue a brazen face, a leaden braine, and a copper beard. Come, yet and it please you.

Crisp. No, no, you doe no loue me.

Tyss. By () but I doe now, and whosoever dares say that I doe not loue you, nay honor you, and if you would vouchsafe to marry.

Crisp. Nay as for that think on as you will, but Gods my record, and my sister knowes I haue taken drinke and slept

The Dutch Courtezan.

slept upon't, that if ever I marry it shall bee you; and I
will marry, and yet I hope I doe not say it shall bee you
neither.

Tyff. By heaven I shall bee assoone weary of health,
as of your injoying: vwill you cast a smooth cheeke up-
on mee?

Cris. I cannot tell, I haue no crump shoulders, my back
needs no mantle; and yet marriage is honorable: doe you
thinke ye shall prooue a Cuckold?

Tiff. No by the Lord, not I.

Cris. Why, I thanke you, yfaith:
Heigho: I slept on my backe this morning,
And dreamt the strangest dreames:
Good Lord, how things vwill come to passe?
Will you goe to the banquet?

Tiff. If you will be mine, you shall be your owne, my
purse, my body, my heart is yours, onely bee silent in my
house, modest at my table, and wanton in my bed, and
the Empresse of Europe cannot content, and shall not be
contented better.

Cris. Can any kind heart speake more discreetly affection-
ately? my fathers consent, and as for mitie —

Tiff. Then thus, and thus, so Hymen should begin,
Sometime a falling out, proues falling in. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frevile speaking to some within, Malhercux
at the other doore.

Frev. As you respect my vertue, giue me leaue
To satisfie my reason, though not blood.
So, all runs right, our fayned rage hath tane
To fullest life, they are much possest
Of force most, most all quarrell: now my right friend,
Resoluē me with open breast, free and true heart,
Cannot thy vertue having space to thinke,
And fortifie her weakened powers with reason,
Discourses, Meditations, Discipline,

The Dutch Courtezan.

Divine ejaculatories, and all those aydes against devils:
Cannot all these curbe thy lowe appetite,
And sensuall furie?

Mal. "There is no god in blood, no reason in desire:
Shall I but liue? shall I not be forc't to act
Some deed, whose very name is hideous?"

Fre. No.

Mal. Then I must enjoy *Francischina*.

Fre. You shall: ile lend this ring, shew it to that fayre
Devill, it will resolute me deady; which rumor with my arti-
ficiall absence, wil make most firme, enjoy her suddenly.

Mal. But if report go strong that you are slaine,
And that by me, vwhereon I may be seiz'd,
Where shall I find your being?

Fre. At Mr. Shatewes the Iewellers, to vvhose breast
Ile trust our secret purpose.

Mal. I rest your selfe, each man hath follies.

Fre. But those worst of all,
Who vwith a vwillng eye, doe seeing fall.

Mal. Tis true, but truth seemes folly in madnesse spe-
ctacles, I am not now my selfe, no man: Farevvell.

Fre. Farevvell.

Mal. "When woman's in the heart, in the soule hell.

Exit Mal.

Fre. Now repentance the fooles whip seize thee.
Nay if there be no meanes ile be thy friend,
But not thy vices, and vwith greatest sense
Ile force thee feele thy errors, to the vworst,
The vildest of dangers thou shalt sink into,
No Ieweller shall see me, I vwill lurke
Where none shall know or think, close ile vwithdraw,
And leauē thee with two friends, a vvhore and knaue.
But is this vertue in me? No, not pure,
Nothing extremely best vwith vs indures,
No vse in simple purities; the elements
Are mixt for vse; Silver vwithout alay

The Dutch Courtezan.

Is all too eager to be wrought for use ;
Nor precise vertue ever purely good
Holds usefull size with temper of vveake blood :
Then let my course be borne, though with side-wind,
The end being good, the meanes are well assign'd.

Exit.

Enter Franciscina melancholly, Cocledemoy
leading her.

Cocl. Come catafugo Frank a Frank-hall, who ho ho,
Excellent, ha, here's a plump rumpt wench with a breast
softer then a Courtiers tongue, an old Ladies gums, or
an old mans *mentula*, my fine rogue.

Fran. Pah you poultron.

Cocl. Gooddy fiest, flum pum pum pum, a my fine
Wagtaile, thou art as false, as prostituted, and adulterate,
as some translated manu-script : Busse faire whore, busse.

Fran. Gods sacrament, pox.

Cocl. Hadamoy key doſt thou frowne medianthon teukey,
Nay looke here, Numeron key Silver blitheſor cany
Or cany goblet : Us key ne moy blegefoy oteeflon pox,
On you Gosling.

Fran. By me fait dis bin very fine langage, Ick ſall bush
ye now, ha, be garzon vare had you dat plate ?

Cocl. Hedemoy key, get you gon Puncke rampant, key,
common up-taile.

Enter Mary Fough in haf.

Mary. O daughter, cozen, neece, ſervant, miſtrefſe.

Cocl. Humpum, plumpum squat, I am gone. Ex. Cocl.

Mary. There is one master Malheureux at the doore
desires to ſee you, he ſayes he muſt not be deny'd, for he
hath ſent you this ring, and withall, ſaies tis done.

Fran. Vat ſall me do now ? Gods sacrament, tell him
two houres hence he ſal be moſt affectionately welcome,
tell him, (vat ſal me do ?) tell him Ick am bin in my bate,
and Ick ſal perfume my ſeets, make a mine body ſo delicate
for his arme two houres hence.

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Mary. I shall satisfie him two houres hence, well.

Exit Mary.

Fran. Now Ick sal revenge, hay, begar me sal tartar
de wholc generation, my brain vorke it: *Freevill* is dead,
Malheureux sal hang, and mine rivall *Beatrice* Ick sal
make run mad.

Enter Mary Fough.

Mary. Hee's gone forsooth to eate a caudle of cocke-
stones, and will returne within these two houres.

Fran. Very vell, give monies to some fellow to squire
me, Ick sal goe abroad.

Mary. There's a lusty *Bravo* beneath, a stranger, but
a good stale rascall, he sweares valiantly, kickes a Bawd
right vertuously, and protests with an empty pocket right
desperately, hee'l squire you.

Fran. Very welcome, mine fan, Ick sal retorne pre-
santly, now sal mee bee revange ten thousand divela,der
sal be no got in me but passion, no tought but rage, no
mercy but bloud, no spirit but div'la in me, dere sall no-
ting tought good for mee, but dat is mischievous for
others.

Exit.

Enter Sir Hubert, Sir Lyonell, Beatrice, Crispinella, and
Nurse; Tysefew following.

Sir Ly. Did no one see him since? pray God, nay all
is well, a little heat, what he is but with-drawne? and
yet I would to God, but feare you nothing.

Beat. Pray God that all be well, or would I were not.

Tyse. Hees not to be found sir any where.

Sir Ly. You must not make a heavy face presage an ill
event; I like your sister well, shee's quicke and lively,,
would shee would marrie faith.

Crisp. Marrie? nay, and I would marrie, me thinkes
an old man is a quiet thing.

Sir Ly. Ha, Mas and so he is.

Crisp. You are a Widdower?

Sir Ly. That I am ifaith faire Crisp, and I can tell you,
would

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would you affect me, I have it in me yet ifaith.

Cris. Troth I am in love, let me see your hand, would you cast your selfe away upon me wflingly ?

Sir Ly. Will I ? I by the —

Crisp. Would you be a cuckold willingly ? By my troth tis a comely, fine, and handsome sight, for one of my yeeres to marry an old man, 'truth tis restorative, what a comfortable thing it is to think of her husband, to heare his venerable cough of the everlastings, to feele his rough skinne, his summer hands, and winter legs, his almost no eyes, and assuredly no teerh, and then to thinke what shee must dreame of, when shee considers others happinesse and her owne want ; tis a worthy and notorious comfortable match.

Sir Ly. Pish, pish, will you have me ?

Crisp. Will you assure me.

Sir Ly. Five hundred pound joynture.

Crisp. That you will dye within this fortnight ?

Sir Ly. No by my faith *Cris.*

Crisp. Then *Crispinella* by her faith assures you shee'll haue none of you.

Enter Freevill disguised like a Pander and Francischina.

Free. Beere leave gentlemen and men of nightcaps, I would speake, but that here stands one is able to expresse her owne tale best.

Fran. Sir, mine speech is to you, you had a sonne matre *Freevill*.

Sir Sy. Had a, and haue ?

Fran. No point, mee am come to assure you dat one metre *Malheureux* hath killed him.

Beat. O me, wretched, wretched.

Sir Hub. Looke to our daughter.

Sir Ly. How art thou inform'd ?

Fran. If dat it please you to goe wid me, Ick shall bring you where you shall heare *Malheureux* vid his owne lips

The Dutch Courtezan.

confesse it, and dare yee may apprehend him, and revenge
your and mine loues blood.

Sir. Hub. Your loues blood mistresse, was he your
Loue?

Fran. He was so sir, let your daughter heare it: do not
veepe Lady, de young man dat be slaine did not loue you,
for hee still lovit mee tea tousant tousant times more
dearely.

Beat. O my heart I will loue you the better, I cannot
hate what hee affected: O passion, O my griefe which
way wilt breake, thinke and consume?

Crisp. Peace.

Beat. Deare woes cannot speake.

Fran. For looke you Lady dis your ring he gaue me,
vid most bitter jests at your scorn'd kindnesse.

Beat. Hee did not ill not to loue me, but sure hee did
not well to mocke me: Gentle minds will pitty, though
they cannot loue: yet peace, and my loue sleepe with him.
Vnlace good nurse, alasse, I was not so ambitious of so
supreame an happinesse, that he should onely loue me,
'twas joy enough for me poore soule that I only might
only loue him.

Fran. O but to be abus'd, scorn'd, scost at, O ten thou-
sand diuela by such a one, and unto such a one.

Beat. I thinke you say not true sister, shall wee know
one another in the other world?

Crisp. What meāns my sister?

Beat. I would faine see him againe: O my tortur'd
mind, Freevile is more then dead, he is unkind.

Exeunt Beat. and Crisp. and Nurse.

Sir Hub. Convey her in, and so sir as you said
Set a strong watch.

Sir Ly. I sir, and so passe along with this same com-
mon woman, you must make it good.

Fran. Ick shall, or let me pay for his, mine blood.

sir Hub.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Sir Hub. Come then along all, with quiet speed.

Sir Ly. O Fate !

Tyff. O sir, be wisely sorry, but not passionate. *Ex.*
Manet Freevile.

Free. I will goe and reveale my selfe: stay: no, no,
Griefe endears Loue: Heaven to haue such a wife
Is happinesse, to breed pale envie in the Saints.
Thou worthy Doue-like virgin without gall,
Cannot (that womans evill) jealousie,
Despight disgrace, nay which is worst, contempt,
Once stirre thy faith? O Truth, how few sisters hast thou!
Deare memory, with what a suffring' sweetnesse, quiet
modesty,
Yet deepe affection she receiu'd my death,
And then with what a patient, yct oppressed kindnesse
She tooke my leudly intimated wrongs. O the dearest of
heaven !
Were there but three such women in the world,
Two might be saved.
Well, I am great with expectation to what devilish end
This woman of foule soule will drieue her plots:
But providence all wicked art ore-tops,
" and Impudence must know (tho' stiffe as Ice,)
" That fortune doth not alway dote on Vice. *Exit.*

*Enter Sir Hubert, Sir Lyonell, Tysefew, Franc, and
three with Halberds.*

Sir Hub. Plant a wwatch there, be very carefull Sirs, the
rest with us.

Tyff. The heavie night growes to her depth of quiet,
Tis about mid darkenesse.

Franc. Mine shambre is hard by, Ick shall bring you to it
presentment.

Sir Ly. Deepe silence. *On. Ex. Coole. Within*
Wa,ha,ho, *Enter Mulligrub*

Mull. It was his voice, tis hee: hee sups with his
cupping

The Dutch Courtezan.

cupping glasses. Tis late,hee must passe this way : Ile ha
him, Ile ha' my fine boy, my worshipfull *Cocledemoy*, Ile
moy him , hee shall be hang'd in lowsic linnen , ile hire
some sectary to make him an heretike before hee die ,
And when he is dead Ile pisſe on his graue.

Enter *Cocledemoy*.

Cocl. Ah my fine puncks, good night, Franke frailty,
fraile a Fraile-Hall ? *Bonus noches my ubiquitari.*

Mul. Ware polling and shaving sir.

Cocle. A wolfe, a wolfe, a wolfe. *Exit Cocledemoy,*
Leaving his cloake behind him.

Mul. Here's something yet, a cloake, a cloake, yet ile
after, he cannot ſcape the watch , Ile hang him if I haue
any mercy, ile ſlicke him. *Exit.*

Enter *Cocledemoy*.

Conſt. Who goes there ? come before the Conſtable.

Cocle. Bread a God Conſtable , you are a Watch for
the devill, honest men are rob'd under your nose, there's
a false knaue in the habit of a Vintner, ſet upon me, hee
would haue had my purſe, but I tooke me to my heeles :
yet hee got my cloake , a plaine ſtuffe cloake, poore, yet
twill ſerue to hang him ? Tis my losſe, poore man that I
am.

Enter *Mulligrub running with Cocledemoyes cloake.*

2. Masters, we muſt watch better, iſt not ſtrange that
knaues, Drunkards and Thieues , ſhould be abroad, and
yet we of the Watch , Scriveners, Smithes, and Taylors
never ſturre.

1. Harke, who goes there ?

Mul. An honest man and a Citizen.

2. Appear, appear, what are you ?

Mul. A ſimple Vintner.

1. A Vintner ha' , and ſimple , draw neerer , neerer :
here's the cloake.

2. I Master Vintner wee know you , a plaine ſtuffe
cloake : tis it.

1. Right

The Dutch Courtezan.

1. Right, come : Oh thou varlet, doest not thou know
that the wicked cannot scape the eyes of the Constable ?

Mul. What means this violence, as I am an honest
man I tooke the cloake.

1. As you are a knaue, you tooke the cloake, wee are
your witness for that.

Mul. But heare me, heare me, ile tell you what I am.

2. A thiefe you are.

Mul. I tell you my name is *Mulligrub*.

1. I will grub you, in with him to the stocks, there let
him sit till to morrow morning that Iustice *Quodlibet*
may examine him.

Mull. Why but I tell thee.

2. Why but I tell thee, wee'l tell thee now.

Mul. Am I not mad, am I not an Asse ? Why scabs,
Gods-foot, let me out.

2. I, I, let him prate, hee shall find matter in us scabs I
warrant : Gods-so, what good members of the com-
mon wealth, doe we proue.

1. Prethee peace, lets remember our duties, and let's go
sleepe, in the feare of God. *Excuse.*

Having left Mulligrub in the stocks.

Mul. Who goes there ? Illo, ho, ho : zounds shall I
run mad, loose my wits, shall I be hang'd, harke, who
goes there ? Doe not feare to be poore *Mulligrub*, thou
hast a sure stocke now.

Enter Cocledemoy like a Bel-man.

Cocle. The night growes old,
And many a Cuckold is now. Wha,ha,ha,ho,
Maids on their backes,
Dreame of sweet smacks, and warme : Wo,ho,ho,ho,
I must goe comfort my venerable *Mulligrub*, I must
Fiddle him till he fist : fough :
Maids in your Night-railes,
Looke well to your light —

The Dutch Courtezan.

Keefe close your locks,
And downe your smocks,
Keefe a broad eye,
And a close thigh, excellent, excellent, excellent, who's
there? Now Lord, Lord (master *Mulligrub*) deliver us,
what does your worship in the stockes? I pray come
out sir.

Mull. Zounds man I tell thee I am lockt.

Cocl. Lockt? O world, O men, O time, O night, that
canst not discerne vertue and wisedome, and one of the
common councell, what is your worship in for?

Mull. For (a plague on't) suspition of fellony.

Cocl. Nay, and it bee but such a trifle, Lord, I could
weep e to see your good worship in this taking: your
worship has beeне a good friend to me, and though you
have forgot mee, yet I knew your wife before shee wa's
married, and since I haue found your worships doore
open, and I have knockt, and God knowes what I have
saved; and doe I live to see your worship stockt!

Mull. Honest Bell-man, I perceive thou knowest me,
I prithee call the Watch,
Informe the Constable of my reputation,
That I may no longer abide in this shameful habitation,
And hold thee, all I have about me.

Gives him his purse.

Cocl. Tis more then I deserve sir; Let me alone for
your delivery.

Mull. Doe, and then let me alone with *Cocledemoy*,
He moy him.

Cocl. Maids in your ——

Master Constable, who's that i'th stockes?

1. One for a robberie, one *Mulligrub*, hee calls him-
selfe *Mulligrub*, knowest thou him?

Cocl. Know him? O master Constable, what good
service ha you done; Know him? Hee's a strong theefe,
his house has been suspected for a Baydie tavern a great
while,

The Dutch Curtezan.

while, and a receipt for Cut-purses, tis most certaine ;
hee has beene long in the blacke booke, and is hee tane
now ?

2. Berlady my masters wee'l not trust the stocks with
him, wee'l have him to the Iustices, get a *mittimus* to
Newgate presently. Come sir, come on sir.

Mull. Ha, does your rascall-ship yet know my wor-
ship in the end ?

1. I, the end of your worship we know.

Mull. Ha goodman Constable, here's an honest fel-
low can tell thee what I am.

2 Tis true sir, y'are a strong theefe he sayes upon his
owne knowledge : Bind fast, bind fast, wee know you,
wee'l trust no stockes with you : Away with him to the
the Iayle instantly.

Mull. Why but dost heare, Belman, rogue, rascall,
Gods why, but

The Constable drags away Mulligrub.

Cocl. Why but ; wha ha ha, excellent, excellent, ha,
my fine Cocludemoy, my Vintner fiesls, Ile make him farr
crackers before I ha done with him ; To morrow is the
day of judgement : afore the Lord God my knaverie
growes unperegall, tis time to take a nap, untill halfe an-
hour hence, : God give your worship musicke, content,
and rest.

Exeunt.

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

Enter Franciscina, Sir Lyonell, Tisfew, with
Officers.

Fran. YOu bin very velcome to mine shambra,

Sir Li. But how know ye, how are ye assur'd,
Both of the deed, and of his safe returne ?

Fran. O Myn-here, Ick shall tell you, mette Malheureux
Came all bretlesse running a my shambra,

His

The Dutch Courtezan.

His sword all bloudy : he tell a me he had kill *Frevile*,
And pred a me to conceale him : (me.
Ick flatter him, bid bring monies, he should liue & lie with
He went vwhilst ick (me hope vidout sins) out of mine
Much loue to *Frevile*, betray him.

Sir Li. Feare not, tis wel: good works get grace for sin.

She conceales them behind the curtaine.

Fran. Dere, peace, rest dere, so softly, all goc in :
De net is laic, now sal ick be revenge.
If dat me knew a dog that *Frevile* loue,
Me would puisson him ; for know de deepest hell
As a revenging vromans, nought so fell.

Enter Mary faugh.

Ma. Ho cosen *Frak*, the party you wot of, *M. Malbereux*.

Fran. Bid him come up, I prede.

Cantat saltatq; cum cithera.

Enter Malbereux.

Fran. O mine here man, a dere liuer Loue,
Mine ten tousant times velcome Loue,
Ha, by my trat, you bin de just, vat sal me say :
Vat feit hony name sall I call you ?

Mat. Any from you is pleasure. Come my loving
Prettiness, where's thy Chamber ?
I long to touch your sheets.

Fran. No, no, not yet mine scetest soft-lipped loue:
You sall not gulpe downe all delights at once.
Be min trat, dis all-fles-lovers, dis ravenous vwenches
Dat sallow all dovvne hole, vill haue all at one bit,
Fic, fie, fie, be min fait dey doe eat
Comfets vid spoones.

No, no, Ile make you chew your pleasure vit loue;
" De more degrees and steps, de more delight,
" De more endeered is de pleasure hight.

Mal. What you'r a learned wanton, & proceed by art.

Fran. Goc

The Dutch Courtezan.

Fran. Go little vag, pleasure should haue a
Cranes long neck, to relish de Ambrosia of delight.
And ick pre de tell me, for me loue to heare of manhood
very mush, I fait: Ick prede (vat vas me a saying)
Oh, ick prede tell a me,
Hovv did you killa mettre *Frevile*?

Mal. Why quarreld a set purpose, drew him out,
Singled him, and having th'advantage of my sword,
And might, ran him through and through.

Fran. Vat did you vid him when he vvas sticken?

Mal. I dragd him by the heeles to the next wharfe,
And spurn'd him into the River.

Those in ambush rush forth and take him.

Sir Lio. Seize him, seize him: O monstrous, O routh-
lesse villaine!

Mal. What meane you Gentlemen? by heaven—

Tiff. Speake not of any thing that's good.

Mal. Your errors give you passion: *Frevile* liues.

Sir Lio. Thy owne lips say, thou lyest.

Mal. Let me die, if at *Shatewes* the Jeweller, he liues
not safe untouched.

Tiff. Meane time to strickt guard, to sharpest prison.

Mal. No rudenesse Gentlemen, Ile go undragd.

O wicked, vvicked Devill.

Exit.

Sir Lio. Sir, the day of tryall is this morne,
Lets prosecute the sharpest rigor, and severest end:
“Good men are cruell when th'are vices friend.

Sir Hub. Woman we thank thee with no empty hand,
Strumpets are fit for something. Farewell.

All saue Frevile depart.

Frev. I, for hell: O thou unreprovable, beyond all
Measure of Grace darab'd immediatly:
That things of beautie created for sweet use,
Soft comfort, as the very musick of life,
Custome should make so vnutterable hellish?

O heauen

The Dutch Courtezan.

O heaven, what difference is in women, and their life !
What man, but worthy name of man,
Would leaue the modest pleasures of a lawfull bed,
The holy vniion of two equall hearts,
Mutually holding either deare as health,
The undoubted issues, loyes of chast-sheets,
The unfained embrace of sober Ignorance,
To twine the unhealthfull loynes of common Loues,
The prostituted impudence of things
Senselesse like those by Cataracks of Nyle,
" Their use so vile, takes away sensē howe vile,
" To loue a creature, made of blood and hell,
" Whose use makes weake, whose company doth shame,
" Whose bed doth begger, issue doth defame.

Enter Francischina. (Shatemes

Fran. Metre Freevile liue : ha,ha,liue at mestre
Mush at metre Shatewes. Freevile is dead, Malhercux shall
hang,

And sweet devill, dat Beatrice would but run mad, dat
She should but run mad, den me would dance and sing,
Metre Don Dubon, me pre yee now goe to Mestres
Beatrice, tell her Freevile is sure dad, and dat he
Curse hir selfe, especially for dat he was
Sticke in hir quarrell, swearing in his last gaspe,
Dat if it had bin in mine quarrels,
Twould never haue grieved him.

Free. I will.

Franc. Prede doe, and say any ting dat will vexe her.

Free. Let me alone to vexe her.

Franc. Vil you, vil you make a her run mad ? here take
Dis ring, sea me scorne to weare any ting dat was hers,
Or his : I prede torment her, Ick cannot loue her,
She honest and vertuous forsooth.

Free. Is she so ? O vyle creature ? then let mee alone
with her.

Franc. Vat will you mak a her mad ? seet by min trat,

Be

The Dutch Courtezan.

Be pretta servan ; Bush, ick shall goe to bet now.

Frev. Mischief whither wilt thou ? O thou teare-less Woman, how monstrous is thy devill ?

The end of hell as thee.

How miserable were it to be vertuous, if thou couldst pro-
lle to my loue, the faithfull *Beatrice*, (sper ?
She has wept enough, and faith deare soule, too much.

But yet how sweet it is to thinke,

How deare ofies life was to his Loue, how mourn'd his
Tis joy not to be exprest with breath : (death !

But O, let him that would such passion drinke,

Be quiet of his speech, and only thinke.

Exit.

Enter Beatrice and Crispinella.

Beat. Sister, cannot a woman kill her selfe ? Is it not
lawfull to die, when we should not liue ?

Crisp. O sister, tis a question not for us, vvee must doe
vwhat God vwill.

Beat. What God will ? Alas, cannot torment bee his
glory, or our griefe his pleasure ? Does not the Nurces
nipple juic'd over with wormwood, bid the child it should
not sucke ? And does not heaven when it hath made our
breath bitter unto us, say we shud not liue ? O my best
sister, to suffer wounds vwhen one may scape this rod, is
against nature, that is against God.

Crisp. Good sister do not make me vveepe: sure *Frevile*
was not false : Ile gage my life that strumpet out of craft
And some close second end, hath malic'd him.

Beat. O sister, if he were not false, whom haue I lost ?
If he were, what griefe to such unkindnesse :
From head to foot I am all misery;
Onely in this some Justice I haue found,
My griefe is like my loue; beyond all bound.

Enter Nurse.

Nurs. My servant, Mr. *Cacature*, desires to visit you.

Crisp. For griefs sake keepe him out; his discourse is like
the long word, *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*, a great deale

The Dutch Courtezan.

of sound and no sense: his company is like a parenthesis to a discourse, you may admit it, or leaue it out, it makes no matter.

Enter Freevile *in his disguise.*

Free. By your leaue sweet creatures.

Crisp. Sir, all I can yet say of you, is, you are uncivill.

Free. You mast deny it: By your sorrowes leaue, I bring some musick, to make sweet your griefe.

Beat. What ere you please: O breake my heart, Canst thou yet pant? O dost thou yet surviue, Thou didst not loue him, if thou now canst liue.

Freevile sings

*O Loue, how strangely sweet
are thy weake Passions,
That loue and ioy should meet
in selfe same fashions.*

*O who can tell
the cause why this should moue ?
But onely this,
no reason aske of Loue.* She swounds.

Crisp. Hold, peace the gentlest soule is swouned, O my best sister.

Free. Ha, get you gone, close the doores: My Beatrice,
Discovers himselfe.

Curst bee my indiscreete trials: O my inmeasurable loving!

Crisp. She stirs, giue aire, she breaths.

Beat. Where am I, ha? how haue I slipt off life?
Am I in heaven? O my Lord, though not loving by our eternall being, yet giue me leaue to rest by thy dead side: am I not in heaven?

Free. O eternally much loved, recollect your spirits.

Beat. Ha, you doe speake, I doe see you, I doe liue, I would not dye now: Let me not burst with wonder.

Free.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Free. Call up your blood, I live to honour you,
As the admited glory of your sexe,
Nor ever hath my loue beene false to you,
Onely I presum'd to try your faith too much,
For which I most am grieved.

Crisp. Brothers, I must be plaine with you, you haue
wrongid us.

Free. I am not so covetous to deny it,
But yet when my discourse hath stay'd your quaking,
You will be smoother lipt: and the delight
And satisfaction which we all haue got,
Vnder these strange disguisings, when you know,
You will be mild and quiet, forget at last,
" It is much joy to thinke on sorrowes past.

Beat. Doe you then live? and are you not untrue?
Let me not dye with joy, pleasure's more extreame
Then griefe, there's nothing sweet to man but meanie.

Free. Heaven cannot bee too gratioues to such goodnesse, I shall discourse to you the severall chances; but harke I must yet rest disguis'd, the sudden close of many drifts now meet;
" Where pleasure hath some profit, art is sweet.

Enter Tiffew.

Tyff. Newes, newes, newes, newes.

Crisp. Oysters, oysters, oysters, oysters.

Tyff. Why, is not this well now? Is not this better, then louring, and pouting, and puling, which is hatefull to the living, and vaine to the dead? Come, come, you must live by the quicke, when all is done, and for my owne part, let my wife laugh at me when I am dead, so sheele smile upon me whilst I live: but to see a woman whine, and yet keepe her eyes dry; mourne, and yet keepe her cheeks fat: nay, to see a woman claw her husband by the feete when he is dead, that would haue scratcht him by the face, when he was living: this now is somewhat ridiculous.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Crisp. Lord how you prate.

Tys. And yet I was afraid ifaith, that I should ha seene
a Garland on this beauties herte, but time, truth, experience,
and varietie, are great doers with women.

Crisp. But what's the newes ? the newes I pray you ?

Tys. I pray you ? ne're pray me : for by your leave you
may command me. This tis : the publike Sessions which
this day is past, hath doom'd to death ill fortun'd *Malber-*

Crisp. But sir, we heard he offer'd to make good, (reue)
That *Freevile* liu'd at *Shatewe* the Iewellers.

Beat. And that twas but a plot betwixt them two.

Tys. O I, I, he gag'd his life with it, but know,
When all approacht the test, *Shatewe* deni'd
He saw or heard of any such complot,
Or of *Freevill* : so that his owne defence,
Appear'd so false, that like a mad-mans sword,
He stroke his owne heart, he hath the course of law
And instantly must suffer : but the Iest
(If hanging be a jest) as many make it,
Is to take notice of one *Mulligrub*, a sharking Vintner.

Free. What of him sir ?

Tys. Nothing but hanging, the whoresone slau'e is
mad before he hath lost his senses.

Free. Was his fact cleare and made apparent Sir ?

Tys. No faith suspitious, for twas thus protested :
A cloake was stolne, that cloake he had, he had it
Himselfe confess by force, the rest of his defence
The coller of a Justice wrong'd in wine,
Ioynd with malignance of some hasty Iurors, (cast.
Whose wit was lighted by the Justice nose, the knaue was
But Lord to heare his mone, his prayers, his wishes,
His zeale ill timde, and his words unpitied,
Would make a dead man rise and smile,
Whilst he obseru'd how feare can make men vile.

Crisp. Shall we goe meet the execution ?

Beat. I shall be rul'd by you.

Tys. By my troth a rare motion, you must haste,

The Dutch Courtezan.

For Male-factors goe like the world upon wheeles.

Bea. Will you man us, you shal be our guid too *Freevile*.

Free. I am your servant.

Tys. Ha servant? zounds I am no companion for
Panders, you'r best make him your loue.

Bea. So will I Sir, we must liue by the quicke you say.

Tys. Sdeath a vertue, what a damn'd thing's this?
Who'le trust faire faces, teares, and vowes, Sdeath not I,
She is a woman, that is, she can lye. (ill,

Crisp. Come, come, turne not a man of time, to make al
Whose goodnesse you conceiue not, since the worst of
chance,

Is to craue grace for heedlesse ignorance.

Enter Cocledemoy like a Sargeant. *Exeunt.*

Cocl. So, I haue lost my Sergeant in an ecliptique mist,
Drunke, horrible drunke, hee is fine: so now will I fit my
selfe, I hope this habit will doe me no harme, I am an
honest man already: fit, fit, fit as a puncks tayle, that
serues every body: By this time my Vintner thinkes of
nothing but hell and sulpher, he farts fire and brimstone
already, hang toasts, the execution approacheth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Lionell, Sir Hubert, Malhereux *piniond*,
Tisefew, Beatrice, Freevile, Crisp. Francischina,
and Holberds.

Mal. I doe not blush, although condemn'd by lawes,
No kind of death is shamefull but the cause:
VVhich I doe know is none, and yet my lust
Hath made the one (although not cause) most just.
May I not be repriv'd? *Freevile* is but mislodged,
Some lethargie hath seaz'd him, no, much malice,
Doe not lay blood upon your soules with good intents,
Men may doe ill and law sometime repents.

Cocledemoy picks Malhereux *pocket of his purse*.

Sir Lio. Sir, sir, prepare, vaine is all lewd defence.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Mal. Conscience was law; but now law's conscience,
My endlesse peace is made, and to the poore, my purse,
my purse.

Cocle. I sir, and it shall please you, the poore has your
purse already.

Mal. Thou art a wely-man :
But now thou sourse of devills, how I loth
The very memory of that I ador'd,
He that's of faire blood, well mean'd, of good breeding,
Best fam'd, of sweet acquaintance, and true friends,
And wold with desperate impudence lose all these,
And hazard landing at this farall shore,
Let him nere kill, nor steale; but love a whore.

Fran. De man does rave, tinke a got, tinke a got, and
bid de flesh, de world, and de dible farewell.

Mal. Farewell. *Freevill discovers himselfe.*

Free. Farewell.

Fran. Vat is't you sea, ha ?

Free. Sir your pardon, with my this defence,
Doe not forget protested violence
Of your low affections ; no requests,
No arguments of reason, no knowne danger,
No assured wicked bloodinesse,
Could draw your heart from this damnation.

Mal. Why stay.

Fran. Unprosperous devill, vat fall me doe now ?

Free. Therefore to force you from the truer danger,
I wrought the feigned, suffering this faire devill,
In shapes of woman to make good her plot,
And knowing that the hooke was deeply fast,
I gave her line at will, till with her owne vaine strivings
See here shee's tired : O thou comely damnation,
Dost thinke that vice is not to be withstood ?
O what is woman merely made of blood !

Sir Lyon. You maze us all, - let us not bee lost in
darkenesse.

Free. All

The Dutch Courtezan.

Free. All shall be lighted, but this time and place
Forbids longer speech, only what you can thinke
Has been extreamely ill, is only hers.

Sir Ly. To severest prison with her, with what heart
canst live? what eyes behold a face?

Fran. Ick will not speake, torture, torture your fill,
For me am worse then hang'd, me ha lost my will.

Exit Franciscina with the guard.

Sir Ly. To the extreamest whip and Layle.

Free. Frolick, how is it Sirs?

Mal. I am my selfe, how long was't ere I could
Perswade my passion to grow calme to you!
Rich sense makes good bad language, and a friend
Should waigh no action, but the actions end.
I am now worthy yours, when before,
The beast of man, loose bloud distemper'd us,
"He that lust rules cannot be vertuous.

Enter Mulligrub, Mistris Mulligrub, and Officers.

Offic. On afore there, roome for the Prisoners.

Mullig. I pray you doe not leade mee to executi-
on through Cheape-side, I owe *Master Burnish* the
Gold-smith money, and I feare hee'l set a Serjeant on
my backe for it.

Cocl. Trouble not your sconce my christian brothers,
but have an eye unto the maine chance, I will warrant
your shoulders; as for your necke, *Plinius Secundus*, or
Marcus Tullius Cicero, or sombody it is sayes, that a three
fold cord is hardly broken.

Mull. Well, I am not the first honest man that has bin
cast awaie, and I hope shall not be the last.

Cocl. O sir, have a good stomack and mawes, you shall
have a joyfull supper.

The Dutch Courtezan.

Mull. In troth I have no stomacke to it, and it please you take my trencher, I use to fast at nights.

Mrs. O husband, I little thought you should have come to think on God thus soon ; nay, and you had bin hangd deservedly, it would never have grieved me, I have known of many honest innocent men have bin hangd deservedly, but to be cast away for nothing.

Cocl. Good woman hold your peace, your prittles and your prattles, your bubbles and your babbles, for I pray you heare me in private, I am a widdower, and you are almost a widdow, shall I be welcome to your houses, to your tables, and your other things ?

Mrs. I have a piece of mutton, and a feather-bed for you at all times, I pray make hast.

Mull. I doe here make my confession, If I owe any man any thing, I doe hartily forgive him ; If any man owe me any thing, let him pay my wife.

Cocl. I will looke to your wives payment I warrant you.

Mull. And now good yoke-fellow leave thy poore Mulligrub.

Mrs. Nay then I were unkind ifaith, I will not leave you untill I see you hang'd.

Cocl. But brothees, brothers, you must thinke of your sinnes and iniquities, you have beene a broacher of prophane vessells, you haue made us drinke of the juice of the whore of Babylon, for whereas good Ale, Perrys, Bragets, Siders & Metheglins, was the true ancient Brittish and Trojaze drinkes, you ha brought in Popish Wines, Spanish Wines, French Wines, tam Marti quam Mercurio, both Muscadine and Malmesy, to the subversion, staggering, and sometimes overthrow of many a good Christian : You ha beene a great Iumbler, O remember the sinnes of your nights, for your night-works ha bin unsavory in the tast of your Customers.

Mull. I confesse, I confesse, and I forgive as I would bee

The Dutch Curtezan.

be forgiven. Doe you know one *Cocledemoy* ?

Cocle. O very well : knew him ? an honest man he is and a comly, an upright dealer with his neighbours, and their wvies speake good things of him.

Mullig. VVell, vvhersoere hee is, or vvhatsore hee is, Ile take it on my death hee's the cause of my hanging, I heartily forgiue him, and if he wvould come foorth he might saue me, for he onely knowes the wwhy, and the vvhatevere.

Cocl. You doe from your hearts, and midrifs, & intrals forgiue him then, you will not let him rot in rusty Irons, procure him to be hangd in lowsie linnen without a song, and after he is dead, pisse on his graue.

Mull. That hard heart of mine has procur'd all this, but I forgiue as I would be forgiven.

Cocl. Hang tofts, my worshipfull *Mulligrub*, behold thy *Cocledemoy*, my fine Vintner, my catastrophomicall fine boy, behold and see.

Tiff. Blisse a the blessed, who would but looke for two knaues heere ?

Cocl. No knaue worshipfull friend, no knaue, for obserue, honest *Cocledemoy* restores whatsoere he has got, to make you know, that whatsoere he has done, has bin on-ly *Euphonie gratia*, for Wits sake: I acquit this Vintner as hee has acquitted mee ; all has bin done for *Emphases* of wit my fine boy, my worshipfull friends.

Tiff. Goe, you are a flattering knaue.

Cocle. I am so, tis a godd thriving trade, it comes forward better then the seven liberall Sciences, or the nine Cardinall Vertues, which may well appeare in this, you shall never haue flattering knaue turne Courtier : and yet I haue read of many Courtiers that haue turned flattering knaues.

Sir Hub. Wast even but so ? why then all's well.

Mull. I could even weepe for joy.

Mi. Mul. I could weep too, but God knowes for what.

Tiff. Heres

The Dutch Courtezan.

Tiffe. Here's another tack to be given, your sonne and daughter.

Sir Hub. Ist possible? heart I, all my heart, will you be joyned here?

Tiff. Yes faith father, marriage and hanging are spun both in one hour.

Coclede. Why then my worshipfull good friends, I bid my selfe most heartily welcome to your merry Nuptialls, and wanton jigga-joggies: And now my very fine *Hellenian* Gallants, and you my Worshipfull friends in the middle Region:

If with content our hurtlesse mirth hath been,
Let your please d minds as our much care be seene:

For he shall find that flights such triviall wit,

'Tis easier to reprooue then better it:

We scorne to feare, and yet we feare to swell,

Wee doe not hope 'tis best: 'tis all, if well. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

